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### PORT ARTHUR—AND AFTER.

For the second time in its history Port Arthur has fallen into the hands of the Japanese nation. The first occasion was during the war with China in 1894; and what a change has been brought about in this short decade! In 1894, Japan's triumph was easily won though none the less deserved, but the tangible fruits thereof were torn from her victorious grasp by a triple alliance of envious Western Powers. What Western Powers are likely to attempt in 1905 what was done in 1894? The impossibility to find any such bullying combination is one of the most striking testimonies to the recognition of Japan's progress towards the very forefront of the nations of the world. By war she has convinced a world which ignored her peaceful development, but it is this latter which will ultimately raise her far higher than even the Russian conflict.

The fall of Port Arthur marks an epoch in the history of the world, and this not because of the length of time the fortress was besieged or because

of the common heroism of the opposing forces, but because by it the symbol of the right of Russia to claim the supremacy of two continents has been removed. It would have been equally significant had the siege lasted only the twenty-four hours of 1894. While the fortress is undoubtedly a strategic point of great value, its importance during the present war and in the pages of history depend not at all upon its intrinsic worth. When the flag of the Rising Sun rose upon the battered forts of Port Arthur, the sun of Russia's Asiatic Empire sank in blood-red glory, and the Far Eastern peoples had demonstrated their right to decide the fate of Far Eastern lands. And far more than that, a new world Power had thrust itself upon the world in a manner not to be ignored. Russia, the colossus before which European nations had shrunk for fifty years, not knowing why, had been forced to give up her warm-water Asiatic port, to obtain which her agents had allowed no scruples of honor or fair dealing to

hinder them. And the nation which had forced her to give it up is one which only forty short years ago was treated as a barbarous, uncivilized nation, to be argued with with cannon and musket rather than with diplomatic notes. The Cinderella of ten years ago has become the proud princess of to-day. It has been reserved for the German Emperor, prophet of the Yellow Peril, and one of the anti-Japanese league of 1894, to publicly acknowledge Japan's new position in the world. By his decoration of General Nogi equally with General Stuessel, he proclaimed to the world that he acknowledged the equality of the nations. The fall of Port Arthur will take its place in history as the fact which has demonstrated, beyond the power of argument, the fallacy of the artificial barriers between races and between continents. No longer can the white races of Europe sit above the salt while the nations of Asia sit below. Japan, a brown race, a nation of Asia, has demonstrated her right to sit above the salt, and as she has done so by the force of arms, Western civilization acknowledges her right. Thus Port Arthur stands for the proof that a nation does not become great because of the color of its population or because of its geographical position, but because of the power within it. The importance of this destruction of one of the world's most treasured fallacies, upon which the whole superstructures of more than one great State have been raised, cannot be over-estimated. It is a very valuable lesson for all the nations of Europe to learn, although that will not make the task any more pleasant. From the beginning of 1905 dates the new era, in which nations must produce suitable works to entitle them to play a great rôle in the world, whether they be peopled by men with white skins, with brown skins, black skins, or yellow skins. The unques-

tioned and undisputed domination claimed by the West over the East has vanished forever in the hauling down of the Russian flag on Golden Hill. It is most illogical that a war between two Powers, one of which, although nominally European, has little in common with Europe and much in common with the worst elements of Asia, and the other, although nominally Asiatic, has little in common with Asia, should forever dispel the idea that European peoples have the right to tyrannize over the rest of the world.

But it must not be forgotten that it is not because Japan is an Asiatic country, or because the Japanese skin is brown, that Japan has become what she has. It is due to a far more worthy reason than either of those; it is because of the unceasing labor, the unwearying effort of the Japanese people to make Japan great and themselves worthy of a great Japan. Unless the people of a nation are prepared to do this, they have no hope of permanent greatness. If Japan's triumph at Port Arthur demonstrates one thing more than any other, it is the absolute necessity for national efficiency, achieved by the unanimous effort of all the people. Japan teaches the world the lesson that thoroughness and efficiency, broad-mindedness, and a readiness to learn are possessions which far outweigh any artificial superiorities raised up by an arrogant cluster of differing nations as a standard whereby they may judge others. The historian of the future will regard Port Arthur's capitulation as a red-letter mark to divide the period of narrow parochial international ideas from that of the birth of true internationalism, which is not guided by the paint on atlases or the colored pigment in the human skin. Before January, 1905, the world was suffering from the autocracy of the white races, just as Russia is suffering from the bureaucratic autocracy of the

Tsardom; since January, 1905, the world begins to realize that all its peoples who show themselves capable have a right to govern the world's destinies and to regard themselves as equal to any other element, should they be equal in intelligence and ability. Japan has not only ensured to the people of Russia liberty unknown before the fall of Port Arthur, but has accomplished the far greater work of liberating the world from an autocracy, of which, whatever of good it may have accomplished in the past, it must be said that it is cramping and harmful to the world of to-day. Truly Port Arthur's fall must be considered an epoch-marking event, if for no other reason than that in this fortress Japan has destroyed the outward and visible sign, the palpable symbol of Russian power and supremacy in the Far East. The effect upon China, upon India, and upon Persia, to take only three cases more directly in contact with Russian influence, must be immense. It is difficult in London to recognize the enormous effect that prestige and symbols of prestige have in Asiatic countries. Russia might have become actually stronger by the loss of Port Arthur and yet the effect upon Asia would have been not lessened at all. With Port Arthur, Russia's prestige fell irrevocably, and never again for many years will Russia be able to regain her former position. It was as though Russia had been providentially moved to provide Japan with an opportunity of proving her progress, at Port Arthur. Japan in 1894 and in 1904 were very different forces, and the Port Arthur of the Chinese defence was vastly changed under the Russians. In 1894 Marshal Oyama took Port Arthur in a day, the sixteen German-built forts falling without serious loss of life; by 1904 the simple forts of Hanneken, and of other German instructors in the Chinese army, were ignored as useless,

and an entirely new system of forts, constructed of steel and stone, connected by excellent military roads and covered ways had sprung into being. Never before had such a perfect fortress been constructed, and the Russian engineers were ably assisted by the provision by nature of ideal hills for forts. Stone forts were supplemented by steel-casemated trenches, moats and wire entanglements. The Port Arthur of 1904 was considered impregnable by its creators. In reality it has proved only a suitable test of Japanese progress and the ability of the Japanese forces to accomplish the impossible.

As a symbol we have seen that Port Arthur stands for very much, but it must be confessed that as a siege it is not nearly so important. Columns of print have been lavished upon the heroism of the defence under General Stoessel, culminating in the absurd statements in the order of the day issued by the Russian Tsar. This latter shows very clearly how wrong an impression was spread abroad as to the straits of the garrison, and as to the number of the men available for defence. "A handful of Russians" does not call up any vision of the thousands who fell into General Nogi's hands, however true the phrase may be relatively to the entire Russian population. The revulsion of feeling in many countries when the number of prisoners was published was so considerable that a Vienna paper went so far as to declare that, far from being a hero, Stoessel was undeserving of any praise, but rather of censure. While that is going too far, there can be no doubt that much of the sentiment aroused over the Port Arthur defence found its inspiration in the reports that barely a couple of thousand war-worn heroes were able to line the trenches to resist the persistent Japanese attacks. The real facts of the case, however, must lead us to modify the previous opinion

of Stoessel's heroism. Of course this would not be just, could the Russian leader agree with his sovereign in asserting that "the resources gave out," but this was far from being the case. There seems no reasonable doubt that there were provisions for two or three months remaining in the fortress, and General Nogi's official report speaks of 80,000 shells and tons of gunpowder. Granted that the provisions were not of the best, it is no doubt true that they were eatable, and as it had not been found necessary to commandeer private stores, things could not have been desperately bad. Disease decimating the troops of the fortress might have been another valid reason for the withholding of criticism, and the awarding of the meed of praise due to heroes. But, with the exception of scurvy, there seems to have been but little real sickness, the greater contagious diseases having apparently been very little felt. To sum up, there were men, there was ammunition, there was food, and there was little disease, and yet General Stoessel surrendered and is applauded as a hero.

That the Russians fought bravely nobody will wish to deny, but, after all, facts are facts. It can do no harm to recall that at the beginning of the Boer war, there were many who excited popular sentiment by statements as to the "little Republics" and the "handful of farmers." Sentiment had to give way to facts, and in the case of Port Arthur we must admit that the defenders are scarcely entitled to the too lavish praise for heroism which they have received. The defence does not compare with that of Kars in 1855, or of Plevna in 1877. In both these cases the besiegers were Russians, with a superiority of numbers, and in both the defence had to rely upon simple earthworks for shelter. At Kars, 15,000 Turks, under an Englishman, General Fenwick Williams, held at bay

for four months a Russian force of some 40,000 infantry and some 10,000 cavalry. At the beginning of the investment the garrison had only three days' ammunition and three months' food. Reduced by famine they capitulated, but the besiegers had never been able to make a successful attack. At Plevna, 58,000 Turks with 80 guns, withstood the attacks of 84,000 Russians with 400 guns for ninety-four days. The one general assault upon the earthworks of the defence cost the Russians 18,000 casualties. Again it was lack of supplies which ended the siege, and Osman Pasha was forced to attempt a sortie which ended in failure. In these two cases there was real heroism of defence, as there was in a sublime degree in Khartoum, where General Gordon held the town for 341 days against the foes without and within the gates. It must be remembered also that in these three cases there was nothing like the elaborate fortification works which existed at Port Arthur. Nobody ever declared Plevna, Kars, or Khartoum to be impregnable, the majority did so deem Port Arthur.

It would be idle to deny that the success of the Port Arthur defence lies largely in the Port Arthur forts. This may be acknowledged without any slur being cast upon the bravery of the Russian troops. General Nogi, who is scarcely the man to attempt to depreciate his adversaries, himself said of the forts: "In a siege like this, so far as the defender is concerned, the forts are everything. With them the forts are their courage; their endurance is the forts; their power is the forts; behind them they can well afford to turn the most heroic of human attacks into a sad joke." The experience of the attacks upon Kars and Plevna, protected by simple forts, leaves it clear that at Port Arthur the heroes were the Japanese attackers, who made as-



sault after assault during five long months. The Russians had their backs to the wall and fought bravely, the Japanese were free simply to invest the town, and yet they achieved the impossible and captured the impregnable fortress. The great honor, the crown of heroic achievement, is theirs beyond dispute. To appreciate this more clearly it is well to gain an idea of the kind of forts they had to assail.

"Fancy to yourself a slant of over 70 degrees riding away into the skies for many hundred metres, surrounded by a deep moat. Imagine, also, bomb-proof trenches covered with steel plates crowning its crest, surrounding the permanent fort in the centre on the top of the hill, built of stone and cement, on which are mounted heavy guns. Imagine, once again, that the foot of this fort, just above the moat, is mined, is surrounded with wire entanglements, every iron line of which is charged with electric currents strong enough to fell thousands of men at a touch, and fancy that two or three of just such forts are placed every thousand metres of the perimeter of Port Arthur. Behind such fortifications a few determined women, if they only knew how to handle the guns, would be able to entertain an army of 100,000 men of unquestioned courage and thorough training." This word-picture is the work of a Japanese commanding officer who himself had led assaults upon just such forts and with success.

What manner of men are these Japanese soldiers then, that they can overcome such obstacles and maintain their attack for months without despairing, undaunted by losses? Although the shells from the eleven-inch guns of Japan crashed through all the forts' defences and carried destruction to the helpless warships in the harbor, Port Arthur would have remained untaken were it not for the personal factor. The Japanese soldier is responsible for

the fall of Port Arthur, not his weapons of precision. A general order of the Emperor to his army some years ago contained the following paragraph:—"Of every one of you the Emperor and your country expects the accomplishment of the impossible." And the Japanese soldiers are men to whom such an order may be addressed, without any fear of failure.

There are two great factors to be considered in observing the achievements of the Japanese troops at Port Arthur, and they are sufficiently important to warrant their being dealt with at some length. The first great factor which makes the Japanese soldiers what they are emanates from the Emperor. Every soldier receives as the foundation of his education and his training the ideas contained in the five articles of a soldier's duty drawn up by the Emperor for the guidance of his army. Just as the Emperor's speech on education forms the foundation of moral training in the schools of his Empire, so these five articles form the basis of the moral training of the soldier. The second factor which led to the taking of Port Arthur is a sentimental one, if we may so describe a feeling which has been part of the national life since 1894. The one factor supplements the other, and the two make a force which no amount of forts could have resisted.

The Emperor's five articles are most interesting and deserve to be quoted in full. The Japanese soldier is at the present moment the envy of all the world's military commanders, and so the world may be glad of an opportunity of seeing a little behind the scenes and passing judgment upon the rules which produce this well-nigh perfect fighting man. The five articles are as follows:—

(1) The principal duty of soldiers is loyalty to Sovereign and country. It is not probable that any one born in this

country will be wanting in patriotism; but for soldiers this virtue is so essential that, unless a man be strong in patriotism, he will be unfitted for his service. Disloyal men are like dolls, however expert and skilful they may be in their military art and science, and a troop which is well trained and led, but lacks patriotism, is like a band without a chief. The protection of a country and the maintenance of its prestige must rest upon our military and naval forces; their efficiency or deterioration must affect, for good or for ill, the fate of Our nation; and it is therefore your duty not to entangle yourself with social matters or political questions, but strictly to confine yourself to the observance of your principal duty, which is loyalty, remembering always that duty is heavier than a mountain (and so to be much regarded), while death is lighter than a feather (and therefore to be despised). Never spoil your good name by a violation of good faith.

(2) Soldiers must be polite in their behavior and ways. In the Army and Navy there are hierarchical ranks from the Marshal to the private or blue-jacket, which bind together the whole for purposes of command, and there are also the gradations of seniority within the same rank. The junior must obey the senior, the inferior must take orders from the superior, who transmits to them Our direct command, and inferior and junior officers and men must pay respect to their superiors and seniors, even though they be not their direct superiors and seniors. Superiors must never be proud or haughty towards those of a lower rank, and severity of discipline must be reserved for exceptional cases. In all other cases superiors must treat those beneath them with kindness and especial clemency, so that all men may unite as one man in the service of the country. If you do not observe courtesy of behavior, if inferiors treat their superiors with disrespect, or superiors their inferiors with harshness, if, in a word, the harmonious relations between superiors and inferiors be lost, you will be not only playing havoc with the army, but committing serious crimes against the country.

(3) It is incumbent upon soldiers to be brave and courageous. These two virtues have in this country been always held in very high esteem, and are indeed indispensable to Our nation: soldiers whose profession is to fight against the foe, should never for one instant forget that they must be brave. But there is a true bravery and a false one, which is totally different, and the rough behavior of youth cannot be called true bravery. A man of arms must always act with reason and make his plans with *sang froid* and care. You must never despise even a small body of the enemy; on the other hand, you must never be afraid of large numbers: it is in the accomplishment of duty that true bravery lies. Those who thus appreciate true bravery will always behave with moderation towards others and will earn the respect of all men. If you act with violence you are not truly brave, and will be hated by others like a tiger or a wolf.

(4) Soldiers are required to be faithful and righteous. Faithfulness and righteousness are among the ordinary duties of man: the man of arms can scarcely exist without them. By the former is meant the keeping of one's word, by the latter, the accomplishment of duty. Hence, if you wish to be faithful and righteous, you must first consider whether a thing may be done or not. If you promise to do something, the nature of which is uncertain, and so entangle yourself with others, you will be in an embarrassing situation, which may drive you to become unfaithful or unrighteous; and in such a case you will have no remedy, but only vain regrets. Before embarking on any action, you must first consider whether it is right or wrong to do such a thing, and then take a firm stand upon reason. If you have reason to think that you cannot keep your word, or that the duty is too heavy, it will be wise if you refrain from action. The history of all ages gives us examples of the truth of this: many great men and heroes have perished or dishonored themselves by trying to be faithful and righteous in small things, and mistaking fundamental reason, or by observing individual faithfulness at the

expense of justice. You must take heed not to fall in this way.

(5) It is incumbent upon soldiers to be simple and frugal. If you do not observe simplicity and frugality, you will become weak and falsehearted, and accustom yourself to luxurious habits which lead to cupidity. In that case your mind will become ignoble, and neither your loyalty nor your bravery will avail to save you from the contempt and hatred of your fellow men. This is one of the greatest sources of human misery, and if this evil be once allowed to seize hold of the Army and Navy, it will promptly spread like an epidemic, and all *esprit de corps* and discipline will be broken through. We have been very much concerned about this, and have issued disciplinary regulations designed for the prevention of luxury; and now Our constant concern leads Us to tender you this advice, which we desire you to keep in mind.

"The above Five Articles must never for a moment be neglected by you, and you will require a true heart to put them into practice. The Five Articles are the spirit of the man of arms and the true heart is the spirit of the Five Articles. If the heart be not true, good words and good conduct are nothing but useless external ornaments. If the heart be true you can accomplish anything."

Instructed along these lines since 1882, the Japanese soldier has developed into what he is to-day, and it would be hard to deny that his development has a firm and solid foundation. These soldiers, true of heart, found the stimulus necessary to achieve the impossible at Port Arthur from a source which throws a very interesting and valuable light upon the inmost beliefs of the Japanese people. The Japanese soldiers under General Nogi were fighting to give rest to the spirits of those who fell before and after the capture of the fortress ten years ago. A Japanese professor, writing before the fall in 1905, thus expressed the sentiment which sent men again and again up

bloodstained slopes, through wire entanglements, and over precipices to victory.

After the retrocession more than one hundred soldiers who had fought in Manchuria took it as the blackest stain on our national honor, as an unparalleled humiliation of a nation, which had never before been humiliated by a foreign Power. They wished to put this on record, and so they wrote their protest with their own blood by committing *hara-kiri*, by that ancient right of the Samural, which says to the world that they would rather die than see dishonor. In their dreams, in the eyes of their imagination, the fighting men of Japan to-day see the ghosts of these men wandering over Port Arthur in company with those of many hundreds of other men who had fallen before Port Arthur in storming it and taking it from the Chinese. These spirits of the dead, in the existence of which we of the Far East believe quite as much as the Christians of the West believe in the immortality of the soul, cannot find rest and peace as long as that stronghold is in possession of a Power which humiliated us some ten years ago, in the days of national exhaustion, at the end of the Ch'no-Japanese War.

It was to these spirits of the dead primarily that Admiral Togo solemnly offered the news of the destruction of the Russian fleet during his visit to Tokyo. He said on this occasion, "Standing before your spirits I can hardly express my feelings. Your passing from the world has been in the gallant discharge of your duty. Our combined fleet retains the undisputed control of the seas. I trust that this will bring peace and rest to your spirits. I have been called by the Emperor to report our successes to the spirits of those who sacrificed their earthly existence for the attainment of so great a result." This formal order of the day to the army of the dead is one of the most illuminating glimpses

which the outside world has been afforded of Japanese character. Who now can say that the Japanese are materialists in belief with such a striking example to contradict them? General Nogi, at the memorial service for the dead before Port Arthur, desired "to share the honor of victory with the spirits of those who died in order to achieve success." With the incentive of these restless, unpropitiated spirits around them, the Japanese troops were invincible, and conquered where any other troops would have failed.

As during the fighting, so in concluding the terms of surrender and taking over the fortress, the Japanese have set up new standards of conduct, new rules of international morality for the world. The terms of surrender are just, and the action of the Emperor of Japan with regard to officers is generous, more especially when we consider that at the time the Japanese held at Sasebo several Russian officers, captured on the *Nigreta*, who had been dishonorable enough to break the parole which they had given in Shanghai. The terms of surrender were drawn up by a distinguished international lawyer, Professor Nagao Ariga, who was specially attached to General Nogi's staff in readiness, which is but another instance of the Japanese completeness of detailed preparation. The capitulation of a large garrison of Russians to a Japanese army might well have afforded an occasion for Japanese jubilation, and the spectacle of the surrendered regiments marching out in silence is a great testimony to the generous impulses of the Japanese troops. Think for a moment what that march out meant! For the first time for centuries an army of a European Power had surrendered to an Asiatic force, and one of which the Russians had always spoken slightly. Did the Japanese seek to avail themselves

of the opportunity afforded them to get even? No; they looked on in sympathetic silence, and helped the feeble soldiers to carry their equipments. The principle of Japanese military prowess was not marred by any outward rejoicing over the fall of their erstwhile proud foes. The Japanese understand the art of fighting, while fighting is going on, to perfection, but once the battles are over, they are the kindest of the kind, and their consideration to their foes is a sign of their real bravery. It is never the brave man who gloats over a fallen enemy.

Some one asked Admiral Kamimura why he saved the men from the *Rurik*. He replied :—

Before, and at the time we are engaged in battle, we may feel a desire for revenge; but when a vanquished foe is before us, we can but know a sense of pity. It is also international law to be merciful to a conquered enemy. Moreover, I have never forgotten what I learned from the great Saigo. When the castle of Aizu fell at the time of the war of the Restoration, Saigo, then in command of the Imperial forces, ordered all the houses of the town to be closed, that none might gaze upon the prisoners as they passed by. Again, at Hakodate, in the same war, he allowed none not immediately concerned in the surrender of the fort to witness the humiliation of its defenders.

The Japanese treatment of the sick and wounded, that *damnosa hereditas* of a siege, has been beyond criticism. Every care has been lavished upon them, and before the fall, the Japanese medical authorities had prepared stores for 20,000 men. Comparisons are odious, but it is not difficult to contrast the fate of the prisoners of Port Arthur with those of Plevna. In 1877 the surrendered Turks, after their gallant defence, were sent north without any adequate equipment or provision

to die by the thousand along the roads. It resembled rather the manners and customs of the Byzantine Empire, under which a conquered army was once sent homeward through the snow, all blinded, save one man in every hundred, who had left him one eye to enable him to guide his sightless comrades. War is war, and must be waged as such *à outrance*, but the moment war ceases the Japanese act towards those who have fallen into their hands as victims of such war, as if they were deserving of equal care with the Japanese soldiers who have fallen before the rifles of these very men. This is true humanity and deserving of all praise. It is far above the humanity of those nations which, while crying for the cessation of war, wage war without any of the attempts at alleviating its horrors which should appeal to everybody in the world in this twentieth century. One result of this war will be that the conditions of warfare will be completely changed, and Japan will have taught the world a lesson of humanity that cannot fail to advance the cause of progress enormously.

Port Arthur has fallen, but its fall will have little effect upon the war's continuance. By its capture the Japanese achieve definitely one of the great aims of their campaigns, but the other ends must still be sought by military and naval force. Russia is not yet convinced of the hopelessness of her struggle, and is not yet ready to make a peace that will bear in its terms guarantees of a lasting peace. The indiscretion of Admiral Dubassoff gives some idea of the ignorance of the Russian bureaucratic autocracy as to the real conditions prevailing in the Far East. Coinciding as it does with the refusal of the Tsar to grant liberty to his people, the fall of Port Arthur may have far-reaching effects upon the internal condition of Russia which will

indirectly affect the war. The orthodox church has suffered an enormous loss of prestige, which, taken together with its assumption of a political rôle, spells the end of its absolute domination. M. Pobiednostoff, recognizing this, has thrown himself into the fray and is endeavoring by every means in his power to buttress up the tottering fabric of bureaucracy, which alone will allow the Holy Synod to work its will. The effect upon Russian liberalism of the fall of Port Arthur has been significant, it has supplied the flux necessary to weld all the varying parties of progress together. Liberals, Anarchists, Socialists, all are united in a demand for liberty, and the Tsar is face to face with a situation similar only to that of France before the Revolution. A prominent reformer said recently, "The entire thought of Russia has become Anarchist, it is only a question of time when this mental attitude will transform itself into physical action." The letter of Prince Troubetskoi to the Tsar, and a thousand other signs, indicate clearly enough the state of things in Russia at the present moment. When the reform movement is supported vehemently by men like M. Novikoff, mayor of Baku, who is a son of the well-known Madame Olga Novikoff, it is evident that it is no longer a mere movement of the lower classes but is a national movement. Thus we find in Russia itself the greatest results of the fall of Port Arthur. The announcement of the news in St. Petersburg called forth numerous expressions of the necessity for reform. Notable amongst these was the following: "The national pride of Russia has been stricken to the heart by this terrible fresh trial of pitiless destiny . . . without the co-operation of the people the Government cannot surmount this great national calamity. We were victorious in 1812, and we will be victorious now at any cost, if we are



strong in an alliance between the governing class and the governed."

In the field the fall of the fortress, besides the moral effect, has a very important result in that it deprives the Russian Manchurian army of any objective. The former moral attraction, however disastrous it proved, always kept Kuropatkin advancing or facing south. Now there is no more reason why he should go south, than east or west or even north. To go south now means to advance against an unbeaten army through an inimical country guarded by the Japanese on land and sea, with no goal save a fortress which resisted even the Japanese attacks by land and sea for months. Besides this negative effect, the Japanese forces under Oyama receive very considerable reinforcements such as will enable them to attack the Russian forces with real hope of success.

The war will continue until Russia is ready to accept the Japanese terms, which have been given in an earlier article. The Japanese are preparing to push their campaign against Vladivostok and Sakhalin with energy, and will endeavor to roll Kuropatkin back to Harbin before the spring. It may be said that now Japan is fighting to make Russia understand that she will have to cede Sakhalin and pay an indemnity of at least one hundred millions sterling. These are lessons which Russia learns but slowly, and yet the war will go on until these two points as well as the others are accepted by the Russians.

Commenting upon the chances of peace the *New York Tribune* says:—

It is for Russia to make the first move for peace. She will doubtless find Japan ready to meet her half way, and will certainly find the world at large ready and eager to go more than half way in facilitating in every possible manner the ending of a war which has been from the beginning a grief

to humanity and an offence to civilization.

That an internal change in Russia might mean an end of the war may be guessed from the following extract from the new Russian Liberal paper, the *Nashi Dni*:—

But is it indispensable to continue this war? Certainly all lines of retreat are cut for the bureaucracy, but is that equally true of Russian society and the Russian people? The bureaucracy has proved its impotence. The conditions of peace that the enemy will proffer may, perhaps, appear unacceptable to Russia's honor; but the Russian people is great, its forces are by no means exhausted, and if it is the people itself that proposes peace, can one doubt that the conditions the enemy will propose will be acceptable to the true dignity and real interests of the Russian people?

Port Arthur's fall has awakened even Japan's ally to the necessity of some sparks of moral duty with regard to neutrality. It is sad to reflect that it needs a military victory to bring the lesson home to civilized nations that they should strive for peace rather than for a continuance of war, that they should keep their pledges and be honest. British, German and French neutrality is likely to be much more strictly enforced now that Japan's foot is upon Russia's neck. Fear for their Far Eastern possessions is a wonderful moral force to keep Germany and France in the narrow path of rectitude. The comparison between Japan and the United States given in my last article makes interesting the following comment from the *New York Sun*:—

The peace of a hemisphere is in the hands of the Japanese. So far they have won an honorable, a magnificent victory, an achievement which is, or very soon will be, epoch-making in its effect. When they took Port Arthur some years ago from China, and oc-

cupled it, and proceeded to enjoy the fruits of their well-won victory, it was snatched from them by the civilized bullies of Europe. Individuals can be inglorious and contemptible; but nations can outdo them; and if Russia is now bitterly exalting her share in the infamy that was then visited upon Japan, she is only reaping as she has sown, and as she richly deserves. We need hardly observe that that chapter in history will never be repeated, not even if all the Powers in Europe sought to participate in it.

While America holds these views Great Britain will probably stand by Japan at the end of the war!

A serious question, closely affecting all those nations who adhered to the neutrality circular of Mr. Hay as regards China, is likely to arise. Russia, in a note to the Powers as to that neutrality and its own maintenance, declares that she must take her own steps with regard to China. Before even the Powers had time to reply, a Russian force violated Chinese territory in order to attack the Japanese at Newchwang. An extension of the sphere of hostilities to China is not a prospect which can be regarded by the

*The Fortnightly Review.*

world with equanimity, and it is significant that Mr. Hay has declared his acceptance of China's declarations, thus preferring to trust China's word rather than Russia's.

One thing is certain, and that is, that the advent of the Rising Sun at Port Arthur will have as a result the hastening of the rising of the sun of liberty in Russia, even although that dawn be attended by ten times more bloodshed than the capture of Port Arthur. Still more important, however, is the fact that now and in the future there is no more Asia, no more Europe, no hard and fast color and race distinctions. The blood spilt on the glacis of the Port Arthur forts has forever wiped out the color line in national achievement. The world has become again a community of nations, not a series of unequal, watertight compartments. The race is now to the fittest, and who will deny that the victors of Port Arthur do not stand a chance of being placed in the front of the world's nations. If efficiency and fitness are to be the tests of national greatness Japan will stand first, not last.

*Alfred Stead.*

## HUSBAND AND WIFE AMONG THE POOR.

"I chastises my husband like a child," said a patient who, during my unavoidably long visits, dipped me rather more deeply than I liked in her domestic concerns. Naturally my thoughts turned to "chastise thee with the valor of my tongue," but after being shown the stick it was impossible to put such a gloss upon the text. She was the first avowed husband-beater I had ever met, but by no means the last. As far as I can gather from the statements of these doughty champions of the supremacy of woman, their husbands are beaten for returning

home "more foolish than when they went out," and minus an undue proportion of their week's wages. It certainly seems a more just arrangement than that the men should beat their wives on these occasions, and as the delinquents in every case I have observed have the usual, or even more than the usual, superiority in physical strength, I conclude that they acknowledge its equity.

In a neighborhood where there was much wife-beating and little reticence on that or any other point, a husband of twenty-two years' standing, the

father of eleven children, told me coolly, "I've never hit my wife, not even when I was drunk, for I knowed if I did she'd hit back again. I don't suppose that 'ud ha' stopp'd me if I'd bin much set on it, for her strength was never much by a man's, but she'd have come on me for all she was worth, and I *didn't want no scrimmage.*" Those few sentences seem to me to sum up the whole doctrine of wife-beating, whether the operator is drunk or sober. First, that there are a few men whom nothing would restrain from cruelty to any weaker creature in their power; secondly, that most of those guilty of ill-treating their wives could very easily be restrained; and thirdly, that this majority, though thinking it no degradation to strike a woman who submits, would be bitterly ashamed to have it said by the neighbors, "Him and his wife gets fighting."

It is true that at the present day there are few men left who would beat their wives without the excuse of drink; but even if a man were not responsible for being drunk, drunkenness, when one looks closely into the matter, proves a most insufficient defence.

If a man is completely intoxicated he does not strike any one; if he is "mad drunk" he does not care whom he kicks, a policeman on his beat or a sick baby in its cradle—but how often do men in this condition manage to reach their homes? The average wife-beater is never drunk enough to have lost all power of distinguishing one person from another. Over and over again children of varying ages have told me, not with the desire to prove any particular point, but with the disjointed impartiality with which most of their statements are made, "When father's drunk he knocks mother about shameful, but he never hits us a lick." Wives have told me with equal frequency, "He never lays a finger on the

children, not even when he has the worst of his turns."

Now if a man is sober enough to distinguish children, often children as tall as their mother, from that unhappy person herself, why does he invariably choose her for his victim? Because she "nags" at him? The women I mean bear everything, hope everything, and call nothing but their children their own. Because his affection for the children is stronger? Not in the least; he very greatly prefers his wife, but he vents his ill-humor on her because he knows from past experience that she will regard it as a venial offence, while to injure one of the children would be unpardonable, "a thing as he'd never hear the last on."

Legislation has done much for women, and private employers may do more. A certain firm in London employing a large number of married women declines to allow them to enter the factory while bearing any sign of ill-treatment. As men of the occasional wife-beating type almost invariably strike at the head, and the women almost invariably throw up the forearm to break the force of the blow, injuries are usually of a conspicuous nature. A poor woman living in the immediate neighborhood told me, "It's made a slight o' diff'rence. Men thinks twice before they gives their wife a black eye when it means a fortnight of her wages gone for nothing."

But after all, each woman must depend chiefly on herself. The world is so far civilized that it is only in exceptional cases that any wife need endure active ill-usage. The feminist movement is supposed to date much later than Miss Austen, but one of her heroines, when asked what treatment she expects, sums up an important part of a wife's duties in the gayly confident reply that she expects the very best because she will never tolerate any other. When I see timid

young wives likely to slip into the position of ill-treated drudges, I always press on them the advice of experienced matrons in their own class of life: "Don't irritate a man, especially if he's tired or hungry, or in drink, but never take a blow from him, drunk or sober. If you make enough fuss over the first you'll never get a second, but if you'll stand one beating men think you'll stand twenty."

Some years before I began district nursing I was scandalized by hearing a well-known London clergyman say with reference to wife-beating, "Plenty of women deserve all they get, and more too." After an acquaintance with the poor in their own homes far more intimate though not quite so long as his, I am forced to own that there is some truth in the statement which seemed to me so outrageous. Why then does the sight of bruises on a woman fill me with ever-increasing disgust and indignation? Simply because the wives on whom all the blows and abuse fall are *not* the women who have deserved them, and who might conceivably be restrained by them. Is it the woman who keeps her house like a pigstye, who neglects, starves and ill-treats her children, the woman who robs and insults her husband and puts him to open shame who is beaten and sworn at? Scarcely ever. Kicks and oaths are kept for the dull, patient, timid, uncomplaining drudge, generally a little—a very little—below the average in intellect, who toils from morning till night vainly endeavoring to make fifteen shillings do the work of twenty-five, while the husband squanders from a third to a half of his earnings.

Nevertheless, the district nurse learns to understand how many a woman clings to the husband of whom she goes in bodily fear every wet Bank Holiday, and who may have half-killed her three or four times in the course of their married life, and is far hap-

pier than her neighbor whose dour, unmannerly master is never drunk and never civil. There may be hours of fear and trembling; but ninety-nine times out of a hundred does he not return from work with a cheery paraphrase of the greeting that is being uttered in tens of thousands of civilized homes all over the country: "Well, old girl, here I am! How's the world bin serving you? The youngster howling your head off? Come here, you young beggar, and sit along o'me while your mammy gets the tea. You're too much like your daddy, that's what's wrong with *you*!" It needs courage to live with a man who may come back to his family any night like a raving lunatic? Yes, but it needs more to toil from year's end to year's end for a man who has never a word of affection for wife or child, never a jest, never a spice of humorous exaggeration in his statements, never a compliment for his wife's cooking, or her management, or her appearance?

One learns to understand, too, how it is that the dirty, untidy young wife who, when her husband returns hungry and tired from a long day's work holds up a smilingly assured face to be kissed, exclaiming, "Gracious! if I hadn't forgot all about your tea!" and clatters together an extravagant and ill-chosen meal while she pours out a stream of cheerful and inconsequent chatter, is more loved and dealt with more patiently, tenderly and faithfully than her clean and frugal neighbor who has prepared a meal that ought to turn the author of "Twenty Satisfying Suppers for Sixpence" green with envy, but who expects her husband to be eternally grateful because he "could eat his dinner off the boards"—when all that the poor man asks is to be allowed to walk over them unapproached.

Few young husbands appreciate cleanliness as carried out by a woman

in whom it takes the place of art, literature, social distraction, religion, even love itself; but elderly and long disciplined men are often boastful of their wife's inhuman devotion to scouring. "You wouldn't find any one cleaner than my missus, not high nor low," said one of these persons to me, hugging his chains. "Why, she cleans up that their kettle as we've a-had ever since we was married, forty-seven years come next Easter, till it 'ud go to a body's heart to use it. When we wants a drop o' water for our tea, we just boils it in a soss-pan in the wash'us, and if"—with a gleam of rebellious humor in his dim old eyes—"and if ther was anything as could be scrub to a soss-pan the missus 'ud use that, and I'll warrant that their soss-pan 'ud be sittin' up alongside the kettle as bold as any orny-mint ever you seed!" Having frequently "seed" fireirons polished and hung on the wall while the fire was poked up with a stick and beaten down with the toe of a boot, I have not the smallest doubt that it would be.

Second and third marriages are very common among the poor, but even if they occur early in life they are nearly always regarded as *mariages de convenance*, and no softening halo of romance or of later tenderness ever grows round them. As a child I was often told the story of a certain post-captain's widow who married a naval engineer, and who kept her first husband's portrait over the mantelpiece and addressed stage asides to it to avenge herself for any supposed shortcomings in his successor. I have seen this paralleled by many and many a district patient. The photograph of "my first" holds a conspicuous place, and his virtues are openly contrasted with the delinquencies of "my second." The latter are often imperceptible to an impartial onlooker, and sometimes doubting whether, granting all the cir-

cumstances, it would be possible for human nature to reach greater heights than "my second," I have made cautious enquiries among old neighbors, and have not seldom elicited facts that went far to prove that "my first" was a drunken bully.

It is much the same with the men; no second wife holds quite the same place as the first, not even if she has a large family and her predecessor was childless. Living or dead, it is rare to hear a complaint against a first husband or wife, while approbation of the second, if ever uttered, is intolerably patronizing. There may be something touching about even this imperfect faithfulness to the love of one's youth, but it is hard on the legal successor, whether man or woman.

The relations that grow up between old husbands and wives are often exceedingly tender and beautiful. I remember one powerful man of seventy-five absorbed day and night in nursing a hopelessly suffering wife. His one never failing joke was to pretend that she was unkind to him. "Love, you never smile on me like that! All the sugar's for nurse, and all the sauce for me. Well, well, my back's broad, and I get a holiday from hard words while nurse is here." "Go 'long with you," the invalid would say reprovingly, "and don't even yourself with them as has been *taached*." One day a clergyman dared to suggest that she would be more comfortable in a Home to which he could obtain her admission. The old man flung out his arm with a magnificent sweep embracing the room and all it contained. "Sir, there's not a place in all England where my wife would be cared for as she is here!" And indeed I knew of none, attic though it was, with its one window blinking on a street which neighbors struggling on the slippery edge of respectability called "Burglar's Rest."

Aged husbands and wives seem to



live for one another, and are unhappy if separated for the briefest periods. The women, younger in years and in constitution, are the usual nurses; when neither love nor skill could do any more for the sufferer, I have seen old couples sit hour after hour with hand clasped in hand, drawing comfort and courage from one another's presence. Wives are capable of extraordinary hardness as well as of inexhaustible tenderness. "Another of 'em gone! It's yer fate," was the grim comment made in my hearing when the bandage just removed from the husband's foot proved to contain one of his toes.

Money matters are left almost entirely to the wife; it is she who decides whether an increased rent can be paid, or an article of furniture bought, whether a boy shall be apprenticed or must take what work he can find, and what insurance clubs, etc., shall be joined.

I can see no justification for the statement that large bodies of workmen are in the habit of spending a third of their wages in pleasures in which their families have no share. It is impossible to calculate how much a man spends on himself unless one knows what articles he is expected to provide out of the sum he retains. The man who only keeps half-a-crown, but buys nothing for the family out of it except an occasional paper of sweets for the little ones, may have had quite as large a share as the man who pockets twelve or fifteen shillings out of which he has to pay the club subscriptions, provide all his own clothes and the boys' Sunday suits, settle the boot bill for the entire family, and save something for the summer holiday. "Mother lets father keep all his overtime money," I was told by an agricultural laborer's daughter. It sounded an unusually liberal allowance until I learnt that he was expected to "find

hissself in boots" and to buy two young pigs at a cost of about a guinea each and pay for all the meal required as soon as fattening began.

The custom of leaving the spending of money to the wife is so deeply rooted that children always speak of the family income as belonging entirely to her, and will constantly tell you, "Mother has to pay so and so for rent," "Mother is going to try and afford father this or that," "Mother isn't going to let father work for Mr. — any more, she says the wages isn't worth the hours."

Among the most needlessly comfortable and unhappy homes are those where the husband, too soon impatient and despairing over a young wife's poor management, degrades her in her own eyes and the neighbors' by taking the catering into his own hands. "Man alive!" exclaimed a worthy old artisan when he saw a younger comrade preparing to "lay out" his week's wages, "what's a woman for if she can't spend her husband's earnings for him? Let your wife alone, she'll learn, and you never will."

The "tyranny of tears" is known in all classes, but the tyranny of bad language is almost entirely confined to the poor. Many men who would not dream of striking their wives, nor of keeping back a penny of their wages beyond the stipulated sum, are deferred to anxiously in every detail of domestic life simply from the nervous horror that every decent woman has of being sworn at. Sometimes the tyranny is carried to an extreme of pettiness that has its ludicrous side. A young housemaid singing the praises of her mother told me, "Father can't a-bear nothin' prickly against his skin, so mother she always takes the first wear out of his shirts and socks. Mother 'ud do anything to save swearing!"

Owing to the comparative leisure of

the years spent in domestic service, laborers' wives are often greatly their husbands' superiors in education. I have known men who could scarcely count up their wages unless paid in the usual pieces of money, whose wives kept neat account books, and could work out the average weekly earnings to a halfpenny; and many men who could not read "so as to find any pleasure in it," married to women who were not merely omnivorous readers, but who showed a decided preference for the best literature obtainable. Superiority of education on the part of the wife never causes any alienation; the man shows no jealousy, the woman no conceit. On the other hand, when this superiority falls to the man in addition to his greater knowledge of the outside world, as occurs in the case of highly-skilled artisans, non-commissioned officers in both services, the men who rise in the police force, etc., great estrangement results. A woman can share her advantages with a man, and a curious gentleness and refinement is often found among laborers who "occupy the seat of the unlearned." Every woman is a possible mother, and therefore to some extent a born teacher, but a man can impart little to his wife. The whole unhappiness of the private lives of "risen" men lies in the comparatively poor education of the women they have married.

It must be owned that some of the quicker-witted women take a delight in mystifying the simple-minded husbands whom they adore. Not long ago a servant of mine went to tea with a friend who had married a drayman almost as sleek and ponderous as the splendid team he drove. When the meal was over the wife sat down by the fire and politely requested her husband to wash up the tea things. In spite of the restraining influence of "comp'ny," he declined to do it. "What!" she exclaimed in pretended indignation, "Isn't

it only last week that you promised faithful to honor and obey me?"

"I'm not saying as I didn't," replied the giant, cautiously.

"And you're going to break your promise already?"

"I'm not saying as I won't."

"Then wash up them tea-things like a dear, and say no more about it."

And Hercules obeyed, while the two women shook with silent laughter.

One consolation falls to ill-used wives; their children generally love them, and *never* love the father. However indulgent he may be to them, the youngest child cannot be bribed into affection. A little girl scarcely six years old one day drew my attention to an unusually smart garment that she said her father had bought her. "Lovely!" I said, with the required enthusiasm; "I suppose you thanked him very nicely for it?"

"No," was the determined reply, "I won't never thank him for nothing. He beats my mammy somefin cruel." And her mother assured me proudly, "She wouldn't tell her father anything I didn't want him to know, not if it was ever so!"

Even when the mother's temper is soured and some of her misery is wreaked on her children, it is still the same. Little creatures who have hardly begun to change their first teeth will say with a generous philosophy learnt one knows not whence, "We hadn't ought to take too much heed of it. Mother has a heap to put up with." One day a gray-haired workman teasingly reminded his mother how on a bitter winter's morning nearly fifty years before, when he was crying with cold and hunger, she had knocked him down with the "bellus."

"Garge," she pleaded, her pretty old face trembling between laughter and tears, "if I'd *killed* you I couldn't ha' helped it not at that moment."

"I know you couldn't, mother," he

said, soberly, "I knowed it even then."

With the moral indifference of nature, good children often come to bad parents and find scant appreciation. A woman, after speaking to me at some length of her husband, a peculiarly brutal drunkard who had narrowly escaped murdering her a few days previously, compared him with her only son, a steady, well-grown young fellow who was earning a man's wages at eighteen. His kindness and his unaffected sense of religion had drawn from a neighbor the admiring comment, "He might have walked straight out of a track!" but the mother summed up her opinion of the difference in their character by saying fervently, "Eh, but his feyther's a *mon!*"

The ideal of fatherhood is less developed among the poor than the ideal of motherhood. The tenderness lasts for too short a period, and there is rarely any attempt at moral training. Nevertheless, men of the working class are as much libelled as fathers as working class mothers are as cooks, nurses and managers. In both cases the millions bear the blame that is only due to a few tens of thousands. Paternal affection may not be very strong after a boy has reached his tenth and a girl her twelfth year, but it is lavished on them at an age when the circumstances of poor people's daily lives make it almost indispensable for the children's health and happiness. In countless homes the busy, many-childed mother breathes freely for the first time in the day when her husband returns from work. "They're sure to be hanging round their daddy," she says, and thinks no more of water-butts or motor-cars till the next morning, when the responsible playfellow vanishes for his ten or eleven hours.

Fathers are regarded by the children as plainly inferior to mothers in authority, in knowledge of right and

wrong, and above all of "manners," but they are loved as companions, as abettors of many forbidden practices, and as protectors from the occasional slaps and rather frequent reproofs that the acknowledged ruler of the family deals out for their soul's health and the preservation of their clothes. I had a pathetic instance a few days ago of the different moral light in which father and mother are regarded. A blacksmith was sitting up at night with his dying son, a manly, intelligent lad of fifteen, suddenly struck down by a mortal disease. As death approached the relations between the two insensibly slipped back some seven or eight years. Almost the last words uttered by the boy were a refusal to take his medicine. "You drink it, Dad! Mother won't know the difference." Twice the father drank it in a fond attempt at coaxing, and at daybreak the lad died.

In times of sickness fathers are often tender and assiduous nurses. Speaking of a neighbor's neglected children a young married woman said to me, "Three of us often had abscesses like that, but there was never a mark left to show. Mother wasn't much of a hand at that kind of thing, and we used to kick up a fine row if she tried to touch them, but as soon as ever father came back from work he'd set to and bathe and poultice us by the hour." This is by no means an exceptional case; there are very many homes where district nurses make a point of repeating all their instruction to both parents, and would not feel that the treatment was certain of being carried out unless they had done so. I have known men who for months at a stretch did all their own work, waited on a sick wife, and with very little help from the neighbors washed and dressed the children, and gave half Saturday and most of Sunday to house cleaning.

It is exceedingly difficult for the upper

classes to acquire any fair idea of the ordinary domestic relations among the poor, and when they seek for information they too often forget to make allowance for the fact that the chosen teachers are all more or less blinded by their profession. Is it reasonable to ask the club doctor and the district nurse if the lower classes are healthy,

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to ask the coroner if they are sober, the police magistrate if they are honest and truthful, the relieving officer if they are thrifty, the labor master if they are industrious, the highly orthodox clergyman if they are religious, and then call the replies received *Knowledge of the Poor?*

*M. Loane,*

*Superintendent of District Nurses.*

### DARKY, THE BOUNDARY DOG.

Darky had a past. For years he had belonged to a notorious cattle-lifter after whom a large tract of land in the interior of the South Island of New Zealand is named. Issuing from some hiding-place in this vast and solitary plain, it was the practice of this lonely man to select a fat beast here and there from the roving herds through which he passed, and with the mob thus collected to work his way through to Southland. Once safely there, there was no obstacle in the way of getting rid of the dangerous property, for in those days it was a common practice with many butchers to receive stolen cattle. A price pleasing to both buyer and seller was quickly agreed upon, the beasts were slaughtered with all possible speed, and the hides, which bore the brands of a dozen different owners, hurriedly burned or buried.

In conducting these forays the old cattle-stealer invariably went afoot. By this means he was able, when danger threatened, to vanish into the scrub and to leave the earth innocent of a sign of him. Had he been encumbered with a horse, it would have been next to impossible to escape observation.

By one other animal, though, besides Darky he was always accompanied—to wit, an old decoy bullock. At first sight it may appear that this animal would have proved as embarrassing a

possession as a horse. Nothing of the kind. When a stock-rider appeared on the scene he saw nothing to excite suspicion—only a stray bullock, quietly browsing.

To these two dumb confederates was mainly due the success which attended these predatory excursions. It is, indeed, declared by the few old colonists who remain that it is impossible to say which of the three was the biggest thief.

Directed by the gestures of the man—himself concealed—the bullock would approach a feeding herd of cattle and gradually edge away a fat steer. If, when the latter had been drawn off to a distance, it evinced any hesitation as to whether it should turn back or not, it was helped to a speedy conclusion by a nip on the heels from Darky.

As the hazardous nature of the business necessitated strict avoidance of all bridges and fords, to say nothing of roads, these animals were invaluable aids in getting the stolen cattle to swim the many turbulent rivers which had to be crossed in the journey southwards. There was no rushing about of the mob, to send a tell-tale cloud of dust into the air; no shouts or whip-cracks, to betray the whereabouts of the thieves. Walking a little in advance, the bullock would plunge straightway into the water, and, swimming to the other side, would low in-

vingtily, as though he had found a land flowing with clover and rye-grass. As the younger and more inexperienced steers answered with responsive bellows, Darky would rush from beast to beast, and administering a little persuasion to each, would soon have the mob in the river, swimming across to join the leader.

Nor was this the only service rendered by the decoy on these occasions. The cattle-lifter was unable to swim—a difficulty he overcame by clinging to the tail of the animal.

For years this inflexibly taciturn man carried these raids to a successful issue. But the arch-thief was taken at last; how—though I am sorely tempted to tell—has no concern with this story. Suffice it to say that he was tried, found guilty, and cast into prison.

A more ridiculous conclusion to a serious case could hardly be imagined, but it is nevertheless a fact that the animals likewise had judgment pronounced on them. The bullock was shot on the scene of his nefarious practices, while Darky, who had been led away captive with his master, was condemned to suffer the utmost penalty of the law.

This all belongs to a phase of bush life which New Zealand will never know again; but what a fulness, what a robustness of life was there in the wild freshness of her morning-time! They were adventurers all then. Nor is a young stock-rider, who had come in from the back country as a witness at the trial, the least artistic figure in the picture of the past.

If the court officials lacerated Darky's feelings, witness after witness atoned for it by dubbing him "the cleverest dog that ever lived"—an oft-repeated statement which appeared to immensely interest the stock-rider. The night of the trial and verdict a game of euchre—which he was discreet enough to lose—took place in a

neighboring public-house between this speculative youth and the warder who had charge of the dog. Later the young rascal waxed lively and agreeable, and ministered lavishly to the publican's revenue. Towards midnight two black shadows might have been observed—had there been any one in the deserted streets to look at them—slinking noiselessly in the direction of a kennel on the outskirts of the town.

Next morning, as a raw, gusty wind was bowling across the prison yard and playing skittles with some tin cans which were stacked at one end of it, the Governor of the gaol composedly watched a black dog choked till it was dead, and then, as the law had been vindicated, and as everything had been a perfect success, went contentedly home to breakfast.

When the news that Darky had died by proxy was communicated to the run-holders, a keen competition arose among them. In the end Mr. Belcher, of Rugged Hills sheep station, defeated his rivals with an offer of 50*l*.

But Darky refused to attach himself to his new master. Moreover, it soon became abundantly clear that the latter was going to receive but scant compensation for the gold he had showered on the stock-rider. The cattle-lifter had worked the dog by gesture only, and in the strictest silence. Consequently the orders, commands, and ultimately threats, which were belloyed into his ears were meaningless. But this did not occur to Mr. Belcher. The more bewildered the dog looked, the more that hot-headed gentleman roared, as though deafness were the only impediment on the part of Darky to a perfect understanding of what was required of him.

The man was all the more sore over the affair as Darky was not by any means the first canine treasure he had purchased regardless of cost; and now



this latest venture threatened to end, as all others which had gone before had ended, in the sudden death of the dog.

But Darky, cunning with almost weird precociousness, showed a power of survival that was unique.

One day, in the heat and dust of the sheep-yards, after execrating the dog until the foam flew in spray from his lips, Mr. Belcher turned in the height of his frenzy and ordered one of the shepherds to get him his gun.

In an instant Darky was off as though he had been projected by the force of powder.

"The brute's got sense enough when he chooses to use it," cried the run-holder, as well as he was able to speak for the rage which was choking his utterance. "D'you see how quick he is to get out of the way whenever I want to kill him?"

At this juncture Hori, a Maori shepherd, summoned sufficient courage to ask if he might have the dog to see if he could make anything of him.

His employer was about to hurl an imprecation at his head, when it occurred to him that the suggestion was worth consideration. He had paid a big price for Darky, and to shoot him meant nothing but the loss of his money—a matter about which Mr. Belcher was a little sensitive.

Weka Flat is a small tract of land surrounded by hills clothed in a monotonous coloring of yellow tussock. Here stood Hori's hut, and here the Maori lived a life as dull in color and as unchangeable in aspect as the hills which curtained in his little world. No one passed that way, and, save at mustering-time, no other shepherd visited him. Consequently he was left almost entirely to the companionship of his dogs. This seclusion from interruption gave him every opportunity of studying Darky, and in a very little while a good understanding sprang up

between the two. As the weeks went by this mutual confidence increased, until at length the Maori was able to communicate by gestures his desires and wishes to the dog; while the dog, in his turn, was able by signs to interchange thoughts with the Maori. After a while Hori was able to send him, without supervision, to gather sheep at a distance of seven miles.

On one occasion, after a muster, Hori had started down country with a mob of five thousand fat wethers. After the first day's drive the rain began to come down in tumbling sheets of water. Then came such a flood as had not been known for years. The rivers spread out and became lakes. Hori stuck to the sheep as long as it was safe to do so, but in the end was forced to ride for his life. After several hairbreadth escapes from drowning, he managed to reach a homestead. Then he noticed, for the first time, that Darky had not followed him.

The next day rain, rain, rain. The whole country was under water.

The following morning the downpour, which seemed to have exhausted itself by starting so fast, fell away and stopped, and towards evening the waters began to run off the land.

All this time Hori had been kept a close prisoner within the friendly habitation he had found, consuming his soul with the agony of not knowing what had become of the sheep.

At break of day, the flood meanwhile having abated, he went forth to commence a search. To his surprise and wonder he found collected on a "bachelor" hill, the whole of the five thousand sheep, with Darky in charge, solemnly walking up and down.

How came he there? I can offer no explanation, but merely record the fact as one only of scores of instances of the display of a sagacity which seemed to know no bounds. The dog appeared to possess an innate faculty of know-

ing the right thing to do, and the right moment in which to do it.

Again we find Hori, accompanied by another shepherd and a young rouseabout,<sup>1</sup> on the road with a mob of sheep, bound for Mount Cook district. All went well until an ice-fed river, close to their destination, was reached. As this river—which has no youth, being born of a glacier in the full vigor of manhood—is so cold that any animal that passes through it shivers for the rest of the day, it is customary to allow the dogs to cross with the men in a contrivance known as the “wire-rope.”

It is natural, perhaps, that a youth to whom the experience is new should feel a little giddy at being drawn through the air some thirty feet above a madly rushing torrent. Be that as it may, as they neared the opposite bank, where the eddying waters leap and spurt against the rocks below, the rouseabout lost his nerve, and, clutching at one of the rods connected with the overhead roller, set the rickety machine rocking like a cradle. In the scramble which ensued Darky was pushed from the platform. As he struck the rocks a sharp cry—the first and last he was ever known to give—escaped him. A moment later he was in the roaring torrent—not swimming, but beating the waters with his paws.

Leaping from the cage long before it was safe to do so, Hori landed on the bank on all-fours. Picking himself up without the loss of an instant, he sped down stream at racing speed. As soon as he had outpaced the current he scrambled down the rocks to the water's edge, just in time to seize the dog as the furious river was sweeping him past.

A hasty examination showed that the right hind leg was broken, besides which there appeared to be something wrong

<sup>1</sup> A man to whose lot fall all the odd jobs on a station.

with the hip. But Hori had no thought of looking further just then. His one idea was to get the dog home. Then there flashed to his brain a quick thought. Across the mountains ran an old track which would shorten the distance to his hut by twelve miles. It had long been disused, and might be impassable. Should he attempt it? In a few moments he had taken his resolution. To his last heart-beat he would try. Wrapping his coat about the shivering animal, he gave it to the shepherd to hold until he himself was in the saddle. Then he took his burden in his arms and set out for Weka Flat.

His horse, Mulcahy Brothers, was as quick on his feet as a rabbit, and in a few seconds was bounding over tussock and “spaniard” as though he were racing the cloud-shadows. On and on he tore; now dipping from sight into the stony bed of some trickling stream, to reappear almost immediately on the other side; now leaping among a few startled sheep, who scattered and fled; now tearing past Echoing Rock, which tossed back the sound of deep-chested sighs; now rushing through a patch of scrub with the sweep of a hurricane; and now, the open regained, on and on again.

In time the hungry Waitaki was reached. But the cruel gray waters, the hidden quicksands, and the treacherous moving boulders, held no terrors for Hori that day. Without a break in his stride the horse was sent floundering in, and in another moment was fighting the strength and the wickedness of the deceitful river.

At length, trembling in every limb, Mulcahy Brothers stood on the shingle at the other side, at least two hundred yards below the point at which he had entered.

A pause here to give the panting animal breath, and then on and on, the iron shoes ringing on the stones of a wilderness kept perpetually desolate

by the river which sweeps it in times of flood.

Beyond this the track, rising high above the water, as the Waitaki bursts through a gorge, became little better than a ledge on the side of a precipice, in places partly washed away or covered with landslip. Once, at a spot where it turned back upon its own direction, while straight ahead the empty air went down direct three hundred feet, the horse missed his footing and well-nigh tumbled into space. But he clung to the rocks with his knees like a goat, and scrambled out of danger.

Bending away from the river, the track ran onwards and upwards through a region gradually becoming bleaker and wilder until it touched the snow-grass. Toiling ever upwards through this desolate tract of wind-swept country, where nothing spoke of life save an occasional *weka*, which appeared, slipped behind a tussock, and was gone, Hori reached at length the summit of the pass.

In these altitudes a continuous freezing and thawing takes place during six months of the year. The sun and frost, aided by frequent rainfalls, easily crumble the slate and sandstone, sending the shattered fragments down the mountain side. Pulling his horse out of the track, the daring rider, without a moment's hesitation, went slipping and floundering downward through this sliding mass of rubbish—every plunge threatening a headlong fall, from which neither man nor horse would ever have risen.

The bottom reached in safety, a wild cry seemed to break of itself from the breast of the man. All danger was past, for there he struck again the winding track, which thereafter followed the ridge of a spur whose foot is planted on Weka Flat.

A few lingering rays of the setting sun were suffusing the crests of the

surrounding hills with a transient beauty not their own as the stout-hearted horse, panting and ready to drop, stopped at the door of the hut.

There was a tenderness in the touch of the supple brown hands as they passed lightly to and fro in bandaging the splints, which apparently made the suffering animal feel soothed by the contact. It took some time, and the pain must have been great, yet never once did the dog wince or cry out. He knew that the man was doing him good, and he lay quiet.

In time he recovered sufficiently to crawl to the door and to lie blinking in the sunshine. But Hori was broken-hearted. He knew that Darky would never work for him again.

. . . . .

One broiling hot day the station hands were busy in the yards drafting the weaning muster. As the work proceeded the shouts of the men became almost inaudible in an ever-increasing chorus of lament—the shrill treble from the separated lambs and the deep guttural response from the ewes.

In addition to this infliction, the dust, which rose in dense clouds and hid the sky, soon became almost unbearable. Dust at any time is annoying enough, but only those who have worked in sheep-yards on a scorching hot day can understand what a cumulative irritant it can become. It had worried everybody into such a fever that even Mr. Belcher thought it discreet to refrain from his usual freedom of abuse, and to confine his habitual fault-finding to muttered grumblings, which, although they sounded like maledictions, were not sufficiently distinct to be resented.

At length, when it became impossible to see anything but objects near at hand, and when even they had taken on a visionary look, "Smoke-oh!" was called to allow the hovering cloud to settle.

Glad of a few minutes' respite, the men moved away to an adjoining paddock, and, lying upon the grass, pulled out their pipes and lit them.

Of a sudden, high above the din of the bleating sheep, rose a strident cry of "Look out!"

As the dust slowly settled one of the shepherds had noticed that some careless hand had left open a gate. The ewes had found this out, and, quick to take advantage of a chance of rejoining the lambs, were running towards the opening in confused and noisy disorder. The men had retired to too great a distance to nip the mischief in the bud. Darky, however, who had crawled down to the yards after Hori, was dozing behind the rails. He saw the danger, and tried to prevent it. But he could not hobble to the gate in time. A few seconds later, unable to get out of the way, he was knocked in the dust and buried beneath a mass of scurrying feet.

Before the men arrived at the gate and stopped the onrush the greater part of the morning's work had been undone.

Only those who have dreamt of the devil in a nightmare can have the faintest conception of what Mr. Belcher looked like at that moment. Mad with rage, he dashed his hat on to the ground and danced Beelzebub's own rigadon around it. Desisting of a sudden, he lunged out his foot in an attempt to kick Darky, but, misjudging his distance, barked his shin against a rail.

The shepherds stood rooted to the spot in terror, momentarily expecting to be slain.

But instead of imbruing his hands in their blood a dreadful sort of spurious calm came over the man.

Looking more like the Prince of Darkness than ever by reason of his uncovered head of tousled red hair, his bloodshot eyes, and the thick black

paste of dust and sweat which covered his face, he muttered in an undertone which made the bystanders shiver to hear, "I know what I'll do with the thieving cur. I'll teach him to work for a nigger when he wouldn't work for me. I'll let him know that I didn't sling away my good money to stuff his useless hide with meat. Didn't you tell me, Allick, that the boundary dog was missing from Castle Bluff? Open your jaws and speak, can't you? It is. Very well, then. The thieving mongrel shall go up there. Do you hear, Hori? Take him up there at once, and be off with you! If I catch him at Weka Flat to-morrow, I'll—" Here the man became purely animal, barking, and frothing at the lips.

The life of a boundary dog, to which the run-holder in his virulent hatred towards the animal had condemned Darky, is a dog's life with a vengeance. In New Zealand the long stretches of wire fencing which divide the sheep-runs are broken in places by the unclosed roads which at wide intervals thread these great tracts of grazing land. At the gaps thus made it is necessary to have some check to prevent the sheep straying from one run to another. Gates are unreliable. A swagger—the local term for tramp—if he considered himself badly used at the last place of call, as he often does, might maliciously destroy the gate or perhaps prop it open. Or a wandering digger might break it up to obtain wood with which to boil his "billy"—for there are districts in this part of New Zealand where no stick larger than one's little finger is to be found in a day's tramp. Again, the driver of an up-country coach—if he were alone, as he frequently is—although he might safely get down to open the gate, could not, after he had led his team through, risk the danger of leaving the horses unattended while he went back to shut it. Besides, travellers in general, either

from thoughtlessness or laziness, are not so particular in the matter of shutting gates.

As gates are inadequate, a dog is chained at each one of these openings. Generally the most useless animal about the homestead is selected for the purpose, as no quality is necessary beyond that of being an object of fear to the sheep. As the roads cut the fences in all sorts of places, these animals are to be found in the centre of a shadeless plain, by a river's bank, in a sunless gorge, or on the summit of a mountain pass.

As there is no other practical method by which the desired object can be attained, it will, I think, be admitted that there is a fairly valid excuse for the employment of these animals.

Yet there is a serious aspect to the affair. It often has a tragic issue, and, at the best, the fact remains that the dogs are at all seasons exposed to the fury of the elements.

True, a brief joy may occasionally be theirs. A compassionate traveller, or a swagger, to spite a run-holder, will sometimes set one free. But the poor beast has nowhere to go but to the homestead, whence he is at once dragged back to bondage. At rare intervals one is stolen.

For the rest, the hot winds of summer give place to the piercing blasts of winter, but no change other than that of the seasons comes to the boundary dog. Chained to some wild spot, where nothing speaks of movement, he drags out a lonesome life in the performance of a featureless duty. During the night-watches, during the noonday heat, there is the same absence of purpose, the same monotony of repose. No action—nothing. It is an existence where even thought might well languish for lack of nourishment.

Castle Bluff, where Darky was chained to this living death, stands at the mouth of a deep gorge at the back

of Rugged Hills run. It derives its name from the peculiar rectangular formation of the rock, which resembles ruined masonry of titanic proportions. The presence of certain vegetable growths strengthens the resemblance to ivy-clad buttress and tower. The forlornest place you can call to mind would be full of interest in comparison with this desolate spot. Scarcely a sound ever breaks the stillness but the dismal sigh of wind through the tussocks, or the long, low moaning, which never changes, of running water.

Yet Darky was more fortunate than most of these pitiable animals, inasmuch as it was not his lot to have his wants attended to by one of those miscreants who appear to be possessed with the idea that a dog can go for days without food without experiencing the smallest inconvenience. In Hori he had a steadfast friend, who never let him lack and suffer hunger. Frequently, too, the Maori, when he had ridden over with the regular supply of food, would prolong his stay, silently watching the dog as he dozed in the sun.

As Darky slept he often sighed, for in his slumbers the old familiar scenes came back. Once more he saw the cattle-lifter's danger-signal, bidding him vanish from sight; once more he heard the bullock's low; whereat his limbs twitched, for in his dreams he was responding with a rush. After a few minutes these seemingly real fancies melted into something else, whereupon he started, growling, to his feet. Across his brain had flitted a vision of another master, who seemed to have nothing in his face but blood-shot eyes.

Thereafter for a time he would sit, still in a sort of dream, gazing wistfully at the great expanse of open plain which stretched away to the white peaks of the Southern Alps, which closed grandly the distant view—that



plain which he had crossed and recrossed so often in his golden days.

At length, with a sigh, he would turn and glance at the brown face above him for the smile and the look that would lighten his bondage.

. . . . .

Winter came, and with it an anxious time for Mr. Belcher.

Although the carrying capacity of each run is, from long experience, known to a nicety, the temptation to overstock is always great. In his hunger for gold Mr. Belcher had been enticed into committing this blunder. As the winter, which was a particularly severe one, progressed it daily became more evident that the only way out of the trouble was to muster and get rid of some of the stock at a sacrifice.

The weather was threatening when Hori received the news. For two days dark clouds had been scudding across the sky. With the evening of the third day came the downfall. That night and all the next day the heavens and the earth were blended in rain.

Hori was in a dilemma. He had put off taking food to Darky as long as possible, knowing that when once the muster began he would not have another opportunity of doing so until the last sheep had been drafted from the yards. Now he feared, if he waited any longer, he might have some difficulty in getting across the creek at Castle Bluff.

Towards evening, the deluge being still incessant, he saddled up, and, strapping a side of mutton to the pommel of the saddle, started up the spur to Razor Back Pass.

Before he had gone very far he heard a loud "Coo-ee!" and, looking back, saw old Alick and Surly Mick, two of the station hands, racing up the spur after him.

He reined in, and waited for them to come up.

"Rain or no rain, Hori," began old Alick at once, "this muster's got to begin to-morrow. The boss has sent me and Mick up to help you with the back country, and we're to shake down in your shanty to-night." After a pause he added, "Where are you off to?"

His comments on the Maori's kind-heartedness, when he learned the object of his ride, were too rich in personal allusions to bear reproduction here.

Thereafter for a time all three were silent, no sound disturbing the stillness but the patter of the rain against the oilskin coats.

At length Hori took out his pipe, lit a match, and sheltering it in his hand from the wind and the rain, put it to the tobacco.

"Well," he said, bringing out a word after each draw at the pipe-stem, "this won't do." Tossing away the match, he added, as he struck his horse lightly on the ribs with his open hand, "Come Mulcahy! Let's get on."

"Hold on!" cried Alick—though I am obliged to tone down the somewhat too outspoken language of the original, for the old fellow's disgust was still great. "If you're bent on acting the goat, I'll come along too. I might as well go in for a thorough good wetting as anything else." Turning in his saddle, he added, "Are you coming, Mick?"

Surly Mick, who certainly appeared to have the best right to that sobriquet of any man alive, for he was soaked in grumpiness as well as rain, muttered a reluctant assent and fell into line behind the others.

An hour brought them to the summit of the Pass. As they worked their way down the opposite slope they noticed that the rain had been much heavier there than on the Weka Flat side of the range. Every trickling stream had swollen into a cataract, which leapt headlong into the gorge below. There

was no mistaking, either, the muttering sound which the wind from time to time brought to their ears. The creek was up, and there was no time to be lost.

Slipping and splashing down the track at imminent risk of breaking their necks, the riders at length reached the bottom, and struck the creek.

But it was a creek no longer—a broad resistless river had taken its place.

As they rode on in silence by the side of the leaping waters the light began to fall. Before they pulled up opposite the Bluff, with the river racing between it and them, the view had narrowed and darkened around them.

For a time Hori remained attentively regarding the clumps of flax and *toi-toi* bushes which came looming out of the darkness, went hurrying past, and were lost to sight again.

Presently he turned and said quietly, "It's been raining where those were torn up by the roots."

"Well," replied Mick, out of whom the downpour appeared to have washed the last vestige of any cheerfulness he may ever have possessed, "It ain't exactly dry here, if you ask me. My boots is full of water."

Taking no notice of the remark, Hori turned again and looked at the river. "There's a lot more of this to come down," he said after a pause. Then, with a wave of his hand in the direction of the Bluff, he added, "If he isn't shifted from where he is, he'll be drowned in an hour."

"Well, if he is," growled Mick, who was rapidly growing worse, "he won't be the first boundary dog what's floated at the end of a chain."

For reply—and before his companions had time to interfere—Hori took Mulcahy Brothers back some twenty paces, wheeled him round, and, holding him well together, raced him at the river.

There was a shower of sparks struck

from the stones, a leap, a plunge, and the water was about the Maori's neck.

Twenty paces below, and well out in the stream, rider and horse rose to the surface and went hurrying away with the flood.

The two men on the bank stood open-mouthed, spellbound, watching the drifting shadows. From time to time, as the horse battled against the swirling current, they heard, above the incessant roar of waters, a dreadful sound of labored breathing.

"If he can only hang on for another twenty yards he'll fetch it," exclaimed Alick, in a voice he would not have recognized as his own. After a brief pause he added, in an exultant tone, "He'll do it! He'll do it, by—" The rest of it died on his lips.

Stooping forward, peering into the gloom, he had seen Mulcahy Brothers rear and beat the water with his feet. The next second man and horse had parted company. Then all was swallowed up in the blackness of night.

I am afraid I shall not be considered as reporting very favorably of Alick when I say that instead of exhibiting distress he appeared to regard the calamity in the light of a personal injury. His thoughts turned at once to the muster and to the extra work that would now devolve on himself. Only Hori had known where the sheep were running, and now that he had "chucked away his life for a dashed dog" every acre of the back country would have to be searched. This meant not only delay, but days of hard work—and hard work is a thing a shepherd detests.

The vision which this train of thought conjured up must have been an unpleasant one, for, bumping by accident against Mick's horse, he accosted his mate with a roughness which nearly led to a quarrel.

Hot words were subsiding into muttered "Ohs!" "Ahs!" and "Indeeds!" when in a flash the two men became as

silent and rigid as though they had been stricken into stone. They had heard the sound of iron shoes striking the pebbles on the opposite bank.

With their lungs still filled with the breaths they had drawn, they listened as never men listened before.

After some moments of intense suspense, a "Coo-ee!" came over the water.

"Hori!" cried Alick, loosening his pent-up breath with a sound more loud than the spoken word.

Presently the Maori called again. "It's all right. I've caught my horse. Don't wait for me. I shall go round by the Elbow to get back. Good-night!"

"Good-night! And now that's over," continued Alick, addressing his companion, "the sooner we make tracks for Weka Flat and get out of these wet things the better."

As they moved away they heard Hori, as he cantered off in the direction of Castle Bluff, carolling in the musical Maori language some joyous lay of his people.

"Can't see what he's got to sing about," grunted Mick, "for it's no smoke he'll get this night with all his matches wet."

"It's to keep away the spirits," explained Alick, in his superior knowledge. "Those Maori beggars are awful funks in the dark."

. . . . .

Summer came, turning the discordant roar of the creeks to musical prattle.

Summer—and Christmas Day at Weka Flat. A pure soft freshness about the air, a sparkling brilliancy in the morning sunshine. The smoke from the rude sod chimney of Hori's hut reared itself aloft in a thinly drawn column of blue. Hori himself,

while waiting for the "billy" to boil, lolled on a bench outside, idly watching a hawk which hung motionless over a patch of *manuka* on the hillside opposite. Suddenly the bird glided swiftly downward. Instantly a young rabbit rushed into the open and disappeared down a burrow. But there had been a pair. The hawk fluttered out of the scrub with something in his talons.

Breakfast-time at Weka Flat.

Having finished his scanty meal of black tea and ship biscuits, Hori went to the door to knock the leaves from his pannikin. As he stepped over the door-sill Alick slipped from his saddle and nearly jumped on his toes.

Evidently the tough old fellow was in possession of one of the finest jokes in the world, for his face was one monstrous grin.

"I thought you'd gone to Bald Hills after stragglers," said Hori, regarding the man with a perplexed stare.

"So I did; but there weren't any there." Nudging the Maori in the ribs, he continued slyly, "Came back by way of Castle Bluff, Hori." As his companion continued to regard him with a puzzled look, gravely doubting his sanity, he added, with much wagging of his head. "Brought some one with me to spend Christmas Day with you, Hori."

As he spoke Darky came limping round the corner of the hut, and, ceaselessly beating the ground with his tail, dragged himself to the feet of the Maori.

When the first transports of joy were over, Alick, who had been looking on with the proud air of an artist regarding a finished work which he considers his masterpiece, exclaimed, "As I was passing the Bluff at daylight this morning, and saw the poor old beggar looking so lonely, and happened to re-

<sup>3</sup> During a muster sheep which have strayed from adjoining runs are picked out and kept

apart until sent for by their respective owners. These wanderers are known as "stragglers."

member it was Christmas Day, damme, I thought of it!"

And as the recollection of his happy inspiration came back to him he slapped his thighs several times in rapid succession and went off in a peal of cackling laughter.

"Suppose the boss should turn up," said Hori, glancing at the track, which wound in a thin dark line across the hills down to the homestead.

"Oh, he's bound to be on the spree on Christmas Day," replied Alick, sobered somewhat by the look of anxiety he saw in the face of the Maori. "Besides, it's only for the day. You can carry him back first thing in the morning."

High noon on Christmas Day, and not a cloud to mar the purity of the heavens, not a sound to disturb the stillness of the earth. A day of heat and repose, of quiet content; a day on which a man might admit he felt lazy and be not ashamed; a day of sleepy stagnation, when even Nature seemed sunk in a noonday siesta.

The shepherds, with no disposition to talk or inclination to smoke, lay prostrate on the grass, silent and motionless.

Darky, in a strange half-sorrowful, half-delicious doze, lay with his chin resting on the breast of the Maori. From time to time he opened the corner of one eye to glance at the dusky face—as though to assure himself that it was not all a dream—and then, heaving a great sigh which shook his whole frame, nestled still closer, and dozed again.

Sunshine and silence everywhere; sunshine and peace, and, begotten of it, a blessed sense of restfulness.

But Weka Flat was soon to wear a very different aspect.

Of a sudden Alick's horse, which had been standing in the shade of the hut, dozing with the rest of them, pricked his ears and looked up.

So still was everything the sound of even this slight movement was audible.

The men heard it and glanced at the horse. The next second they were on their feet, shading their eyes with their hands and looking along the track at a rapidly approaching object, which, comet-like, formed the nucleus of a tail of dust.

Presently Hori whistled a long, low note.

"Dog my cats!" muttered Alick a moment later. "He's a bit on, too, I should say, from the way he's sitting his horse."

Before they were able to get Darky out of harm's way they were confronted in full by the savage glare of the run-holder.

At these close quarters they noticed that he carried a rabbit-rifle under his arm.

Mr. Belcher had a grievance. It was written in every line of his scowling visage. The peaceful morning exercised no soothing influence upon his mind. Sunshine signified nothing to him but dry weather, and dry weather meant a scarcity of food for the sheep. Even brandy could not deaden his brain to that fact. He had tried it; but as he lay on his bed the creaking of the corrugated-iron roof, as it expanded to the touch of the sun, was a continual reminder of the toasting earth. It was more than he could bear. He felt that he would rather go outside and shake his fist at the cloudless sky, or, better still, indulge in his favorite hobby, and prowl about the run until he found something to grumble at and some one to bully.

As he sat his foam-flecked horse, darting about him, in his aggrieved state of mind, swift glances of suspicion, he caught sight of Darky.

Here was a scapegoat for the bright sunshine, the blue sky, and the balmy air.

"What's that dog doing here?" he cried, scrambling from his horse.

Hori looked very foolish and knew not what to say.

Alick, however, reckless of all moral obligations, answered boldly, "That's just what we was wondering. I was saying to Hori not a second ago that some blamed swagger must have let him loose."

"Ah!" was all Mr. Belcher said.

But it was more than enough.

"Stand out of the way if you don't want to be shot!" cried the half-tipsy brute.

With a look of terror in his eyes the Maori seized Darcy and held him tightly between his knees.

But this action put no check upon the drunken rashness of Mr. Belcher. He brought the rifle to his shoulder and crooked his finger round the trigger.

"I'll count three," he bawled, "and if you don't drop that dog I'll shoot!"

Alick, who dared not expostulate with his savage employer, could only stand by and watch in despair.

"One. Two. Are you going to drop him?"

But Hori stood on in determined defiance, the dog still gripped between his knees.

Longman's Magazine.

"Three!"

The Maoris in the village on the coast would have been at some loss to recognize their kinsman in the man who laid Darcy on the grass and knelt at his side, so unnaturally white had he turned.

Tenderly, with the gentleness of a woman's caress, he passed his hand under the dog's neck and turned his face towards his own. But he met with no responsive glance. Darcy lay in stiff unconcern with a glaze on his half-closed eyes.

Surely nothing but the special providence which is said to watch over the actions of madmen and drunkards could have directed that shot.

"And now, Hori, you black scoundrel," cried the bullying run-holder, climbing back into his saddle, "the quicker you are in getting out of this, the better I'll be pleased; so you can come down to the house for your cheque as soon as you like."

"Thank you," said the Maori, looking at the dead form on the ground with eyes that seemed to ache with repressed tears, "I will make you a Christmas present of it."

James Buckland.

## ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.

We are now fairly on the old buccaneer track, for we are bound to the Isthmus, where so many bloody deeds were done under all sorts of pretexts or none. For although buccaneering really had its origin in the great Island of Hayti or San Domingo (it is called by both names now), its more extended operations were carried on from Port Royal. It was hence that Sir Henry Morgan sailed for his historic attack on Panama, the world being regaled with the spectacle of a

British Governor who was also one of the most bloodthirsty pirates and murderers that ever lived. It is of no avail to say that he was fighting against his country's foes; really he was a man without a country, *hostis humani generis*, and his only object in life was the gratification of his horrible lusts. Providence chooses strange weapons for working out her ends, and verily, guilty as the Spaniards were, they were terribly repaid for all their cruelties to the hapless Indians whom



they supplanted by having such fiends as Morgan let loose upon them. And, as we steamed across that lonely, peaceful sea, I could not help picturing Morgan and his unspeakable host of villains sailing in their motley fleet in the same direction, each one of them panting with lust of blood and plunder, an awful contrast to our serene and peaceful errand. Also the contrast between the conditions of life on board those old buccaneering vessels and ours is so great that the mind can hardly take it in, will refuse to realize how it was possible for men to live at all under such bestial circumstances, with such nameless horrors in the way of food and drink to keep them up to their work as the buccaneers did.

Sunday at sea in these ships is always, to me at least, a delightfully peaceful time. It is a day of rest indeed, for even those extraordinarily energetic souls who consider every moment wasted unless they are playing some of the ordinary ship games feel it incumbent upon them to refrain from them to-day. But for the crew that day there was only the rest obtainable in the watch below. The watch on deck and a large gang of laborers were tremendously busy removing from the ship the last traces of that most essential but terribly soiling operation of coaling. In Kingston they had received on board during our absence sufficient coal to last the ship back to England, and so dry was it that, in spite of every precaution being taken to localize the uncleanness, coal dust had permeated into apparently impossible places. But so energetic was the attack made upon the cleaning that by the time Sunday was well over the ship was restored to her ordinary condition of purity. I could not, however, help feeling like a heartless Sybarite, as I lay luxuriously on the promenade deck in a long chair watching the pro-

ceedings. I felt as if I had no business to be loafing while so many of my shipmates were thus toiling. I do not think I shall ever get used to it.

At daylight next morning the coast of Central America was revealed close at hand, and at seven o'clock we rounded the low spit upon which Colon stands, and, in company with the British cruiser *Retribution*, steamed slowly in. She, of course, came to an anchor, but we went in alongside the wharf in our usual easy nonchalant style, the whole operation from stopping the engines taking only about ten minutes. Here we found a motley collection of steamships. There was a Spaniard, a Frenchman, a Norwegian, a German, and two Americans, vessels of the direct New York line these latter. The remainder of our passengers from England, all on business bent, now prepared to leave us, to my great regret, for our fellowship had been of the pleasantest. Moreover, so bad was the impression I had received of Colon and the Isthmus generally from the lurid stories I had heard and read of its extreme unhealthiness that I felt pity for them being compelled to land here. Most of them, however, were crossing the Isthmus in order to take ship at Panama for Chili and Peru.

So uninviting did the place seem that I felt not the slightest inclination to go ashore, especially as the heat threatened to exceed any that we had yet experienced. But I was assured that yellow fever, which used to slay great numbers of people here regularly, had been practically stamped out by careful destruction of mosquito germs. All pools of stagnant water were treated with kerosene, which spreads a thin film over the surface and is a barrier of death to the newly developed mosquito through which he cannot pass. By this simple means of destroying the malignant little inoculators of disease,

an immense and permanent benefit to the dwellers in Panama has been established, and now by all accounts once deadly Colon has been robbed of its most grisly terror. There was another reason why I should go ashore; I had heard—as who has not?—of the tremendous fiasco of the Panama Canal, of the masses of material dumped here and allowed to lie unclaimed, unnoticed, unwanted. The whole story was so strange that it seemed quite necessary to see for oneself evidences of the shameful waste, incompetency, and speculation that abounded in Canal times before being really able to believe it all. Still, I doubt if I should have gone had it not been for the courtesy of the company's agent, who procured me a free pass by railway to Panama, and telegraphed to the agents in Panama to meet me and do everything for me that I could wish. So I shook off my sloth and faced the glare, having several gentlemen from the ship with me for company. In passing I may say that the railway is American, with all the faults of the American railway and none of its excellences. The distance is forty-seven miles, the time taken three hours, and the fare first-class, which is much inferior to third class at home, is £4 return. So that I think I am justified in calling it the most expensive railway for its length in the world; and yet when one considers the frightful expenditure of life in the building of it, no mere money payment would appear adequate to repay. It is said that every sleeper cost the life of a man, and I have no difficulty in believing it. My great trouble is to understand how men could live at all, let alone work, in the dank steamy undergrowth of the long malaria-haunted levels along which the railway runs for many miles. And going back farther still, how did the old Spaniards ever march and fight in this awful climate, even wearing armor, in

which one would have thought they must have roasted like a lobster in its shell before a fierce fire? Englishmen, too; but there! what is there of the seemingly impossible in the most terrible climates in the world which Englishmen have not done? Yet even Kingsley, magician as he is, never succeeds in wondrous "Westward Ho" in making one realize the furnace-like heat of these equatorial forests; in fact, I doubt if any one could. Only actual experience can convince.

However, I must not anticipate. The train was to start at 10 A.M., so, dressing in my lightest flannels, I strolled up the wharf and into the train. There was hardly any place that one could say with any certainty was the station. For here, as in so many old towns in Central America, everything seemed casual, ramshackle, impermanent; as if possibly it might have to be abandoned in a hurry. The railway ran, or crawled, windingly along the main street, the houses upon which gave no hint of the amazing flow of wealth into this place a handful of years ago. Indeed, the casual visitor would jump at the conclusion that most of the *soi-disant* shops were just drinking dens; and I was solemnly given to understand that the soil upon which Colon stood was a rich compost of corpses and sewage, since in Canal days, as in revolutionary times, men died like flies, and were hurriedly shoved out of sight anywhere they happened to be, while, as for sanitation, I doubt if the word has any meaning at all to a Central American. I climbed into the train doubtfully, the big bell on the front of the engine tolled dolefully, *more Americano*, and we started along the street. Tony Veller, Esq., said the whistle of a locomotive always seemed to express: "Here's 250 souls in mortal terror, an' here's their 250 screams in vun," but the American locomotive starting always seems to

say: "I am going to kill a lot of people before I stop, and so I'm tolling their knells beforehand."

It was some little time before we "gathered way" as a sailor would say, for the locomotive was almost a toy (albeit a very dirty toy), but presently we were bowling along the level sand amidst a tangled growth of banana trees, coco palms, and wooden huts, some of which made pretensions to being shops, usually kept by Chinamen, on one side, and an untidy beach sloping down to a dazzlingly blue sea on the other. And then we ran into an oven. A perfect forest of bananas in full bearing encroached upon the line and shut out all breeze while the sun vertically showered down his fervent glare upon us. Through the open windows of the car came a steady shower of soot, for the locomotive was burning patent fuel, and its combustion was far from perfect. Very soon those of us who were newcomers had reduced our garments to the simplest elements, and were looking enviously upon certain cold-blooded individuals who, even in this stewing heat, were wearing serge coats, vests, and trousers. How or why do they do it? I do not know. I am aware that some people have a theory that what will keep out cold will keep out heat, but as far as I am concerned that theory is a false one.

The speed, never exceeding twenty miles an hour, suddenly slackened, and the train stopped, apparently for breath, but really at a station, although at first nothing was visible but the dense bosage around. But on closer inspection a long low shed came into view, and adjacent to it could presently be made out, amid the overgrowth of greenery, great heaps of railway material. And thenceforward, until we reached the great Culebra cutting, we were continually passing rows of locomotives, of travelling cranes, none of which had ever moved

in their own proper vocation, and row after row of construction wagons. The rank vegetation of the country had played the strangest pranks with these productions of an alien civilization. In one place I saw a noble young palm growing erect and sturdy out of the chimney of a locomotive, and in many others strange plants of every conceivable shape and manner of growth were wreathed around wagon wheels, climbing lovingly over cranes, and wandering at their own sweet will about intricate pieces of machinery destined never to fulfil the part for which they were produced. Occasionally we caught glimpses of the Chagres River, every bend and eddy of which said loudly, "Beware of alligators!" and sometimes we came across a picturesque group of women and bright, bronze-like little children, naked as the day, engaged in washing on the verge of some sparkling stream. Be sure that wherever you see the negro woman in this country—outside of the towns, that is—she will not be idle, and in nine cases out of ten she will be laboriously making cotton or linen clothes dazzlingly white. Never mind how, only be certain that the garments will not last long. But as that minor trouble is not confined to any one district in the world where washerwomen are to be found, it would be invidious to dwell upon it here.

Presently we emerged from the stifling banana-growing lowlands into a fairly picturesque country, the sides of the line being dotted at decreasing intervals with piles of rusting railway material as before noted. And then suddenly the mighty Culebra cutting came into view, that Titanic work where a mountain has been hewn in twain in order to allow the biggest ships in the world to pass through it on their way between the Atlantic and the Pacific. This great piece of civil engineering was, with the exception of

the pier at the mouth of the Chagres River and the piles of useless machinery, the first evidence we had yet seen of the uses to which those squandered sixty millions of Panama Canal funds had been put. In itself it was a stupendous piece of work, compelling admiration and respect for the labors of those who had designed and carried it out. But our view of it was brief, for there was no station just there, and we were soon carried out of sight of it. Then we suddenly came upon the first hopeful sign we had seen in this much harassed, badly governed country. We stopped at a large straggling village, misnamed "Empire," and immediately became aware of a new and entirely desirable human element. Mingling nonchalantly with the slouching furtive crowd of parti-colored people were several keen-looking well-set-up youths, whose faces were as full of intelligence as their movements were of self-confidence. They wore an eminently businesslike rig; I felt thankful to be able to call it a uniform, remembering as I did, the hideous travesty of clothing that soldiers have so long been called upon to wear, a garb seemingly designed to prevent the wearers from doing those violent acts and deeds which they were intended to perform. They wore blue shirts open at the neck and with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, khaki pants and gaiters, and serviceable yet not heavy-looking boots. Round their waists were bandolier belts, at one side of which hung a revolver. A khaki-colored hat with brim turned up at one side completed this smart costume, making the wearers look eminently fit and workmanlike. These were American soldiers sent by the great Republic to preserve the peace of the Isthmus under the new agreement by virtue of which the United States has contracted to finish the Panama Canal. They were the

visible signs of Northern law and order, the only thing needed in this distracted country to make it wealthy and steadily prosperous.

The reason for their presence was explained by the fact that the negotiations between the Republic of Panama and the Government of the United States had just been completed, and one of the clauses in the compact gave the latter the right to maintain order along the line of their property—if I am not wrong in describing the Canal and its adjacent land for a certain distance on either side as their property. I know it is not so called in official documents, but the difference in my name and theirs is only a difference in phraseology—we both mean the same thing. When a people like the Americans of the United States purchase a concession like that of the Panama waterway, and, owing to the incompetence of its nominal owners, are obliged to send troops there to protect the property, there can be no question of the restoration, or retrocession rather, of the reclaimed country to its original semi-savagery. And in spite of my distrust of the Americans, and my utter detestation of their business methods, I am heartily glad to see them in Panama. They will, I feel sure, make an amazing change for the better in that hitherto unsavory land, and, having undertaken their gigantic task, national pride will not permit them to relinquish it, whatever the cost.

Already one sees signs of the coming beneficent revolution beyond that of the presence of the American soldiers; keen-faced, smartly dressed men, with that alert nonchalance so characteristic of the American man of business, are pervading the Isthmus, not at all on pleasure bent, but taking the measure of things in their several capacities, and each absolutely determined that whoever gets "left" in the pursuit of the almighty dollar it shall not be he.

Even the inhabitants of this land of "mañana" are awaking to the fact that "mañana" is to be changed to "ahora," *to-morrow* to *now*. And that in itself is a portent of no mean dimensions. But I am lingering long on the road to Panama City, almost as long as that procrastinating soot-showering train. No bad likeness of a chimney-sweep out for a holiday, with eyes full of grit and parched throat, I emerged at last at the mean collection of shacks doing duty for the Panama Terminus of this most important railway. I was at once taken in charge by a courteous polyglot young German, who, for a great wonder, did not show his contempt for me because I was an Englander and also a new chum. Perhaps the fact of my having been specially recommended to his good offices, by the great company for which his firm was agent, had more than a little to do with his most kindly reception of me. He hurried me into a carriage, and we drove off at once to the Grand Central Hotel, along the very worst roads I have yet travelled in this part of the world, so bad, indeed, that after ten minutes' drive I felt as if all my teeth were loose, and I was positively sore with bumping about. So villainous were the roads that I kept mentally comparing them with some I had suffered from in Boston and Chicago, and wondering if these were not really worse. So that when we pulled up in front of the hotel—I beg its pardon, the Grand Central Hotel—I had seen nothing of Panama at all.

A very short experience of this hotel is sufficient to cause each newcomer to scan the faces of the American visitors keenly in the earnest hope that some of them are potential hotel proprietors. For some American will surely confer an inestimable boon upon his fellow men—and women—by starting and carrying on a decent hotel in

this most important place. Only think of it! here, on the great highway of the Isthmus, in its principal city, where all the year round there is a steady stream of visitors on business or pleasure bent, the principal, almost the only, hotel is a sort of tenth-rate boarding-house, of which the only thing not entirely condemnatory that can be said about it is that it is big. And for housing like paupers and feeding like pigs one pays like a prince—eight dollars for a bottle of very medium claret, equivalent to sixteen shillings English. I do not wish to deal in superlatives, either eulogistic or condemnatory, but I would strongly advise tourists bound to Pacific ports who are taking this route to put in the time they have to wait at Colon, where there is a decent hotel that compensates for the other drawbacks of the port, rather than be made miserable at Panama and fleeced most shockingly into the bargain. However, the Americans will alter all that. Under their *régime* one will have to pay, of course, and a high price, but there will be an equivalent for the money.

After luncheon, as a carriage drive was impossible, a small party of us sallied forth, first visiting the historic Cathedral, which stood on the opposite side of the Plaza to our hotel. While changing I had noted from my cell window the ruinous condition of the building, and especially the way in which, through utter neglect, the various parasitic plants of the country were gradually covering the towers and terraces of the building with a rich mantle of vegetation, the roots of which were, of course, displacing the stones with which the edifice was built. Not that it ever had been a fine building in any sense of the word. Its design was practically the same as usual in these countries and in Malta, two dumpy towers at the corners of an almost flat front, and a long barn-like



body trailing away astern of them, with a sort of dome over the chancel. Within, both building and ornaments were—well, just tawdry. Over the whole place brooded an air of decay, as if, after dominating these lands for centuries, the "Church" realized that at last it was losing its grip on them, and languidly acquiesced in the fact. Well, I am no friend to Rome, and the record of her misdeeds out here makes me, when reading it, grow faint and sick with horror, but still, she stands for some recognition of God in these parts; and if she goes there is nothing to take her place. As in France, the people will judge all ministers of religion by what they know of Rome, and will refuse to acknowledge any. In the American strip, however, it may be different. I do not attempt any description of the interior of the cathedral; there is really nothing to describe, or rather worth description. Only I was struck by the fact that during the whole time we were in and around it we did not see one priest or custodian of any kind. There were a few devout souls who had stepped aside from their burdens for a few minutes into its cool darkness to pray, and a nun with a patient other-world face knelt at the door and asked alms for the poor, but of the usual signs of activity in such churches there were none. But every door was wide open.

Emerging from the cathedral into the glaring sunlight we strolled, rather aimlessly I must admit, about the city. But it would not develop itself for us, would not become anything else but a fortuitous collection of mean houses fringing those horrible roads. And presently we became aware for the first time that here, in Central America, that chivalrous creature, the Spaniard, has had all his politeness bred out of him. The ladies of the party, although escorted, were simply stared out of countenance by groups of

well-dressed men, who even followed to have another stare when we hesitated for a minute at the corner of a street before deciding which way to go. At last, under this never-ending scrutiny, we all got so hot and angry that we fled down to the bay and took a boat. During the operation quite a little crowd gathered, taking apparently an intense interest in every detail of our faces. I say ours, but I must limit the pronoun to the ladies, who unfortunately had no veils. The only place I ever remember seeing anything like it before was at Canton, but that calm Celestial scrutiny was not nearly so galling as this. It did not seem personal somehow, the Chinese stare being more like that of an automatic face than anything else.

Once out on the smooth waters of the bay, things began to adjust themselves. Our view of the city was in proper focus, we were not hampered by so many details, and the crumbling tree-clad fortifications, with the eternal sea beating up against them as it had always done, somehow managed to get history into perspective. It did not need a great exercise of imagination to see back into the past when these quiet waters were dotted with Spanish treasure-ships, to note them receiving their lading of silver, spice, pearls, and other valuable merchandise, borne here on the backs of Indians from the interior, whose path was punctuated with skeletons in every attitude that a miserable death could suggest. Outside, one rejoiced to think, lay hidden retribution in the shape of a group of little English ships, their crews hungering fiercely for the encounter with the Dons, in the almost certain prospect of snatching from them their ill-gotten treasure, and incidentally, perhaps, sending them with their ships to a swifter and more merciful death than they had given the poor Indians. It all seemed so real and close out here. And, as the

evening drew swiftly on and the gorgeous colors of the sunset bathed the distant city in a glow of varied tints, there hung over the whole scene a glamour of romance that was quite fascinating.

But we returned to shore, and were immediately disillusionized. Squalor took the place of glamour, and evil smells replaced the sweet, fresh sea breezes, so strong and pure, with which our lungs had been filled while on the bay. This latter experience made us think complacently of the coming of the Americans, whose first business, we were told, was to sanitize, to cleanse the city from its foulness, and introduce some decency of living. Rather reluctantly we returned to the hotel, quite afraid to meet the menu after our experience at luncheon. But it was necessary to eat, and we ate, very dubiously and sparingly, and as soon as the depressing function was over we retreated from the building to the Plaza opposite under the palms and the electric light. But it was really impossible for strangers with ladies accompanying them to sit there. In the first place it was exceedingly comfortable, being only a bare stone area with little tables and chairs scattered about, not at all like the romantic Spanish Patio with its fountain and trees and flowering shrubs. And no sooner were we seated than well-dressed, weary-eyed men drifted in, took seats near, and began to stare the ladies of the party out of countenance. So we fled, and meeting the amiable Consul, Mr. Claude Mallet, listened to his wonder-

ful stories of vicissitudes in Panama, wonderful specimens of British subjects claiming, not merely his protection or assistance, but his aid as arbitrator in domestic disputes or petty inter-family squabbles. In fact, the Jamaica negro, of whom he spoke in the terms one usually employs in describing a wayward child—that is, with some petulance but a good deal of affection—kept him fully amused in the intervals of much more serious work. His society was a great boon to us under the circumstances, and I, for one, felt deeply grateful to him for his geniality and courtesy. Had it not been for him we should have been compelled to go to bed and lie listening to the baffled hum of mosquitoes outside the closely drawn net, unable to read by the light of the one candle, and meditating upon the possibility of the bed having been last occupied by a fever-stricken patient, as really happened here quite a short time ago. This, however, Mr. Mallet saved us from, and when we vent to bed at eleven we sank at once to sleep nor awakened until it was time to go to the train next morning and escape from Panama.

The descent into the steaming lowlands from the comparatively fresh air of the hills was certainly unpleasant, although I could not help feeling that it was ungrateful to notice it so much after our little visit to a cooler atmosphere. But the sensation of home coming was full payment, and I must confess also the prospect of leaving the Isthmus of Panama was distinctly pleasant.

BEING HER FRIEND.

Being her friend, I do not care, not I,  
How gods or men may wrong me, beat me down;  
Her word's sufficient star to travel by.  
I count her quiet praise sufficient crown.

Being her friend, I do not covet gold,  
Save for a royal gift to give her pleasure;  
To sit with her, and have her hand to hold,  
Is wealth, I think, surpassing minted treasure.

Being her friend, I only covet art,  
A white pure flame to search me as I trace,  
In crooked letters on a throbbing heart,  
The hymn to beauty written on her face.

*John Masefield.*

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THE MACEDONIAN SITUATION.

There is once more grave reason to follow the course of events in Macedonia with anxious attention, and to inquire rather searchingly what steps our own Government is taking to forestall the dangers which seem imminent and to fulfil its pledges. The *Times* has written well upon this subject during the past week, and if public opinion in France were as alert and as well-informed as in England one might perhaps hope for some further diplomatic move. The Austro-Russian reforms have failed, as all good judges predicted they must, and their failure has been almost surprisingly complete. The two Assessors have merely travelled about, written reports, and given good advice to Hilmi Pasha, as the humblest consuls might have done. The Turks have permitted an experiment in a few selected villages to see whether it is possible to collect the taxes directly without the intervention of the corrupt and violent *publicani*,

who buy the tithes of a village at auction and collect as much more as seems good to them. But that this experiment will be generally adopted we do not for a moment believe. The whole Turkish system of ascendancy, by which the ruling class of Mohamedan landlords share in the profits of conquest, rests upon these methods of spoliation, and if the "garrison" (to use an Irish parallel) were deprived of its perquisites its loyalty would hardly stand the strain. Lastly, the gendarmerie scheme has broken down because the European officers possess no executive authority. If they see an abuse they must report to headquarters. With the maintenance of order they have nothing to do. In fact, it is clear that the reforms *have* failed to do any good.

But apart from the failure of the reforms, matters seem to be actually rather worse than they were before the late insurrection. The Turkish admin-

istration is more hopelessly centralized than ever, and Hilmi Pasha, a clever but somewhat sinister figure, is a mere shadow of the Palace. He appears to be doing his best, as he did in the spring of 1903, to drive the Bulgarians once more into revolt. Troops are being quartered once more upon the villages—which means a daily round of robbery and oppression. A curfew ordinance has been re-enacted. The whole public life of the Bulgarian communities stands suspended and suppressed. Their teachers are nearly all in exile, and practically all their schools are closed in consequence. A large number of their churches have been handed over to the Greek faction by the Turkish authorities—and that even in villages where the peasants of the Greek party are in a very small minority. Economically, save for the help that was rendered once this autumn in certain districts by the British Relief Fund, their case is still exceedingly miserable. The Turks, needless to say, have not made good their promise to rebuild the villages (12,000 houses in all) which were burned in 1903. In the Adrianople region the refugees have not yet been suffered to return, and their lands are still occupied by Turks. Finally, the Greek and Albanian bands which are making war upon the Bulgarians are tolerated, if not encouraged, by the Government, which is only too pleased to foster any feud among its Christian subjects. The general insecurity defies description, and the outlook for the immediate future is still blacker. With the coming of spring all the lawless bands are preparing to extend their activities, while the rigor of the authorities, not against the agitators but against the villagers, grows ever more stringent. It is an unbearable position, and if there comes no sign of a fresh European intervention before next spring an insurrection seems inevitable—and

insurrection spells massacre, outrage, and devastation.

It is quite futile to look for help to either of the interested Powers upon whom Europe in a moment of apathy conferred a mandate to pacify Macedonia. Russia is entirely preoccupied both at home and abroad. Austria has no policy except procrastination. Her Emperor is an intensely conservative force. Both the Germans and the Magyars are disposed to be Turcophil and to dread any movement of sympathy which might make them responsible for a large Slav population. And both Austria and Hungary are in the throes of Parliamentary crises. Of the other Powers, Germany stands aloof, and doubtless supports the Sultan behind the scenes. France is tied by the Russian Alliance. Italy is eager, but interested. There remains only England, at once free, disinterested, and sympathetic. We are pledged to action. In the past stands our overwhelming responsibility for the Treaty of Berlin, which flung Macedonia, rescued by Russian intervention, once more beneath the heel of the Turk. But we have also obligations of recent date. Lord Lansdowne has explicitly promised that if the Austro-Russian reforms should fail he will propose more drastic measures of amelioration. He is much too well informed, thanks to our excellent consular staff in Macedonia, to retain any illusions about the success of these reforms. That he has not forgotten his pledges is an assumption which his keen and altogether humane interest in this question warrants. The problem is how best to awaken the interest of the French Government and to bring it into line with Italy. In the autumn of 1903 Sir Edward Grey expressed the opinion that if even one other Power would support us, it was clearly our duty to intervene. There is no doubt that we could secure the co-operation of the Italian fleet if a

naval demonstration became necessary.

Lord Lansdowne has himself indicated the programme which any serious Power must follow if it means to intervene with effect. It would no doubt be worth while merely to confer executive authority upon the European gendarmerie officers. But this would lead to endless conflicts with the Turkish Prefects and Governors. It would be useless to arrest criminals unless the courts were reformed. And to compel the Turks to pay the gendarmerie without reforming their whole financial system would simply mean that the

*The Speaker.*

officials and the soldiers would receive less pay than ever, and there would be no money to repair the roads. Moreover, nothing short of a final solution will ever induce the Bulgarian or Greek bands to disarm or persuade the Turks to reduce the colossal army which lives upon the country. The Sultan would oppose serious reforms of detail as stoutly as he would fight any general and immediate remedy. The only satisfactory course is to nominate a European Governor independent of the Porte, endowed with full powers and responsible only to Europe.

## NAVAL LESSONS OF THE WAR.

Though the war in the Far East has now been in progress for the best part of a year, there has as yet been no attempt, so far as the writer is aware, in any English work accessible to the general public to sum up its naval lessons and to apply their teaching to the peculiar conditions of the British Empire. The British Admiralty has been in the closest touch with all that has happened, but the results which it has ascertained have naturally not been communicated to the world, though the influence of the war is plainly to be seen in various new departures of British naval policy. Yet the naval operations have been of unusual importance and interest even to the unprofessional reader, as they may be said to have thoroughly tested the implements and strategy of modern naval war, upon success in which the very existence of England depends.

The test has been on a considerable scale, whence the difference between this war and the conflicts between

Japan and China in 1894-5 and between the United States and Spain in 1898, where one side was far inferior to the other in material strength as well as in skill, and where actions between hostile fleets of battleships did not occur, because in either case one navy was without battleships. In this war the material employed has been of the very newest and best; the Japanese fleet was ahead of most of its European competitors in obtaining the most perfect appliances, while the Russian ships, notwithstanding unfavorable reports which have been circulated in England, were excellent. The force of the two combatants at the opening of the struggle was as follows:

	Japan.	Russia.
First-class battleships	6 ..	7
Armored cruisers (modern)	8 ..	2
Other cruisers	16 ..	9
Destroyers	19 ..	23

The Russian force was indisputably weaker, but not so much so as to



render its position hopeless, while Japan was hampered by the fact that Russia had a considerable fleet in Europe, which sooner or later was certain to attempt to intervene in the war. Hence Japan had to nurse her strength to the utmost, and her admirals were ordered in the most imperative terms to refrain from risking their heavy ships. To these orders the inconclusive issue of several of the actions must be ascribed.

On the eve of war the general impression on the Continent was that the Russian fleet in the Far East would easily be able to hold its own. *Le Yacht* published an interesting article in which the Japanese *personnel* was declared to want just the very qualities it has displayed—vigorous initiative, technical skill in gunnery and the handling of fleets, unity of purpose, and, in a word, all that States endeavor to obtain by maintaining organized navies. Though the English public had formed a juster estimate of the Japanese navy, competent writers in the British press thought that the struggle for the command of the sea would be a desperate one, and that in obtaining so great a prize the Japanese must lose heavily in ships and men. The Russian navy was known to have paid great attention to gunnery, and there was good German authority for the high quality of its shooting. It had not, like the Spanish and Chinese navies, neglected target practice; indeed, on the eve of war the continual firing carried out by the fleet at Port Arthur was one of the reasons which led intelligent neutrals to forebode war.

The first lesson of this war, in which it confirms previous experience, is the advantage of a prompt offensive. The Russian fleet at Port Arthur had been warned of the imminence of hostilities, but does not appear to have taken the warning seriously. There were some precautions on the eve of the Japanese

attacks of February 8 and 9, but the ships did not protect themselves by getting out nets, constructing booms and keeping their crews at quarters. The Japanese torpedo boats appeared about midnight, and fired twenty-three torpedoes, of which a very small number took effect. But though the damage done was far less than we should have expected, on that fatal night Russia lost her chance of commanding the sea with her fleet in the Far East. Two battleships and one cruiser were badly injured, and probably it was only the skill and presence of mind of the junior officers on board them that saved them from total destruction. The blow struck was stunning, and had it been instantly followed up by the Japanese, Port Arthur would have fallen within the first three weeks of war.

The unreadiness of the Russians does not appear to have been altogether understood at Tokio, or else there were conditions, of which we know nothing, that intervened to prevent the seizure of Dalny—an event expected after the first blow at Port Arthur—since the opportunity was allowed to pass. On the morning after the torpedo attack, Admiral Togo appeared off Port Arthur and shelled the Russian fleet, but only inflicted upon it slight additional damage. His attack was not pressed, clearly because he was not allowed to risk his ships, though many of his junior officers would have preferred more resolute tactics. From this point on for several weeks there was no serious fighting between the fleets. The Russians made no more grave mistakes, though they displayed a great want of initiative, and failed to use their torpedo craft with energy. The Japanese maintained a mild blockade of Port Arthur, and the two fleets virtually neutralized each other. But the Russians had abandoned all claim to the command of the sea.

The value of a perfect co-ordination of political and naval action is a second lesson of this war. When matters were growing serious, in the winter of 1903-4, the Japanese navy underwent a special battle-training—constant firing at long range with heavy guns, under war conditions, torpedo work at night, in bad weather, using live torpedoes, manœuvring at night without lights, night-firing, and the rehearsal of operations that were actually to form part of the war when it began. Hence the immense self-confidence which the Japanese displayed, and the complete preparedness of their fleet when the hour for action came. Plans were practically worked out immediately before war, and not pigeon-holed at the Japanese admiralty. In fact, the Japanese navy took a "flying start."

This power of intelligent preparation, so that the maximum of force may be exerted in the minimum of time, is what we mean by the word organization, and the study of all modern wars shows it to be the chief factor in giving success. Here, happily, there are signs that the British Admiralty is taking action, and that in the future useless exercises, of no military value, will be eliminated from the training of our fleet, so that its whole energy will be concentrated upon readiness for war. Yet the danger always remains that the military section of the Admiralty may be obstructed in its efforts by the civil section or by the Cabinet, which may refuse to vote the funds required, not understanding the vital importance of the measures proposed.

A third lesson of the war in the Far East has been the importance of the Napoleonic principle of concentration of force. The Russian Admiralty did not place in the Far East a fleet equal to the Japanese, though without any great difficulty it could have done so, since there were a number of older

battleships and cruisers in the Baltic that might have been very serviceable. Had they been stationed at Port Arthur or Vladivostock. Possibly the want of docking and repairing facilities was the explanation of this mistake. But even accepting this explanation, it does not account for the fact that when war was imminent isolated ships were not recalled and placed in safety. Thus, three vessels, the *Variag*, *Koriets*, and *Mandjur*, were lost to the Russian flag with their crews for the whole of the war, and the Japanese were given an easy victory at Chemulpo. The present British Admiralty is taking steps to do what the Russians left undone, and to withdraw weak and old ships from exposed positions. Yet not till the advent of Sir J. Fisher to Whitehall was this policy of concentration adopted, so easy is it for the obvious to escape the attention of those whose main energy is absorbed in routine work.

In the first twenty-four hours the Japanese navy had asserted its temporary command of the sea (temporary because the arrival of the Baltic fleet was always to be feared, and might transform the conditions), yet it is instructive to note that the greatest difficulty has been experienced in blockading the Russian ports. Up to May, indeed, Port Arthur was only watched while Vladivostock was practically left unmolested to the date of writing. The peculiar geographical conditions of the Far East enable the Japanese to adopt this policy, since the Vladivostock ships could not well escape from the Japan Sea without being sighted from the Japanese coast, and thus could not suddenly fall upon the communications of the Japanese fleet at the Elliot Islands or the Japanese army in Korea. The Straits of Korea were held by Kamimura with four armored cruisers, a force slightly superior to the Vladivostock ships, but this disposition left the Russians free to cruise.

within the Japan Sea, or even, as they actually did in July, to pass out through the Tsugaru Straits and blockade Yokohama. It was dangerous for the Japanese squadron to leave its post and go in pursuit, as the Japan Sea is famous for its fogs, and under cover of fog the Russian ships might easily have slipped southward past Kamimura, and caused great damage to the Japanese transports and colliers. At the same time, with the Japanese force available it was impossible to blockade Vladivostock, because the port has two entrances, a considerable distance apart, because of the frequency of fogs there, and because of the want of a good naval base near at hand. At the very outset the Japanese naval force proved to weak for the work which was demanded of it, and notwithstanding its high efficiency was unable to perform that work with perfect success. Yet it had a greater margin of superiority as against the Russian fleet than the British navy possesses against one existing and possible naval combination.

At Port Arthur a strict blockade was attempted towards the close of May, but the Japanese have never been able to prevent isolated ships from running in and out. The long range guns mounted in the Russian works keep the powerful Japanese ships at a distance and do not allow them to close in as Admiral Sampson did at Santiago. Thus the *Lieutenant Burakoff* ran in and out; the *Reshitelny* and *Razoropny* escaped; and numerous merchantmen and junks laden with supplies and ammunition have made their way through the blockading line. This is in entire accordance with British manœuvre experience and it shows the practical impossibility of sealing a hostile port by any blockade, however close. We must be prepared in war to see hostile

ships escape singly, if not in squadrons, should we attempt a blockade, though whether we can blockade is more than doubtful, as there are no good bases near the ports which we should have to watch, whereas the Japanese were able to seize and use first the Elliot Islands, only seventy miles from Port Arthur and well placed from the strategic point of view, and then Dalny as their flying bases. Their battleships could remain at these points in perfect security, and receive from their cruisers off Port Arthur information of the enemy's movements. Hence the conditions must be pronounced far more favorable to them than they would be to ourselves in any probable conflict.

Turning now from the strategical lessons of the war to the tactical lessons, the first and most striking is the comparative inefficiency of the torpedo. From this weapon much had been expected, and it was employed upon a large scale. But except in the initial attack at Port Arthur it has gained no successes,<sup>1</sup> and even at Port Arthur it did not sink a single ship. It failed to put any Russian ship permanently out of action. That the *Retvisan*, *Tzarevitch*, and *Pallada* would have sunk if they had been torpedoed far from shore is probable, but not certain. As it was, contrary to all anticipations, they were again at sea in five months, and very little the worse for their experience. The torpedoes used upon them were the large and powerful 18-in. of latest pattern, which, after the British experiments upon the *Belle Isle*, might have been expected to shatter completely the part of the ship struck and to cause a terrible shock to the boilers and machinery. The actual damage was as follows: a large hole was blown in the *Retvisan's* side, her engines were thrown slightly out side Port Arthur by the Japanese torpedo flotilla.

<sup>1</sup> Since this was written, after six attacks, the "Sevastopol" has been seriously injured out-

of alignment and her boilers developed leaky tubes. She was easily repaired, but her speed was much reduced. The *Tzarevitch* had her rudder blown off and her steering-gear damaged, but the injury was completely repaired. The *Pallada* was struck amidships; the torpedo exploded in a coal bunker, blowing a large hole and damaging the Belleville boilers. The injury was easily and swiftly repaired. An even more astounding failure of the torpedo occurred in the case of the *Sado Maru*. This liner, without any kind of protection, first of all had 150 shells fired at her by the Vladivostock fleet, and then was torpedoed twice with the 18-in. Whitehead by the *Rossia*. The torpedoes blew enormous holes in her and did great damage to her engine-room, but she did not sink, and was towed into Sasebo looking outwardly little the worse.

A second fact which appears with regard to the torpedo is the infrequency of hits, even when attacking ships which are not in motion. In the first and most successful Port Arthur attack the Japanese destroyers slowed to five or six knots and closed to within a short distance of their enemy, but of their twenty-three torpedoes only three made hits. In the other attacks on the Port Arthur ships they do not appear to have scored any successes, for though there were reports at the time that several Russian ships had been hit, these do not seem to have been true. On the night of June 23-4, when the whole Russian fleet was outside the harbor, a long series of attacks was delivered by the Japanese torpedo craft, with no result whatever, but on this occasion the Russians are said to have had nets out and to have been covered by a boom. The greatest gallantry and coolness were displayed by the Japanese, so that the failure of the torpedo was not due to any want of courage or skill on their part, and it

remains an almost inexplicable feature of the operations.

Against ships in motion, the generalization still holds good that the torpedo is useless. No hits have been effected during the war, though attacks are said to have been made repeatedly upon the Russian fleet during the battle of August 10; and, after that battle, the Russians report attacks on the *Askold* and *Tzarevitch*. The Vladivostock squadron was also attacked by the Japanese flotilla in June, but again without any result. It looks, then, as though the efficacy of the torpedo had been greatly exaggerated, though the weapon is being so rapidly improved that predictions with regard to its future are dangerous. Its accuracy, range and size are being steadily increased, and in the near future we shall have to reckon with 21-in. and 24-in. torpedoes—21-in. tubes are already being designed for the newest American battleships—the explosion of which in contact with a battleship's hull ought to be deadly. But the bigger and heavier the torpedo grows, the larger the vessels that are specially built to use it must be, and the smaller their number, so that the danger to be apprehended from destroyers and submarines appears to be much less than had been supposed.

If torpedoes have proved comparatively inefficient, far otherwise is it with mines. Before the war mechanical mines were despised by a large school of British naval officers and neglected in the British service, so that it was possible for a British officer to write in 1904 in a Service periodical:

Most foreign nations appear to be ahead of us. . . . I am not aware that we even yet possess a mechanical blockade mine which has got beyond the experimental stage, though I know we have been carrying out spasmodic experiments with them for the last ten years.

As a matter of fact, the British navy had Captain Ottley's mine, which is of a type similar to those used by the Japanese, but the use of these mines in war does not appear to have been thoroughly worked out as it was in Japan. Yet mines in the Far East have done what torpedoes have failed to do, and there is an enormous list of casualties to their credit. On the Russian side, the battleship *Petropavlosk*, the cruiser *Boyarin*, the mine-laying ship *Yenesei*, the gunboats *Bobr*, *Gilyak*, and *Gremiastchi*, and several torpedo boats or destroyers were sunk by Japanese or Russian mines, while the battleships *Pobieda* and *Sevastopol* and the armored cruiser *Bayan* were considerably damaged. On the Japanese side the battleship *Hatsuse*, the coast-defence ship *Hei Yen*, the cruisers *Sai Yen* and *Miyako*, the gunboat *Kaimon*, and the torpedo-boat No. 48, were injured or destroyed by mines, most of them sinking almost instantaneously, while the *Yashima* is reported to have been sunk or damaged. In the case of the *Petropavlosk* and *Hatsuse* the mines which caused the ships' destruction exploded right under the magazines and fired them, whence the terrible consequences of the explosion. The ships were rent in two, and almost every one below perished. The detailed accounts of these two great disasters at once recall the *Maine* catastrophe in 1898, when that American battleship was blown up in Havana harbor, and an American Court of Inquiry found that she had been destroyed by a Spanish mine. It was contended, however, at the time by many expert officers that there was no instance of flame passing upwards through water and steel into the interior of a vessel, and therefore it was declared impossible that she could have been destroyed in this way. But in the light of the *Hatsuse* and *Petropavlosk* affairs, it is now reasonably certain that the Court

of Inquiry was right, and that a mine had been laid under her by some enemy either of Spain or the United States.

As to the reported loss of the *Yashima*, there are no trustworthy particulars, and the very fact that she was lost cannot be said to have been definitely ascertained. But, even if she is ruled out of the list of casualties, the surprising fact remains that more than one-seventh of the battleship force on either side has been destroyed by mines. The mine thus appears to be one of the most serious perils of the future, and its use is certain to spread unless restrained by the laws of war. It is an inhuman weapon, the more so as it is terribly dangerous to neutral shipping, and there are three instances in this war of neutral vessels, plying their lawful trade, having been damaged or sunk by it. In a European struggle the risk to neutrals would be very great indeed, as the volume of traffic passing through the waters which may be sown with mines will be far greater than it was in the Far East. Here it would seem that some international agreement is required, limiting the use of mines to territorial waters, in the interest of all Powers alike. The weak state cannot be allowed, like Russia, to presume upon its weakness, and because it is unable in fair fight to injure its enemy, to attack that enemy in a manner which imperils neutral lives and property.

If the torpedo has been relatively ineffective, it has yet produced a very curious effect on naval actions. All the fighting between large ships in the Far East has been conducted at extreme ranges. The *Asama* destroyed the *Variag* at a distance of 4000 to 7000 yards; in the great action of August the two fleets were never less than 3800 yards apart, and generally 5000 to 8000 yards. As one result of this long-range fighting the 6-in. guns



with which most battleships and cruisers are largely armed have been proved to be almost useless. The heavy guns, 12-in., 10-in., and 8-in., have done all the work. In the light of this fact, it is distressing to reflect that the British Admiralty clung longer than any Power to the 6-in. gun, the demise of which had been foreseen by every intelligent critic, and that England has still eight battleships and eight large armored cruisers completing in which a large number of these guns are mounted. In our very newest battleships and cruisers, however, an immense step forward has been taken which for the first time within living memory gives England ships indisputably superior to anything building for any foreign Power. Her two new battleships will carry nothing smaller than the heavy 9.2-in. gun, and her new cruisers nothing smaller than the 7.5-in. weapon. These two guns are well suited for long-range fighting, and every Power in the world will be compelled to follow in England's steps.

The war has demonstrated conclusively the value of the modern large-size battleship and armored cruiser. The Japanese battleships and cruisers have been continuously employed on difficult service and have taken part in four severe actions, yet in not one single case has disabling injury been inflicted upon any ship by gun-fire in encounters at sea.<sup>3</sup> The same is true of the Russian battleships. The *Tzarevitch*, in the battle of August, was the target of the whole Japanese fleet, and was hit fifteen times in every part of the ship by 12-in. and 8-in. shells, which might *à priori* have been expected to put her out of action and to wreck her completely. As a matter of fact she lost only four officers and eight men killed and fifty officers and

men wounded out of a crew of about 750, so that her armor gave her men good protection. Of her larger guns, sixteen in all, only two were put out of action. It had been supposed that a single hit below the water-line would destroy even the largest ship; the *Tzarevitch*, however, was struck by a 12-in. shell below her armor, which inflicted very little injury. Her funnels were wrecked and her foremast almost shot away, while the officers and men in her conning-tower were placed *hors de combat* by Japanese shells, one of which killed the Russian admiral. But at the end of the battle the *Tzarevitch* was quite able to defend herself and could steam fourteen knots, though only at a fearful expenditure of coal.

There are no published details of the injuries to the other Russian battleships, but these are not likely to have been more serious than those of the *Tzarevitch*, and not one of the battleships sank. The fighting quality of the large armored ship has thus been decisively proved. Of course, if the Japanese had employed Nelson tactics, they would, after gaining an advantage at long range, have closed in to complete their victory, when the results of their target practice would have been very different. But just when the moment for such action had arrived night came down, and the risks of night action in these days of mines and torpedoes are very great indeed. Hence Admiral Togo, perhaps wisely, drew off, though an English critic may feel that he would have done better, in view of the immense moral effect of the complete destruction of the Russian fleet, to have pressed his advantage to the utmost. It is in the last hour of battle that the fruits of victory are gathered in, and the great leader at sea must be of that temper which "counts nothing

<sup>3</sup> The destruction of the Russian ships at Port Arthur was effected by high-angle fire, not by normal fire. High-angle fire attacks

battleships where they are weakest, on their thinly-armored decks, and no vessel can resist it.

done while aught remains to do." Had he struck hard and heavily in August the Baltic Fleet would never have sailed, and though he might have lost a ship, it is probable that he would have taken at least one of the enemy's in exchange. The spectacle of this indecisive action makes Nelson's courage and genius in always forcing a close encounter, where he must either have won a complete victory or suffered a complete defeat, ten times more admirable, for Nelson fought, as did Togo, with the certainty that if he were beaten it was the end of his country. But he took risks, and took them with a bold heart, knowing that "nothing great can be achieved without risk."

At the same time, Togo had many difficulties to face. He could not open his attack impetuously, as a fighter would love to do, because the Russians had to be coaxed out and away from Port Arthur. Any premature attack would have led the tortoise to withdraw its head behind the shelter of its cuirass of forts. In the second phase of the battle he may have been prevented from closing as he would have wished by the necessity of keeping his fleet interposed between the Russians and Kiaochau and Vladivostock. In the brilliant action which Admiral Kamimura fought with the Vladivostock cruisers, ulterior purposes once more intervened to prevent the destruction of the Russian squadron. The Admiral was charged with the duty of covering the Straits of Korea, through which it was imperative that none of the Port Arthur fleet should pass. He met the Vladivostock ships, evidently attempting to effect a junction with the Port Arthur fleet, attacked them with the utmost energy, and destroyed their weakest unit, the *Rurik*, inflicting tremendous damage on the *Gromoboi* and *Rossia*, each of which ships is stated by Russian au-

thorities to have lost about 300 men. The Japanese fought with the more fury because of the extreme severity shown by the Vladivostock ships to Japanese and neutral shipping, but when Kamimura may be said to have had the shattered *Gromoboi* and *Rossia* at his mercy he let them go, and broke off the pursuit instead of following them at all costs and sinking them. The undoubted explanation was that he feared to uncover the Straits of Korea, and turned back to meet the Port Arthur fleet. Yet this seems to have been another error, for a pursuit of the battered ships would have placed him in a position to meet any Russian refugees off Vladivostock. The more the history of this war is studied, the more clearly does it appear that it is the first duty of the commander to press the immediate advantage to the utmost, and that the ulterior results are, as a rule, best secured by such a course. "Not victory, but annihilation," is the true aim of naval war.

A fact shown by the fighting has been the necessity of providing protection for all guns. At Chemulpo the *Variag* lost one-third of her crew because her guns were without shields. No one, on the other hand, was injured below the armored deck. In the battle of August 10, the *Askold*, a cruiser of very similar design to the *Variag*, was struck by fourteen shells, mostly of large calibre. She leaked heavily after the battle, but her loss of life was small, as her guns were protected by shields. Her funnels were damaged, one of them having been shot away, and another badly injured; two heavy shells struck her below the water-line, making large holes in her side, but they did not pierce the armor deck or cause very serious damage, beyond admitting a considerable quantity of water. Her speed fell to twelve knots from a nominal twenty-three, but externally the amount of water in her hull did

not change her appearance or perceptibly alter her trim. A French critic believes that there was some defect in the Japanese shells, since, as he says, "they did not open enormous holes or destroy the decks, as do mellinite shells." Certainly, if the Japanese projectiles were a fair specimen of the shells used by European artillerists—and it is probable, notwithstanding the French criticism, that they were—the destructive power of modern ordnance has been greatly exaggerated.

One cause of the Japanese successes in the earlier period of the war was the excellence of the telescopic sights provided. The Russian fleet at Port Arthur is stated, rightly or wrongly, to have been equipped with very inferior sights; indeed, some authorities have declared that there were no telescopic sights at all. Remembering certain incidents which have occurred in the British navy, this is not incredible. Our own sights in many of our ships are inaccurate or fitted with telescopes of too low power to be thoroughly satisfactory, and it is not very pleasant to read in a Service journal that within the past few weeks the gun-sights of most of the Home Fleet battleships have been found to be defective. In the battle of August the Port Arthur fleet made better shooting, hitting the *Mikasa* repeatedly, and this is probably to be ascribed to the fact that the guns had then been fitted with the latest and best sights, which had been thoroughly

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tested in actions with the Japanese siege artillery before Port Arthur.

Generally speaking, the lessons of the war confirm predictions, except with regard to the deadliness of the torpedo and mine and the efficacy of modern artillery. The immense value of the large battleship and armored cruiser has been again and again demonstrated. Small craft can effect nothing without their support, and are further liable to lose their speed in continuous service. The wear and tear of warships has been proved to be very serious, and to increase as the size of the vessel decreases. A large margin must be allowed in any fleet which means to take the offensive for mishaps due to mines and collisions. The effect of the war on the navies of the world will inevitably be to stimulate the construction of battleships and large armored cruisers, and to increase the attention already given to organization. Success has been proved to depend on three things: being ready first, the possession of a *personnel* trained for war and not merely practised in inane peace evolutions, and a good material. Pushing the analysis a point further, it is clear that the *personnel*, or the quality of the general staff, is the final determinant of victory. A good general staff will provide good ships and be ready in time; the best ships will be useless weapons if the men who have to work and fight them are unready or ill-trained when the day of battle comes.

H. W. Wilson.

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#### ROBERT BROWNING AND ALFRED DOMETT.

"What's become of Waring?" asked Browning, over sixty years ago; and in a different sense the question may be repeated to-day, for assuredly Alfred Domett, "a good man and true," as

Tennyson called him, was far too able, loving and interesting a man for the world to be justly allowed to forget him. For nearly fifty years he was Browning's friend. In the spring of

1842 he sailed for New Zealand, to the eighteen-months-old settlement of Nelson; and three years later his old friend, Joseph Arnould—afterwards Sir Joseph, and a judge at Bombay—wrote, "I never knew an absent person so uniformly and universally well and kindly spoken of, so gladly remembered, so sadly regretted." But within three weeks of the departure of the "very fast sailing-vessel," *Sir Charles Forbes*, which bore Domett to the Antipodes, Browning sat down to write by the next vessel with almost womanly tenderness of his sincere love for Domett, stronger love than he had deemed himself capable of. He was then aged thirty, and Domett was one year his senior. Surely a man so winning and so loved by a great poet is not lightly to be forgotten. Browning certainly did not forget him. Until his marriage in 1846 he was a regular correspondent; letter followed letter every three or six months, and a continuous little group of fourteen remains which Domett treasured as carefully as he treasured the first editions of his friend's works. These letters abound in expressions of affection; and with them, from time to time, went various books. The letter of May, 1842, was accompanied by Domett's copy of *Sordello* which he had lent Browning before he sailed. In midsummer the two volumes of Tennyson's new poems, strongly bound in Russia leather "to stand wear and tear," were sent, and with them a letter containing some interesting criticism; in autumn, there was a Review with the latest article on Tennyson's new volumes, by Leigh Hunt, and another on Browning himself, by "Orion" Horne. The December letter had as companion a smaller but more interesting volume; it was the thin paper-covered booklet, closely printed in double columns, *Bells and Pomegranates*, Part III. This Domett read amid surroundings such as he

himself described in his letters home—the fern hills, the goose-besprinkled green, the lounging shooting-jacket existence; Mrs. Reay's æsthetic tea; Miss Essex's piano [possibly the only one then in Nelson!]; the droppers-in from the country; the brandy-and-whistcum-sugar evenings, and that almost inevitable "general tinge of genteel blackguardism" which might be expected in a settlement not yet three years old. Amid such surroundings Domett first read the "Pied Piper," "My Last Duchess," the splendid "Count Gismond," and the fragmentary "Artemis Prologuizes," which Matthew Arnold so much admired. In the middle of the booklet he came upon "Waring," and read in verse what was expressed with equal emphasis in the letter which accompanied the poem:—

Meantime, how much I loved him,  
I find out now I've lost him:  
I, who cared not if I moved him,  
Who could so carelessly accost him,  
Henceforth never shall get free  
Of his ghostly company,

Oh, could I have him back once more,  
This Waring, but one half-day more!

Thirty years later Domett wrote in his diary:—

Who first gave currency to the idea of identifying the imaginary Waring with myself, I have not the slightest notion. True, the idea of inventing adventures for a youth who had left his companions rather suddenly to go abroad may have been suggested to Browning by my having done so; and some or most of the slight particulars in the earlier part of the poem are descriptive of the circumstances under which I left England. Browning in composing his imaginary picture just availed himself of such real incidents as came his way and suited his purpose, as, I suppose, every artist does.

That the Waring of the poem should no more be identified with Domett than

the "Lost Leader" should be identified with Wordsworth, is of course evident; but neither Domett nor his friends had any difficulty in tracing the original of the imaginary being, nor in seeing how heart-felt were Browning's words, since Arnould at once wrote to New Zealand that the poem "delighted us all very much, for we recognized in it a fancy portrait of a very dear friend."<sup>1</sup> Fact and fancy, indeed, are freely mingled. The secrecy of Waring's departure, for instance, had no counterpart in reality, and though a parting supper was held, it took place not in the "snowiest of all December," but in the last week of April, 1842. Browning was present, so was Arnould and the Dowsons, and almost certainly the Youngs, the Oldfields and others of what the friends termed "the set." That Peckham curiosity, Thos. Powell, was also there, it would appear—the man to whose home Wordsworth came as godfather to one of the boys, the man on whose piano Browning used to play, whose scalloped oysters he used to enjoy, whose poor verses he used to correct, and to whom, six months after the supper, he sent a copy of the Waring number of the *Bells and Pomegranates*, inscribed, "T. Powell, from his affectionate friend, Robert Browning." Two years later they had parted company; and in 1846 Browning is found writing of the "unimaginable, impudent, vulgar stupidity" of "poor gross stupid Powell," who somewhat later had to quit the country precipitately,<sup>2</sup> after being "repudiated for ever," as Horne expressed it, by those in whose society he had for a time mingled. In

<sup>1</sup> When Domett saw Browning's early friend, Richard Hengist Horne, in 1877, the latter remarked that while he was in Australia "they called me Browning's Waring, but I told them it was Domett." Domett replied, "It was a fancy character, and he was welcome to the honor, if it were such, of being the original, but that Browning, I was sure, would not have alluded to his poetical productions as mere 'hedge-side chance-blades,' for he

America he issued that utterly unscrupulous volume, *The Living Authors of England* (1849), in which he made all the capital he possibly could out of such intercourse as he had enjoyed with literary society in London. He claimed to be, and perhaps we can believe him in this,

the new prose-poet,  
That wrote the book there, on the  
shelf—

for whose arm Browning describes himself as leaving that of Domett.

Domett of course resembled Waring in that he was a poet. Tennyson, to whom in 1884 Sir Henry Parkes introduced him, and with whom he stayed at Blackdown, remarked concerning Domett's longest poem, "your friend only wants limitations to be a very considerable poet." Besides the *Poems* of 1833, and the *Venture* of 1839, he had, before leaving for New Zealand, published in *Blackwood* sundry "hedge-side chance-blades," as Browning terms them. Of the first of these, "A Glee for Winter," Christopher North wrote most cordially, and spoke of the author as fine-hearted "Alfred Domett . . . a new name to our old ears; but he has the prime virtue of a song-writer—a heart," and the "Christmas Hymn" he did not hesitate to compare favorably with that of Milton. Longfellow noticed this hymn in *Blackwood*, and admired it so much that he reprinted it in 1845 in a little volume called *The Wail*. More than thirty years later he wrote to Domett, "I have lost none of my old admiration; I have just read it over again and think it equally

had written 'Cosmo' and the 'Death of Marlowe,' etc., etc., before that." Part II. of the poem is, of course, purely imaginative.

<sup>2</sup> In 1883 Browning, who had "found him out earlier than most of his dupes," described Powell as a "forger who only escaped transportation through the ill-deserved kindness of his employers." Browning's Pisa edition of the "Adonais," borrowed by Powell, was sold by him, it is said, for fifty guineas.



beautiful in conception and execution." Year after year the Hymn was regularly printed each Christmas in a score of the leading American papers; and in 1883 Domett was both surprised and pleased to hear that over thirteen hundred competitors had sent in designs for a prize of 3,000 dollars offered by Messrs. Harper for the best illustrations by an American artist of his poem.

These details are amply sufficient to indicate that "Waring" is, in several essential respects, true to fact. The interest of the poem, however, is by no means limited to the light it casts upon the life and character of Domett; it is equally a revelation of the heart and character of Browning. The words he soon afterwards wrote to Miss Barrett cannot, of course, be accepted quite literally: "What I have printed gives no knowledge of me—it evidences abilities of various kinds, if you will—and a dramatic sympathy with certain modifications of passion . . . that, I think. But I never have begun even what I hope I was born to begin and end,—'R. B., a poem.'" The love which finds dramatic expression in "Waring" was as sincere as that which afterwards found lyrical utterance in "One Word More," and the reflections upon the life of the day contained in "Waring" must be accepted with equal literalness; they came deep from the heart of the poet, exactly as did the utter scorn which breathes in the concluding lines of "The Englishman in Italy":—

Forth, in my England at home,  
Men meet gravely to-day  
And debate, if abolishing Corn-laws  
Is righteous and wise  
—If 'tis proper, Scirocco should vanish  
In black from the skies?

Browning's friend, the Rev. W. Johnson Fox, "it will be remembered, was one of the leading champions in the Corn-law repeal, and great was the

glee in which Browning wrote to New Zealand after reading in the *Times* of July 12th, 1842, that so staunch a Tory as another of his friends, Sir John Hanmer, M.P.—a fellow Moxonian poet—had actually risen in the House and "professed he had altered his opinions upon the Corn Question." Browning and most of his early friends were Liberals, even Radicals. Arnould was soon to be writing leaders in the *Daily News* on Law Reform and University Reform, and also contributing to a "weekly ultra-Radical print, the *Weekly News and Chronicle*," as he sent word to New Zealand. They all seem to have shared in the feeling expressed in the opening words of Carlyle's *Past and Present* (1843): "England is dying of inanition," and to have looked forward eagerly to stirring words from the pen of the always independent-minded Domett. To select but one passage from a letter written by Arnould in 1842:—

Society is heartless, unbelieving, half dead, paralysed by selfishness—with no one idea or noble purpose to animate it, but an aggregate of self-seeking units bound together only by a fellowship of mutual pelf. You, I am sure, as much as any one, have felt the wants and miseries of your time. You have mixed with men of all kinds, you have an open heart and a penetrating eye, you have abundant leisure and time, why not set earnestly about a great work of this kind?

The vessel which bore this prose appeal from Arnould was that which also carried the printed verse of Browning:—

Contrive, contrive  
To rouse us, Waring! Who's alive?  
Our men scarce seem in earnest now:  
Distinguished names!—but 'tis, somehow,  
As if they played at being names  
Still more distinguished, like the games  
Of children. Turn our sport to earnest

With a visage of the sternest!  
Bring the real times back, confessed  
Still better than our very best!

Whence did Browning, it has often been asked, take the name of Waring? In the spring of 1834, during a visit to Russia, he met a King's Messenger who was called by that name, and it is not without interest to notice that the fact that he had met the original Waring in Russia afterwards led him, in writing his poem, to introduce the passage in which the imaginary Waring is supposed to wander thither:—

Waring, in Moscow, to those rough  
Cold northern natures borne, perhaps.

Life in a newly-established settlement has inevitably many drawbacks, even should one be destined to be "the strong clearer of forests, the hard-handed 'Leather-stocking' of unborn races," as a letter to Domett expresses it. But there was much in addition of a purely personal nature to cast a gloom over Domett's early days at Nelson. He had gone out to join his cousin Wm. Curling Young, son of one of the directors of the New Zealand Company.<sup>3</sup> He arrived to find him dead, drowned while surveying. He himself, soon after his arrival, when leaping from the high bank of a stream, jumped short into the water amid the merry laughter of his companions. A second attempt was more successful, but a crack was heard, Domett's leg was broken, and permanent lameness was feared. This accident, however, possibly saved that life, for a dispute having arisen between the settlers and the Maoris as to the possession of some lands in the Wairau Valley, near Nelson, the chief Rauparaha burned to the ground the reed-

hut of the English surveyor. A party of some fifty Europeans promptly set forth to arrest the daring chieftain, a conflict ensued, thirteen of the party were slain, and nine others, taken prisoners, were slaughtered by the Maoris. Among the dead was Captain Arthur Wakefield, brother of the famous Edward Gibbon Wakefield; he was the founder of Nelson, a man for whom Domett had a tender and reverent regard, and of whom he wrote, "He was by nature cut out for the founder of a colony and for a leader of men." Domett's accident alone prevented him from being present at this "massacre" of June 17th, 1843. Events such as these, and subsequent dissatisfaction with official incompetence in high places, turned the thoughts of Domett to coffee planting in Ceylon, where he had relatives. His friends in England urged him rather to return. Joseph Arnould, then a hard-working and rising barrister who had been called to the Bar about the same time as Domett, wrote to offer him his spare room and the use of his chambers in the Temple should he desire to resume the Law. Browning, in the last words he wrote to New Zealand before his marriage in 1846, sent an invitation from his mother, his sister and himself to Domett to return and take up his abode with them at Hatcham, as Domett's old home had been broken up. In the previous year when Browning and others had been helping the dying Hood in his final brave struggle by contributing to *Hood's Magazine*, he had also written to Domett to encourage him in his adversity. Under the circumstances Hood's "Last Man" not unnaturally came into his mind, and he therefore adapted the tenth stanza to the occasion:—

during his long and distinguished life, intimately associated with the Colonies, and has been an enthusiastic pioneer in the great cause of Imperial Federation.

<sup>3</sup> Young was well known to Browning. Alexander Nairne, another of Domett's relatives, and father of General Nairne, was also a director. William Curling Young's brother, Sir Frederick Young, K.C.M.G., has been,

Come, let us pledge each other  
 For all the wide world is dead beside,  
 And we are brother and brother—  
 I've a yearning for thee in my heart,  
 As if we had come of one mother.

He begged Domett that if ever the worst should befall he would return and keep house with him after the grim fashion of these two solitary survivors of the human race.

The cordiality of this invitation is the more remarkable, as the letter containing it was written just about a month after Browning had become formally engaged to Miss Barrett. He wrote to her that very evening, Sunday, November 23rd, 1845, and the first words of his letter are, "But a word to-night, my love—for my head aches a little,—I had to write a long letter to my friend at New Zealand." One wonders if he afterwards told her what he had written! But Miss Barrett's keen sense of humor would in any case have saved the situation; the conditions required for the suggested housekeeping effectually eliminated her; and her delightful love of teasing would have found full scope in questions as to whether it was Browning's intention that Domett or himself should share the fate Hood assigns to the Last-man-but-one.

Domett, however, came steadily to the front in New Zealand, as his friends had confidently predicted he would. He was at once sent to Auckland with a Mr. Munro to defend the action of the settlers in regard to the "massacre." His contributions to the *Nelson Examiner*, both in prose and verse, served to place this paper in the forefront of Colonial Journals, so that Arnould, after reading them, could truthfully write, "Your powers have been called out; you are known to be—why disguise it?—the ablest thinker in the Colony." Browning's appreciation was equally warm, and Forster, to whom he showed some of the articles,

thought so highly of them that had circumstances been more propitious he would probably have appointed Domett correspondent to that new journalistic enterprise the *Daily News*, which started early in 1846, amid a flourish of trumpets, under the three weeks' editorship of Dickens. Arnould jokingly looked forward to the day when Domett should become "Lord Chief Justice of the Anthropophagi; or Colonel of the Seventh Cannibals, or Emperor of the South Island." As a matter of fact within four years and a half of his arrival he was described as the "chosen friend and associate" of Governor Grey; soon afterwards letters were being addressed to him as Colonial Secretary, and he eventually rose to be Prime Minister. When he was about to leave for England in 1871, Sir George Grey, who had then twice served as Governor, and who had known him for five-and-twenty years, wrote sadly, "I do not like to write to you or about you, for it makes me anxious to see you, and melancholy. Do make haste and come back again." And he signed himself, "Affectionately Yours."

Despite the manifold claims of his work as pioneer, politician and Colonial administrator, Domett did not lose touch with pure literature. He was collecting material for and gradually writing his New Zealand epic, *Ranolf and Amohia* (published 1872), and has left a peculiar and interesting memorial of his literary bias in Hawke's Bay province. Tennyson was interested to hear from Domett that the latter had named a lake after him, and one day Domett reminded Browning that when he was Commissioner of Crown Lands for Hawke's Bay—a province of which he had virtually for some years the sole official management—he had laid out the town of Napier and had "named a principal street, half a mile long,

Tennyson Street; another, by the way, after Carlyle; and another after yourself," so that, he added, humorously, the names of Tennyson and Browning "are constantly appearing in their newspapers at the end of advertisements of tea, sugar and candles, and all sorts of vulgar and unpoetical commodities."

After Browning's marriage, in 1846, the correspondence between him and Domett seems to have ceased, but their mutual friend Arnould became a medium of communication; Arnould having been sufficiently intimate with Browning to be appointed one of his two trustees. Thus in February, 1848, Arnould sends word that Browning "writes always most affectionately and never forgets kind enquiries about and kind messages to you." Nearly four years later, at the end of 1851, after Browning's visit to England, Arnould writes, "He is *absolutely* the same man." In 1855 there came a more direct message. In that year Browning published in two volumes his *Men and Women*. The volumes fell into Domett's hands at Napier, just about the time he was laying out that town, and as he turned the leaves of the second volume, he came upon a poem telling of a visit made by Browning and his wife some years before to the church of S. Agostino at Fano, near Ancona, to see a picture by Guercino. He had read to the end of "The Guardian Angel," in spite of a previous mention of "Alfred, dear friend!" be-

fore he realized that he himself was included in the trio, of whom the other two were Robert Browning and his wife. "My love [E.B.B.] is here," says the close of the poem,—

Where are you dear old friend?  
How rolls the Wairoa\* at your world's  
far end?

This is Ancona, yonder is the sea.

The fourth stanza of "The Guardian Angel" speaks, it may be mentioned, of those nervous headaches which so much troubled Browning during his early manhood, and an earlier poem,<sup>4</sup> not usually associated with Domett, not only contains a reference to these headaches, but to the friend who had so warmly championed his cause when a hostile critic had ventured to lay ruthless hands on "Pippa Passes"—

I've a Friend, over the sea;  
I like him, but he loves me;  
It all grew out of the books I write;  
They find such favor in his sight  
That he slaughters you with savage  
looks

Because you don't admire my books:  
He does himself, though,—and if some  
vein

Were to snap to-night in this heavy  
brain,

To-morrow month, if I lived to try,  
Round should I just turn quietly,  
Or out of the bedclothes stretch my  
hand,

Till I found him, come from his foreign  
land

To be my nurse.

This is another "fancy portrait," so far based on fact that Browning in all

\* Some confusion has arisen as to the river referred to. It is, however, *absolutely certain* Browning meant that now always called Wairau, that is the river of Cloudy Bay, near Nelson, the river of the massacre of June 1843. In Domett's letters, and in the official documents concerning the massacre published in the New Zealand Company's Twelfth Report (Section H.), the name is spelled Wairoa by Colonel Wakefield, by Governor Shortland, and by Domett. On the other hand, in the "Times" report of December, 1843, the spelling Wairau is used. Hence confusion has arisen, which has been added to by the

fact that in Hawke's Bay province, *afterwards* associated with Domett, is another Wairoa—so called to this day—while still another exists further north. The "Guardian Angel" was, indeed, published when Domett, unknown to Browning, happened to be in Napier, but it was *written* years before he went there, and Browning used the spelling familiar to him from the first news of the massacre—an event he could never forget in thinking of his friend.

<sup>4</sup> "Time's Revenges," 1845: "Pippa" had appeared in 1841.

the letters of this period is continually referring to this "restive ill-conditioned head of mine," and writing in such a strain as: "I have had a constant pain in my head for these two months, only rough exercise gets rid of it." Thirty years later Domett wrote in his Diary with regard to these headaches and the "rough exercise"—

He [Browning] says he was much subject to headaches when young, but now never has one, nor has had for years, and would think himself ill indeed if he had. When young he was pale, thin and rather delicate looking. [*Diary*, 1875.]

"As I ride" was composed on horseback. I remember about that time Browning, who in his young days looked delicate in health (nothing like so strong and sturdy as he looks now), had been ordered to take horse exercise, so was riding every day. [*Diary*, 1873.]

It is the more needful to bear these facts in mind, as a wrong impression was undoubtedly often made upon those who only knew Browning in later life. Mr. Gosse, for instance, has thus recorded his impressions in his *Personalia* (p. 78):—

It is a singular fact that he who felt so keenly for human suffering had scarcely known by experience what physical pain was. . . . I recollect his giving a picturesque account of a headache he suffered from once in St. Petersburg, about the year 1834! Who amongst us is fortunate enough to remember his individual headaches?

In a letter of 1841, indeed, Browning is found apologizing to Laman Blanchard for not having written sooner "on the score of my having just got up from a very sick bed indeed, where a fortnight's brain and liver fever has reduced me to the shade of a shade. I shall gather strength, I hope, this fine weather." Towards the close of this

letter, after inviting Blanchard to pay him a visit at New Cross, Browning adds, "I say in a week or two, because, at present, I can hardly crawl, and could barely shake your hand." There may be a touch of unintentional exaggeration in this expression of weakness, due to the fact that Browning was undoubtedly inclined to chafe at the restraint of the sick room; but it is quite clear from this and from many other letters that he knew by personal experience in earlier days what occasional illness and a sick-room meant.

Somewhat later the correspondence between Arnould and Domett flagged, and for two years Arnould's letters were unanswered. He was then Sir Joseph Arnould, an Indian judge, writing from the High Court House in Bombay; at last he became so anxious that he felt impelled to address a letter of enquiry to the Postmaster-General of New Zealand. His next letter to Domett contains a humorous apology. "To a late Prime Minister of the Colony it must have seemed exquisitely absurd that I should have been driven to take the step I did . . . but I knew no better way of obtaining information." With Browning Arnould corresponded until Mrs. Browning's death, in 1861, an event which, it would seem, led Domett to write a letter of sympathy. To this letter he had no answer. Then came news of Browning's return to England, of his growing fame, and that he was moving in the highest society. Arnould had sent word from Bombay that "An old friend writes, he is in all the grand houses in London and made a god of." Domett evidently felt hurt. Browning, apparently, had forgotten his old friend among the grand folk! He con-

\* "Poetical Works of Laman Blanchard," 1876, pp. 6-8. Oddly enough, Browning absent-mindedly dated this letter April 31, instead of May 1, 1841.



sulted Arnould, told him of the unanswered letter, of his proposed return to England, and of his doubts as to his reception by Browning. Arnould, who was himself soon to retire from India, and live with his second wife at Naples on some £2,000 a year arising from his pension and investments, promptly and chivalrously replied :—

I feel sure that Browning could never have received the letter you spoke of: had he done so he would have answered it. He may be, I believe is, in high, the best, of London society—but he has not and never had any of the English hard and brusque arrogance about him, on the contrary was Italian and diplomatic in his courteousness. Till his wife's death we used to correspond, since then it has dropped, but quite as much through my fault as his. I am sure you will find he will be delighted to see you when you go back.<sup>7</sup>

As Arnould prophesied, so it was. Travelling homeward by way of San Francisco, Domett found his way, soon after his arrival in London, to Warwick Crescent. Browning was not at home, but Miss Browning, the poet's sister, was. "So I sent up a card," says the Diary, "and presently heard an emphatic exclamation, 'Mr. Domett!' and met Miss Browning coming down. Warm welcome followed in Miss Sarianna's old frank and slightly energetic style." Just thirty years had elapsed since they parted in 1842. How cordial and sincere the welcome would be, all who had the privilege of knowing Miss Browning can readily imagine. Next day two notes arrived. One was from Miss Browning, asking Domett to lunch, as her brother was engaged every evening during the coming week. The other was from Brown-

ing. He *had* received the unanswered letter, but it had been something far other than snobbishness which had kept him from replying. His letter ran :—

*Dear Domett,*

How very happy I am that I shall see you again! I never could bear to answer the letter you wrote to me years ago, though I carried it always about with me abroad in order to muster up courage some day which never came; it was too hard to begin and end with all that happened during the last thirty years. But come, and let us begin all over again. My sister tells me how your coming may be managed most easily.

Ever affectionately yours,

March 1, 1872. *Robert Browning.*

They met on March 4th. The old intimacy was renewed, and from 1872 till 1885 Alfred Domett kept a diary in which he recorded his conversations with Browning and his sister, gave accounts of various celebrities with whom he came in contact, and also incorporated from earlier diaries occasional reminiscences. These manuscripts contain a number of notes upon Browning's later poems made at the time of their appearance, together with records of occasional discussion and frank criticism; but as my present purpose is rather a personal account of what relates to earlier days, I may select the following brief picture of the household to which Domett had been so cordially invited some sixty years ago, when he was suffering from bad potato crops and other woes in New Zealand :—

I remembered their mother about forty years before, who had, I used to think, the *squarest* head and forehead I al-

<sup>7</sup> The first part of the letter is missing, but the date is early in March, 1867. Arnould left India for Naples, where his second wife had lived for several years, in May, 1869; Domett left New Zealand late in 1871. In a later letter (Dec., 1872), Arnould says: "As for Browning's

liking for the best society, I think he is quite in the right of it; the highest society, take it all in all, is the best; it is a great comfort in life to have to do with well-bred people, gentlemen and gentlewomen."

most ever saw in a human being, putting me in mind, absurdly enough no doubt, of a tea-chest or tea-caddy. I recollect that she was proud of her son: and how affectionate he was towards her. On one occasion in the act of tossing a little roll of music from the table to the piano, he thought it had touched her head in passing her, and I remember how he ran to her to apologize and caress her, though I think she had not felt it. His father, of whom I did not see much, seemed in my recollection what I should be inclined to call a dry-as-dust undersized man, rather reserved, fond particularly of old engravings, of which I believe he had a choice collection; he used to speak of his son as "beyond him," alluding to his *Paraclses* and *Sordellos*: though, I fancy he altered his tone on this subject very much at a later period. Altogether, father, mother, and only son and only daughter formed a most united, harmonious and intellectual family, as appeared to me.

But the reminiscences in the Diary go back to earlier times than these, for two of Domett's brothers were at school with Browning at the academy of the Rev. Thos. Ready, at Peckham; they were not, however, classmates, for John Domett was six and Edward Domett four years Browning's senior. A cousin of Domett was at the same school, and the Diary speaks of a fourth schoolfellow, described by Browning as being "one of the cleverest boys he had ever known." The clever boy, however, grew up to be one who "could do so many things well, but nothing well enough." He was a William Shakespeare Williams and claimed—how, it is not explained—to be descended from the poet whose name he bore. "I told Browning," runs the diary in 1873, in making mention of the school,

of my still living eldest brother's recollection of him there. He [*i.e.*, John Domett, Secretary of the Local Marine Board] was one of the big boys at the

time, but certainly not one of the bullying ones. My brother says he well remembers young Browning in a pinafore of brown Holland, such as small boys used to wear in those days, for he was always neat in his dress,—and how they used to pit him against much older and bigger boys in a chaffing match to amuse themselves with "the little bright-eyed fellow's" readiness and acuteness at repartee.

Browning's father, as is well known, had a remarkable power of rapidly sketching grotesque faces and caricatures. It seems that, as a boy, Browning exhibited something of the same skill, for Domett's cousin, Robert Curling—afterwards a solicitor—well remembered him at school and recalled the fact "that he was fond of making pen-and-ink caricatures, which he did very cleverly." Domett mentioned this to Browning, who said "He remembered it, and that he had always envied the life of an artist—*i.e.*, a painter."

During the course of these conversations Browning himself contributed some interesting memories.

He says they taught him nothing there, and that he was bullied by the big boys. When first there, at eight or nine years of age, he says he made a copy of verses, which he remembered to this day—and "great bosh they were!"—intended to ingratiate himself with the master, a Mr. Ready. He quoted the two concluding lines, which ran thus:—

We boys are privates in our Regiment's  
ranks—  
'Tis to our Captain that we all owe  
thanks,

—a compliment to the master which got him favored in his school exercises for some time, and enabled him to play with impunity little impudent tricks, such as shutting the master's lexicon when his head was turned away while "hearing" his class, to give him the trouble of hunting up a word again, which would have immediately procured any other boy a box on the ear.

Browning's verses on his school-master were not always equally complimentary. In 1833 he added at the end of a note he was sending to Mr. W. J. Fox, an "impromptu" he had made "on hearing a sermon by the Rev. T[homas] R[eady] pronounced 'heavy.'"—

A heavy sermon—sure the error's great  
For not a word Tom uttered *had its weight*.

The old school, then considered one of the best in South London, is now pulled down, but with the help of the rate-books and the local authorities it has been found possible to discover the site. In the Domett family a tradition ran that this was the school "at which Goldsmith was an usher, the wretchedness of which position he has put upon lasting record." This seems to be the fact, although Miss Browning, when the matter was mentioned to her, declared that the tradition had not until then reached her ears. In the early days of his acquaintance with Browning, doubtless during a walk from Camberwell to New Cross, in the course of which they would pass the spot, Domett mentions that—

as we passed the wall of the playground, I think, over which was seen a green-house, Browning made some remark expressive of the disgust with which he always thought of the place, and added, "I made an epigram one day upon it." As far as I remember it was to the following effect—the last line I *know* word for word,—

Within these walls and near that house  
of glass,  
Did I three [?]\* years of hapless childhood pass.  
D—d undiluted misery it was!

(This last in a suddenly deepened tone.) He said he well remembered my other brother Edward [who died, aged

\*The ? is Domett's own. Five years would be more exact.

23] with his love for ships and predilection for a sailor's life, and how he had taught him (B.) the proper pronunciation of the word "bow" of a ship.

Domett himself was at school at Stockwell Park, and his memories of school-days somewhat resemble those of Browning. After his return from New Zealand he revisited the site of his former school—an old country-house in a park—and in noting the changes during fifty years, adds the words, "I loathe the recollection of my earlier school-days there, though there used to be some fun too now and then." He left school in 1827, and passed to Cambridge. Domett was not, as Mrs. Orr in her not wholly reliable biography of the poet, declares, a friend of Browning from boyhood. It is true, as she says, that "the families of Joseph Arnould and Alfred Domett both lived at Camberwell," the home of the Dometts being, indeed, in Camberwell Grove, which, in spite of all changes in the neighborhood, still retains its woodland character; but it is not true that either Arnould or Domett was known to Browning "before the publication of *Pauline*," in 1833. Nor was Mrs. Orr correct in saying that Domett's father was "one of Nelson's captains." One member of the family, Admiral Sir Wm. Domett, K.C.B., was not only one of Nelson's captains, but a friend of the great commander: but Domett's father, who ran away to sea, left the Navy in 1781, immediately after the battle of the Doggerbank, at which he was present as a midshipman. He then entered the merchant service, married the daughter of a ship-owner, and became a ship-owner himself. Such details have a bearing upon the life of Browning, for it is noticeable how many of his early friends were connected with the sea. Christopher Dowson—"dear Chris. Dowson," passionately fond of the theatre, with his pretty cottage at

Woodford, where Browning and Miss Browning, Arnould and others visited him: "poor Chris. Dowson," as he is called in the later days of his sorrow, was connected with shipping, and used to call and tell Browning when a ship was about to sail New Zealand-wards to Domett. Then there is "the familiar figure" of Captain Lloyd, whose unexpected arrival at Hatcham one morning broke in upon the first inspiration of "The Flight of the Duchess" and changed the whole course of that poem. Domett's cousins, the Youngs, again, were ship-builders, as were the Curlings. But Captain Pritchard, an old and intimate friend of the Browning family,<sup>9</sup> seems to be the most important member, biographically speaking, of this group. He certainly knew the Brownings by 1828, when the poet was sixteen, and it was through him that Browning attended some of the lectures at Guy's of the celebrated Dr. James Blundell, Captain Pritchard's cousin, who lived in Piccadilly and died worth some £350,000. Dr. Blundell's nephew, Bezer Blundell, "a Grandison in a lawyer's office—a possible Sidney trying to squeeze himself into the clothes of an attorney," is one of the interesting figures in the previously-mentioned "set" with which Browning mingled. It seems most probable, although it cannot be stated with absolute certainty, that it was through "dear old Pritchard" that Browning became acquainted with the whole of the Dowson-Domett circle, the friendship with the Dowsons having preceded by some years that with Domett.

In his Diary Domett speaks in 1878 of remembering Browning's mother

"about 40 years before (say 1838)"; but no real intimacy seems to have existed until at least 1840, when Browning was 28 and Domett 29. The acquaintance with Arnould arose out of that with Domett. In 1839 Domett issued, as a little paper-covered pamphlet, his poem *Venice*, and it seems probable that this was the means of bringing him into touch with Browning, who, during the previous year, had made his first visit to Italy for *Sordello*, and had returned full of enthusiasm for the island city, a description of which, it will be remembered, he introduced towards the end of Book III. of his poem. Christopher Dowson and Browning were old friends; Browning had been concerned with the Dowsons in 1834-5 in producing an amateur periodical—*Olla Podrida*.<sup>10</sup> Now Chris. Dowson had in 1836 married Mary Domett, Alfred's sister, and presumably gave Browning a copy of his brother-in-law's poem. That Browning had not long known Domett when *Sordello* appeared is clear, for in writing to him on March 25, 1840, and alluding to his apostrophes to Landor and Miss Fanny Haworth ("Eye-bright") in Book III., he declared that the author of *Venice* should also have been alluded to as a matter of course, had he known him earlier. In the same letter he mentions that he is about to consult Dowson before inviting Domett to come over to Southampton Street—for the Brownings were still living at Camberwell—for an informal meal. This seems to make clear both the source and the extent of the intimacy in March, 1840.

*Sordello* was thus advertised for the first time in the *Athenaeum* of February

<sup>9</sup> The gold watch, for instance, always worn by Miss Browning, was the gift of this friend.

<sup>10</sup> Mrs. Orr ["Life," p. 66] says: "This winter of 1834-5 witnessed the birth, perhaps also the distinction, of an amateur periodical, established by some of Mr. Browning's friends; foremost among these the young

Dowsons. . . . The magazine was called "The Trifler," and published in monthly numbers of about 10 pages each." The name of the magazine, for which Browning also wrote, was, I am informed by Sir Frederick Young, who well remembers it, not "The Trifler" but "Olla Podrida."

29th, 1840—"Price 6s. 6d. boards: *Sordello*, a Poem by Robert Browning," and the first letter from Browning to Domett was sent with a presentation copy of this little volume with its blue paper covers and tawny unlettered back. As indicative of the early stage of the friendship, the title-page bore the formal inscription, "Alfred Domett, Esq., with R. B.'s best regards." The accompanying letter, consisting simply of two sentences, was undated, except for the enigmatical words, "Saturday night, St. Perpetua's Day!" Truly, a *Sordello*-like inscription; but like many other *Sordello* puzzles, easy of solution; for St. Perpetua's Day, as the almanac explains, is March 7th, which in 1840 fell on a Saturday. But the question still remains as to why Browning should speak at all of so unusual a Saint. The reason, however, is simple. The Rev. W. Johnson Fox, Browning's "literary father," had written the first cordial review he ever received, that on *Pauline*, in 1833; and in expressing his thanks Browning declared, "I shall never write a line without thinking of the source of my first praise." In 1835 *Paracelsus* also was welcomed by Mr. Fox, who soon afterwards introduced, at his own home, Browning and Macready, and thus indirectly contributed to the production of *Strafford*, in 1837. Browning, therefore, of course, at once sent a copy of *Sordello* to Mr. Fox. But with Mr. Fox lived Miss Eliza Flower, who was tenderly attached to Browning, and he to her; indeed, as Mrs. Orr truly says, "If, in spite of his denials, any woman inspired *Pauline*, it can have been no other than she." It is this intimacy which explains the reference to St. Perpetua, for Miss Flower's sister,

Sarah—author of "Nearer My God to Thee"—was at that time at work upon her forthcoming poetical drama, which from the name of the saint with whose life it dealt was called *Vivia Perpetua*.

Such details may seem trivial, but are not wholly so, for although Browning's reply to Miss Eliza Flower's letter of acknowledgment of *Sordello* has been twice reprinted, it has been inevitably misunderstood by both its editors for lack of doing exactly what Browning asked Domett to do with regard to St. Perpetua's day—i.e., consult the almanac. This reply of Browning, as given by Mrs. Orr (*Life*, p. 110), is simply headed, "Monday night, March 9," to which she added the date [? 1841]; Mr. T. J. Wise, to whom students of Browning are in many ways indebted, unfortunately replaced this by [1842].<sup>11</sup> The almanac would have informed both editors that it was in 1840 that March 9 fell on a Monday, thus showing that the misunderstood letter distinctly referred to *Sordello*, which had been published only nine days before; and also reminding them of a much more important fact—that the "three plays" Browning alluded to were those mentioned at the end of the *Sordello* volume as "Nearly ready. *Pippa Passes*, *King Victor and King Charles*, *Mansoor the Hierophant*. Dramas by R.B." These plays—the name of the last being changed before publication to *The Return of the Druses*—were therefore sufficiently well in hand to be advertised in February, 1840, although not published till 1841, 1842 and 1843.

It was of *Sordello* that Landor wrote to Forster, "I only wish he (B.) would atticize a little. Few of the Athenians had such a quarry on their property,

<sup>11</sup> Mr. Wise also identified the Miss Flower, to whom the letter was addressed, with Miss Sarah Flower, afterwards "Mrs. Adams," as he explains. But, in 1842, she had been married eight years. Mr. Wise's further state-

ment that Mrs. Adams "is supposed to have at least partially inspired 'Pauline,'" is another little slip. He meant, of course, Eliza Flower, the elder sister.



but they constructed better roads for the conveyance of the material." Domett, in writing to thank Browning for the poem, expressed the same view in other words, and even hinted that he considered Browning was being "difficult on system." He had from the first and ever retained a deep admiration for the beauties of the poem, and in the copy which Browning sent him—it lies beside me as I write—the most striking passages are boldly marked in the margin, while a series of cross references and marginal notes forms a kind of analysis or running commentary. Some of these notes, indeed, as the quotation given below from the Diary explains, are in the handwriting of Browning, who, when Domett lent him the volume, was particularly pleased to find that his friend had even copied out on one blank fly-leaf Dante's description of Sordello in the Antepurgatorio, and had himself made his own metrical translation of it on another blank page. The Diary has a somewhat interesting entry in regard to this much-travelled copy of *Sordello*. In March, 1872, immediately after the renewal of the old intimacy, Domett was discussing with Browning some points in connection with the *Toccata of Galuppi's*, and ventured upon a suggestion as to one expression in it. Browning did not at all agree with him. Domett's comment is:—

Browning, I saw, had not lost the good-humored patience with which he could listen to friendly criticism on any of his works. I have proof of this in a copy of the original edition of *Sordello*, which he sent me when it first appeared. The poem is undoubtedly somewhat obscure, though curiously enough much more so in the more "objective" (so to speak) incidents of the story than in its subjective phases, that is in the narrative of the hero's varying moods of mind or the philosophical reflections of the poet. Accordingly, I had scribbled in pencil on the

book two or three impatient remarks, such as "Who says this?" "What does this mean?" &c. Some time after Browning asked me to let him see my copy of the poem, which I lent him. He returned it with two or three pencil notes of his own, answering my questions. But I was amused many years afterwards, in New Zealand, on the appearance of a second edition of *Sordello* [in 1863] to find he had altered, I think, all the passages I had hinted objections to or questioned the meaning of. One instance is curious. Speaking of a picture by Guldene at Siena [*Sordello*, Bk I., 577-583], in the first edition, the poet says:—

A painful birth must be  
Matured ere San Eufemio's [*sic*] sacristy  
Or transept gather fruits of one great gaze  
*At the noon-sun:* look you! An orange haze—  
The same blue stripe round that—and,  
*'t the midst,*  
Thy spectral whiteness, mother-maid,  
who didst  
Pursue the dizzy painter!  
I had written carelessly in pencil on the margin "Rather the moon, from the description;" and also, "Why cut off the 'n,'" against the next line. In the edition of 1863 the passage stands:

Gather fruits of one great gaze—  
*At the moon:* look you! The same orange haze,  
The same blue stripe round that—and,  
*in the midst,*  
Thy spectral whiteness, Mother-maid.

The alterations here made are, as Domett says, "curious" rather than important, except as indicating that minute attention to detail which marks Browning's revision of his poem when once he had decided that it was inadvisable to attempt, as he had for a time contemplated, to re-write it. The question, however, "Why cut off the 'n'?" in the expression "'t the midst," was one which it would have troubled Browning to answer, for he seems to have had no settled convictions in regard to its presence or absence. Some

years ago, on reading through a series of proofs of Browning's poems corrected by himself, then in the possession of Mr. Moncure Conway, one could not but be struck by the fact that the cases in which what had at first been printed as "on" or "in" and was on revision changed to o' or i', were hardly, if at all, more numerous than those in which the shortened form had been replaced by the longer. Presumably the varying emphasis laid by the poet on the words as he read and re-read his lines at various times decided the matter; the usage was certainly no mere mannerism.

The copy of *Sordello* referred to above was that which Browning returned to Domett when he sent to New Zealand the first of the fourteen letters of which mention has been made. These letters are chiefly interesting as affording evidence of Browning's love for his friend. It is often difficult, indeed, to realize that they are written by one man to another. He signs himself as affectionately, at times, as he afterwards did to Miss Barrett; he thinks and talks of his absent friend; he can hardly realize, so near does Domett seem in spirit, that they are severed so far; he longs for a letter; when it comes he is jubilant, but writes eagerly for another. With books, newspapers and reviews he sends scraps of literary gossip and impromptu criticism, but Arnould's letters perhaps excel those of Browning in this respect and in some others. One event of the summer of 1843 is of interest. Browning was then visiting the pretty cottage in Epping Forest where Chris. Dowson and his wife, Domett's sister Mary, spent the summer months. Here he occupied his time in copying his friend's scattered poems from the family albums, and wrote afterwards to New Zealand in hearty praise of them, particularly of "Hougoumont" and "A Glee for Win-

ter." The former poem contrasts the peaceful scene of 1837, with the sight of fruit-trees and daisies, and the sound of bees, doves and skylarks, with the ghastly sights and sounds of the battlefield of 1815:—

Oh God! what are we? Do we then  
Form part of this material scene?  
Can thirty thousand thinking men  
Fall—and but leave the fields more  
green?

The "Glee for Winter" is the poem which led Christopher North to declare that Domett had "the prime virtue of a song-writer—a heart."

Hence, rude Winter! crabbed old fellow,  
Never merry, never mellow!

Well-a-day! in rain and snow  
What will keep one's heart a-glow?  
Groups of kinsmen, old and young,  
Oldest they old friends among!  
Groups of friends, so old and true,  
That they seem our kinsmen too!  
These all merry all together,  
Charm away chill Winter weather!

What will kill this dull old fellow?  
Ale that's bright, and wine that's mellow!

Dear old songs for ever new—  
Some true love, and laughter too—  
Pleasant wit, and harmless fun,  
And a dance when day is done!  
Music, wit, and wine well plied,  
Whispered love by warm fireside,  
Mirth at all times all together,  
Make sweet May of Winter weather!

The heartfelt character of this lyric sprang from the fact that it was largely a record of the real experiences of Domett's own home. A letter from the sister of Sir Frederick Young thus describes that home: "We can well remember that bright, unconventional, if somewhat rough house in the [Camberwell] Grove, where there was always such a lively atmosphere of freedom, interest and gay fun. We used to go round there whenever we could, when we used so often to stay with our

grandparents at Denmark Hill." This is the house Domett describes in his "Song for a family party" which Browning also copied at Woodford :—

By the house we've often shaken  
House where most of us were born—  
Where the dance grew wild and  
romping  
And we've kept it up till morn!

Not that shadows did not fall upon that home, for the same song speaks of "bereavements mourned in common," such as the death of Domett's mother when he was a boy of six, and that of his brother Edward, Browning's schoolfellow. Another great sorrow was commemorated in some hexameter verses addressed directly to Browning's Woodford hostess, which he would copy with peculiar sympathy. The lines are called "A soul of goodness in things evil," and tell of the sad days, in 1841, when blindness had fallen upon Domett's father, and of the sight-giving operation which ensued :—

There in his darkness the Old Man,  
hoary with seventy winters—  
Lionlike—equal to all—lording it sternly  
o'er pain,

endured his anguish; and then followed the "triumph," when light once more

Gladened the eyes that of yore  
gleamed as he oft would recount  
Facts of Sea-Captains,—our grand ones!

These are noticeable words; for the tales of "our grand ones," told by the truly "lion-like" Captain Domett, and by the brisk, dapper, little, gray-haired Captain Pritchard count for much in the evolution of Browning's stirring lines :—

Nobly, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the  
north-west died away;  
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red,  
reeking into Cadiz bay;  
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in  
face Trafalgar lay;

In the dimmest north-east distance,  
dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;  
"Here and here did England help me,—  
how can I help England?"—say.

Is it to be wondered that when, in 1877, Domett collected and added to these early poems he desired to associate Browning with his volume? This he proposed at first to do by using as a title the words from "Waring"—*Hedge-side chance-blades*; but realizing that the bond between himself and his friend would be made more evident to his readers by means of a dedication, he wrote :—

To (if ever there were one!) "a mighty poet and a subtle-souled psychologist"—to Robert Browning, this little book, with a hearty wish the tribute were worthier, is affectionately ascribed.

Browning was deeply touched by this dedication, and also by the memories awakened by the inclusion among the "Flotsam" of the lines Domett had sent to him in manuscript in 1841 "on a certain critique on *Pippa Passes*." These lines began with an expression of scorn for the small-mindedness of the unnamed critic, who is compared to a black squat beetle which

Has knocked himself full-butt with  
blundering trouble,  
Against a Mountain he can neither  
double  
Nor ever hope to scale. So, like a free,  
Pert, self-complacent Scarabæus, he  
Takes it into his horny head to swear—  
There's no such thing as any mountain  
there!

Domett's best poetry is undoubtedly to be found in his *Ranolf and Amohia*, which exhibits, as Tennyson truly said, "intellectual subtlety, great powers of delineating delicious scenery and imaginative fire." The poem is a long one of fourteen thousand lines—some four thousand longer than *Paradise Lost*—and the narrative portion is neither

closely knit nor sufficiently impressive. Ranolf, a metaphysical Scotch student deeply read in philosophy, being wearied of the civilization of the West, sails to New Zealand, where he saves the life of the lovely Maori maiden, Amohia, and loves her. This is resented by the villain of the story, the wicked priest Kangapo, who desires to gain the hand of Amohia for the chief he serves: Ranolf therefore escapes. When the suit of the Maori chieftain is urged upon Amohia, she too flees—swimming across the lake by moonlight. The lovers are united, but the wiles of Kangapo secure their separation, and Ranolf, believing Amohia to be dead, is about to return to Europe alone, when he discovers her, and they take ship together.

Of the poem as a whole Mr. Hutton, in a long and sympathetic review in the *Spectator*, said, "It is hardly a complete poem, but it is full of poetry . . . its author is a man of great originality and buoyant imaginative life. No one who really understands the book can help thoroughly enjoying it, whatever he may think of it as a work of art." With this judgment no one, I believe, could quarrel. Like many other long poems it will be appreciated in portions, and it will appeal—or has appealed—to two kinds of readers: those who enjoy the treatment of what Browning termed "subjects of all others the most urgent for expression," subjects connected with the "development of a soul," and those who delight in beautiful description. The former readers will turn to passages such as the long and the very able account of the philosophical education of Ranolf in Book I., and its reflections upon the difficulty of choosing as a profession law, medicine or divinity. In connection with this last occurs a passage on Ritualism, much appreciated by the author of *Christmas Eve*, and pronounced by Tennyson to be "an

arrow that hits the bull's-eye." Who, asks Domett,

Would think to quell the Evil all about  
With candlesticks and censers? satisfy  
The crave for Infinite Good that cannot  
die

With trim and tinselled haberdashery?

Would any heart remorse had desperate driven,  
Or milder sense of "Sin" abased, on  
heaven

In accents guided by the gamut call,  
And *do-re-mi-sol-fa* the God of all?

The lover of descriptive poetry will rejoice in the splendid description by the son and brother of a sea-captain, of furling the ship's sails, and will perhaps almost echo the words of Domett's friend, Joseph Arnould, "Your descriptions of scenery are the most real and vivid I know of in any poet, and by your attention to form and color you place your readers in the very midst of the lakes, forests and mountains of New Zealand. What a lovely land it must be!" As one who has visited many of the spots described by Domett, and who was privileged to see the lovely pink and white terraces in all their exquisite beauty and glory, I can endorse much, but not quite all, of Arnould's eulogy. What Browning felt on reading his friend's poem he has himself expressed:—

I don't know, though I cannot but care a good deal, how the poem may have been received and valued; but I am sure it is a great and astonishing performance, of very varied beauty and power. I rank it under nothing—taken altogether—nothing that has appeared in my day and generation for subtle, yet clear writing about subjects of all others the most urgent for expression and the least easy in treatment: while the affluence of illustration, and dexterity in bringing to bear upon the story every possible aid from every imaginable quarter, and that with such treasures new and old of language and

such continuance of music in modes old and new—well, I hope I am no more surprised at the achievement than is consistent with my always having held to the belief that whenever "Waring" reappeared, some such effect would follow the phenomenon. . . . In fine, the Poem is worth the thirty years' work and experience and even absence from home, and whether people accept it now, or let it alone for a while, in the end appreciated it is certain to be. I shall wait a little and read it again—in no fear but that what I believe now will be confirmed hereafter: meantime my hearty congratulations.

*The Contemporary Review.*

This cordial letter is dated October 18th, 1872, and in Domett's Diary is the following entry for October 24th, but six days later: "To Browning's. He was out. Had a long chat with Miss Browning. When I alluded to the good-natured partiality with which he had written about my book, Sarianna said she knew he gave his sincere opinion of it, because she had heard him say precisely the same things about it to a friend of theirs—I think a sister of Leighton the R.A."

*W. Hall Griffin.*

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## THE STOWAWAY.

A boat was rowing quietly along the shore of the Sogne Fjord, near its mouth and looking toward the sea. In its stern sat the owner, holding the tiller, whilst a boy and a girl, his son and daughter, pulled at the oars. It was evening, and the mountains on either side of the Fjord were reflected for miles into the distance. Far away could be seen the edge of the open sea, with its strips of low-lying land and islands. Over these hung a golden haze, the day's last gift. The man in the stern was a robust and happy-looking bearded man. His daughter was a typical Norwegian girl, strong, broad-chested and broad-waisted, with a healthy, beautiful complexion. His son looked like an English boy. On the stern of the boat, just behind where the owner sat, were painted the words—"J. Holloway—Sandener." The boat quitted the shore, and made across for the other side, where Sandener could be seen. It was a little wooden village, close beside a rushing river; it possessed a wooden hotel, and a wooden church and tower. Above it rose the mountains, with waterfalls

streaming down their shadowy sides. J. Holloway was an important man in his town, and had a flagstaff in his garden. He could see his little house and flagstaff, somewhat separate from the rest, beyond the church tower. His eye wandered from this to the open sea and the golden light beyond. In that direction lay England and Hull. He became meditative. The still waters, the mountains, the sound of the oars, the evening light, and the occasional talk of the rowers—these things faded from his mind, and he journeyed back into the past, across the sea to Hull. This was what he remembered.

. . . . .  
James Holloway had been out of work for ten weeks. During this period he had "eaten nothing," as we say of invalids or persons of abstemious temperament. He had not drunk as much as usual either; but he had drunk more than he had eaten. He had a theory that beer was as nourishing as bread to a man of his constitution. It was all a matter of



constitution. Some men grew fat on the drink, others grew thin; this was proved in every walk of life. He was one of those whom it nourished; and he was grateful to Nature for this mark of her favor. As he stood this morning in the road outside the docks at Hull, in the company of several hundred others of his kind, this peculiar constitution of his did not mark him out as being above the general average. The average was not a high one. The men were waiting to be hired, standing together in groups. It was 6 o'clock in the morning, and drizzling. The circumstances were depressing, yet there was an air of composure about the crowd. They sucked their pipes of foul tobacco, with an early morning relish; most of them had had some breakfast. They spat on the ground with decision, and when they did speak—for the most part they were silent—they spoke out loud and bold, or short and sharp, with a jest and an oath. The chins were bristly throughout. They all shaved once a week. There was not a collar amongst them, but a great variety of knotted neckcloths; and there were great-coats of some kind or another, procured somehow or other, on the backs of all. There had been a long period of slackness in the Docks, and a slump in trade all through the town. The greater part of the men had earned next to nothing for two or three months past. Most of them had wives and families at home. A specialist in sociology could have passed an interesting morning, enquiring how these men and their families had lived during this period. But the results would not have worked out on paper. For none of these men knew how he had lived; and even their wives could not have explained the secret. According to all reasonable statistics, they ought not to have lived at all. It was a most peculiar state of affairs.

James Holloway was a bachelor; but

he did not thank his stars for it. He was not of a grateful mind, and he was too full of theories. If he had had a wife, he theorized, she might have picked up a six-pence or two, now and then, and the children might have got something out of the church and after school hours; together, he thought, they might have got along better than he was doing singly. There were men who had found it so. He had a theory, too, that money was always money, however many there were to spend it, and that one and six-pence was always better than a shilling, whatever the company. This had been proved again and again to his satisfaction when clubbing together with his pals.

He waited and waited, with his hands in his great-coat pockets, now and then joggling his elbows against his sides. He had lived all his life, 25 years, in Hull, alternately working and loafing, either by inclination or compulsion. But he had a theory that his life had not yet really begun. Some day he was going to do better than he had done so far. That was quite certain. He never allowed himself for an instant to believe that the distressed and irregular condition was a permanent thing. It was merely temporary, and therefore supportable. He talked and laughed with two or three others, as they waited for work. There was a faint blueness and bitterness, a touch of solemnity, lingering round the corners of his mouth and eyes, but scarcely noticeable, owing to the strong look of life and sense which animated his countenance, and those of his friends, as they talked and laughed in their abrupt, rapid, jerky manner. Discontent appeared chiefly in the filthy adjectives with which every substantive was heralded.

After several hours of the morning had thus passed, it became apparent that no more work was to be had that day. He went off into the town, walking

up the street courageously as if he were in regular employment, and going home to dinner. He spent the middle of the day as usual; that is to say, he did not know how he spent it; it spent itself. As usual, he was busy with his thoughts and theories, thinking over his prospects. He must do something—that was certain. It would not do to go on living in this way any longer. This sort of thing must come to an end. In was time he made a new start, struck out a new line. He had said the same for years past; he had said it oftener and oftener, and now he said it once every ten minutes. When he was not talking to himself in this way, he was talking to his pals. They talked of every imaginable subject under the sun, but they arrived at no fixed opinions on any. At least the opinions were all fixed, but they were all conflicting. For instance, all were agreed that the life they were leading was a dog's life, not fit for a Christian man, and that something must be done to better themselves. This was one fixed conviction, and its friend and companion was that a man could not better himself, that there was nothing to do, and nowhere else to go. Both these opinions were clear and certain. Again, when politics came up for discussion, Jim Holloway was convinced that the Government were not doing their duty to such as himself; that they were allowing the blood and muscle of the country to be drained away; that they only talked, never did anything, and had got their posts through the influence of society women, and that the condition of the people in his town was a scandal to the country. Simultaneously, if properly aroused, he was always ready to swear by the good old British Constitution, the Flag, the Throne, the Army, Navy and the sporting Aristocracy. So, too, with religion, which was frequently discussed in the lodging houses of an evening. He was

perfectly convinced that it was all a humbug, a got-up affair—Noah's Ark and the Flood and all. The clergy and the bishops did it all for money. "Religion was civilization." This was the idea of one of the talkers in the lodging house; and he had succeeded in making his meaning clear to all. God could not be good, if He sent evil and suffering. The whole thing was a lie; but civilization needed it. This was perfectly clear to the unsophisticated reasoning of all. Truth had only to be stated to be understood and believed. This was one opinion. The other was that something good, some fatherly power or destiny, which understood things, lay at the back of his life. This was also quite certain. Apart from the direct knowledge of the fact, it had been proved again and again. For he would certainly have died for various reasons, chiefly for lack of nourishment, long before, if life had not been constantly supplied to him—and so would they all have done. All the middle of the day he spent outside a public-house, cogitating these contradictory opinions, but especially about what he was going to do. For some reason he asked himself this question to-day with greater frequency and with more vital emphasis than before. "Must do something—this can't go on," he reiterated. He ran through all his old rejected schemes again for the thousandth time—emigration, enlisting, tramping into the country, going round the town once more.

In the midst of these thoughts, impelled by the certain conviction that something must be done, he found himself wandering down the street again. It was afternoon, and during all the period of the last ten weeks he had never before felt so empty and cavernous within. A crowd of people were going into a public hall, off one of the principal streets. Admission appeared to be free, and Jim drifted in with

them, pondering on what he was going to do—on what he had got to do—rather than on what he was doing. He found himself at a political meeting. The chairman, a small, fat, smiling gentleman, in a fur coat, was introducing the speaker. The chairman spoke with daintiness and grace, looking round on his audience and smiling, and clasping his two little hands together. He was enjoying himself. Then the speaker began, a gloomy man. James Holloway followed all that was said. He seemed to have two minds this afternoon. With one mind he followed the speaker, and understood all that he said; with the other mind he was still determining that something must be done, that he must enlist, emigrate, cut his throat, or do something. The gloomy speaker was getting a little warmer. He had reached the glories of the Empire, the necessity for building it up, and doing all in our power to preserve it, and hand it on to our children. We must even be prepared to make sacrifices for it. Though in his own private opinion no sacrifice would be necessary, still we must be prepared to make sacrifices. James Holloway, along with the rest of the audience, loudly indicated his readiness to make a sacrifice. As he cheered, his mind Number Two was saying that something must be done, that it could not go on, and that he must go up again to the paper mills to see if a job was to be had there.

The speaker was now threatening his audience. "Was England to become a second-class Power?" he asked them. Before asking this question he had paused; and he asked it, not triumphantly, but with a deadly significance. His voice lowered itself. "Was it possible that England might ever become a second-class Power?" He spoke as if alluding to one of those darker subjects which are not men-

tioned in polite society. A third time he repeated the question, in a grave and awful whisper. "Was there any one in that room who had ever faced the possibility of England's becoming a second-class Power—a Denmark, a Sweden, or a Norway?" James Holloway felt faint. Then the speaker recovered himself, and brought out his emphatic No's. He passed on once more to Empire, to Royalty, the Flag, and the Army and Navy, in a grand peroration. Holloway, who sat at the back of the room, rose to his feet with many of the audience, and shouted. As he rose, it seemed to him that he was indeed rising and rising. For a moment he thought that his spirit had left the body. Then he realized that he must be ill; and immediately fright seized him, and he turned sick and faint. He made for the door, and hurried out.

James Holloway had a theory that when a man was feeling ill and done-up, the best thing he could do was to go and work. This he had often proved in practice. He made up his mind on the spot, that he would go and work. Cost what it might, he would work before nightfall. He went down to the docks, and slunk along the wharves unobserved. Come what might, he would work somewhere, at something. It was the only way to cure himself. Heaven was propitious. In a quiet corner, against a lonely wharf, he observed a Norwegian schooner, unloading small baulks of timber. The baulks of timber were being thrown out by hand from the hold of the vessel. Two seamen stood on deck, catching them as they popped out of the hold, and throwing them with a clatter on to a huge pile that had formed itself on the wharf. Two other seamen stood on this pile, throwing the wood slowly about, so as to build and shape the structure, and allow room for more. James Hollo-

way slunk alongside this pile of wood. For some time he watched the men at work. He caught the eye of one of the seamen, and winked. The big Norwegian stopped work, and straightened himself with a slow, pleasant gasp. Jim scrambled on to the pile, and began to throw the timber towards its further end, so as to make room for more in the centre. The Norwegian smiled, and went on with his own work. Jim worked away with a will. It was a luxury to put out his strength again; and he felt better and better. Every moment he expected the mate to come and warn him off. The mate came to the edge of the vessel, and leaned his arm on the bulwarks, smiling ironically at Holloway. "You laike vurk?" he said. Holloway worked away in silence. The mate smiled a deeper smile. He remained lazily leaning on the bulwarks for a minute, and then returned to his post above the hold, catching the timber as it popped out. The vessel was being unloaded by the crew, without any outside assistance but this voluntary aid proffered by our friend. They worked on till late. Holloway ventured no questions; but they were evidently working overtime. Only one thought now occupied his mind. Would his services be recognized in any form? His unchartered work was against the rules of the docks; and they had not even asked for it. Yet he augured well from the mate's impassive look; they were evidently in a hurry, as they were working late, and his work was a gain to them.

Presently the mate made a peculiar sound in his throat; and they all stopped work. The mate leaned again on the bulwarks. The big seaman on the pile straightened himself once more with the same pleasant gasp. Slowly they all disappeared into the little fo'c'sle. Holloway stood on the pile in the gathering dusk, dismally

watching them depart. The mate had now disappeared in the forward part of the vessel; and his last hope was gone. Suddenly the mate's figure reappeared on deck. He looked at Holloway, and nodded his head casually towards the fo'c'sle.

Jim Holloway scrambled on board and, lowering his head, joined the other seamen in the fo'c'sle, which was about 6 feet by 8 feet. A beautiful smell greeted his nostrils, of frizzled onions and potatoes, along with tobacco and oil and tar. One of the men was frying a mess over a little stove. A table in the centre was prepared for the meal. Holloway jammed himself down by the table on a chest, trying to take up as little room as possible. The three other seamen lay in their bunks, enjoying the luxury of relief from toil. They grunted to one another in Norwegian, paying no attention to Jim. The cook glanced at him and laughed, as he stirred his pan. The cook could speak English. "No work in Hull," he said, "very slack, all out of work." He smiled affectionately at his onions. Presently the fry was served up on the table. The seamen came out of their bunks, and all fell to. Jim Holloway never enjoyed a meal so much. Two of the hands were scarcely more than boys. They had fair hair and blue eyes, and looked fresh and blooming, with enormous shoulders encased in blue jerseys. On Holloway's right sat an older man, in a pair of boots reaching above his knees, which he had not troubled to pull off. Opposite to him sat the cook. All five of them ate away with a relish; a small lamp burned against the wall, and the smoke of the food went up from the table. The Norwegians became more talkative as they ate. Holloway thought that never had he seen four such pleasant looking fellows. It was a luxury to him to rest his eyes on their contented faces.

They paid but little attention to himself, and talked and laughed quietly to one another. It was a pleasure to hear them speaking in a foreign tongue, to watch their smiles and laughs and gestures, without knowing what it was they were talking about. The fo'c'sle was very warm. The men got out their tobacco, and began to smoke. They looked at one another through the smoke, now talking volubly. The cook began to hum, drumming his fingers on the table. He hummed louder and louder, and presently his humming broke into words, which he sang over to himself. When he reached a certain point in the song, the others stopped talking suddenly and joined in. The cook had a pleasant voice, and he made the most of it. He came out now with the next verse in style, and the others all joined in again at the right moment. The song sounded very pleasantly and strangely in Holloway's ears; unlike anything he had heard before. Opposite him on the wall was a picture post-card, representing a waterfall coming down a mountain-side into the sea; and Holloway kept his eyes fixed upon it. As the song rose and fell, Holloway became aware of the country to which these men belonged. He felt the atmosphere of the land from which they came; and it seemed to make the fo'c'sle fresher and purer. It was a happy land they belonged to, and one that was dear to them—a small land far away north, far away from his troubles in Hull. "Lucky chaps! Lucky beggars!" he thought to himself. He spat on the floor. He could scarcely restrain his emotion and envy. He had never been outside Hull himself, and yet he felt and understood, and knew that he understood, the sort of country these men came from. He watched the Norwegians with closer interest and delight. Another of the seamen began to sing.

One of the boys reached down a cardboard box from his bunk, and turned over a few letters, and photographs done up in newspaper. He took out a photograph of a girl with large eyes wide apart, and fair hair parted on her forehead, and plaited down her back. He looked at it fondly and winked at Holloway. Then he kissed it and held it in his arm, and smiled at Holloway. Then he replaced it carefully in the newspaper. Holloway swore to himself. The cook told him to sing them a song. He gave them as much as he could remember of the last music-hall song. His voice was nasal. He hoped to have made an impression, but, to judge from their faces, they did not understand his style and tone. At last he had to clear out. "Well, good-night, mates, and thank ye kindly—much obliged, I'm sure." Somewhat to his surprise they held out their hands; and he shook hands all round. On the dark deck outside, he paused for a moment, and looked back with a sigh at the bright, steaming interior of the little fo'c'sle.

Then he slunk along the docks. He had a full belly, but no money in his pockets. Passing a deserted part of the wharf, he slipped into a storage shed, and presently came across an enormous empty packing case, with straw in it, into which he climbed, and nestled down at the bottom. He felt tired, comfortable, and happy; but he could not sleep. He was thinking of the Norwegian schooner, and the land she was bound for. They were off the day after to-morrow, he had gathered from the cook—lucky fellows.

All in an instant his mind was made up. He would go with them. Yes, this was what things had been working towards. He had got to do something, he must do something. Then he would go to Norway. His spirits rose wonderfully. Why, of course, it was just the thing. He would stow himself



away somewhere in the hold. But what was he going to do when he got there? He cared not a jot. Let them send him to quod, let them do anything with him, he wanted to see that little harbor, and the mountain, and the young woman whose photograph had been kissed. What was there to keep him in Hull? When in doubt, do something, he said to himself, and fell asleep, and dreamed of the waterfall and the mountain. In his ear the music of the Norwegian song kept rising and falling rhythmically. He sat beside the waterfall, with his arm round the waist of a young lady.

In the gray of the morning, he awoke again. He remembered his decision of the night before, and felt doubtful. He was only a fool to think of such a plan. "Go to Norway, eh?" He laughed, and spat into the straw in which he lay. He lay there thinking for some time. Then he scrambled out and sloped along the wharf. It was drizzling, and just getting light.

Jim Holloway had a theory that no man could fight against Destiny. This had been proved again and again in his life. He had often thought of getting married, of finding a nice girl who would do him good; and he had remained a bachelor. That was Destiny. He had often thought of leaving Hull and making a fresh start somewhere else, making the most of himself, earning the respect of his fellow-men, and a regular wage; but he had remained at Hull, in irregular employment, or out of employment. This was Destiny. He was always on the lookout for Destiny. His great-coat had come to him by Destiny. He had found it hanging on a paling. Destiny had ruled his life. Destiny now carried him up to the town. It first of all pawned his overcoat, and bought him two loaves of bread, some cheese, and a large stone bottle of water. It acted with infinite caution, and waited two

days and a night. It rested his mind, and healed the pain of the last many weeks. It bade good-bye to Hull, and the drizzle, and the dreary tramp from dockyard to dockyard, and from one mill to another. He spent most of the day outside his usual pub. "Now what should make me think of going to Norway?" he kept saying to himself. And then he laughed to himself. He discussed a variety of themes, as usual, with a choice company outside the public-house. He felt his eyes twinkling as he spoke, and he kept smiling. He was wondering what they would say, if he told them he was going to Norway? Who could tell? It was just pure Destiny. He had seen it last night in the fo'c'sle, and it was a place which would suit him, it was a place which was meant for him. This day and the next, as he waited for his schooner to be loaded up, and ready to start, were the happiest of his life so far. He was at last going to do something. For ten years past he had felt that Destiny was on its way; it was coming, and something would happen. Now he knew it had come. He smiled benevolently on his poor companions. He took the lead in the conversation. He was full of confidence and cheerfulness; and the spirits of his companions rose, they knew not why. Jim Holloway was conscious again of his two minds. With one mind he talked and jested and swore with his pals; with the other he knew that Destiny was at work, that a new life had begun. With one mind he talked sound sense and reason to his companions, with the other he cognized a project, the meaning and sense of which he knew it was impossible for him to explain to any mortal man. But the knowledge of this only made him happier. He thrust his hands deep down in his breeches' pockets. Yes, he was going away, going away the following night—where to he did not

know, what to do he did not care—but he was going somewhere, and Destiny was taking him there.

He kept an eye on the schooner, until the loading-up for the home journey was completed. That night he went down to the docks about midnight. He had not the slightest doubt that he should be successful in stowing himself away. He had no difficulty in getting on to the wharves, and soon found his little schooner. There she lay, with her old-fashioned spars and rigging visible against the sky. Sure enough, he had nothing to do but drop quietly on board, and slip down into the hold. It was all as easy as possible. He met no policeman or dock-watcher anywhere on the wharves. A miscellaneous cargo had been shipped in the hold. Jim looked about for a comfortable corner. Doubts kept drifting across his mind. He was afraid, now and then, that he had perhaps gone off his head in doing such a senseless thing; but this doubt troubled him very little. He had a theory that when a man thought one thing, the opposite was usually the truth; and this comforted him. He groped about with circumspection in the hold, cautiously lighting matches until he found a snug little corner right down in the cargo, where he could stow himself comfortably. There was even a shelf for his bottle of water, his two loaves, and his bit of cheese. He felt neither hungry, tired, nor thirsty, but perfectly normal. He curled himself up, with a sigh of satisfaction, and was soon fast asleep.

Bang, bump. . . . It was morning, and more cargo was being swung down into the hold. Jim had climbed down into the hold by the forward hatch, and he had scrambled aft. The stern hatch had been closed down, and he had had an idea that it was closed for good. Now to his surprise the light shone; it had been opened again.

He heard the rattle of the steam crane, and big boxes began to swing down above him. Jim sat still, his heart in his mouth. Bump came a large case of several tons weight right above his head, entirely closing the aperture at the bottom of which he sat. He was shut in a trap. For a moment his head swam, and he thought of shouting and disclosing himself. But in another moment Destiny presented itself to his reason. He was acting under compulsion; this was only a friendly joke on the part of his guide. All was yet well—though pitch dark. He lay comfortably and quietly, penned in his little cabin. As soon as the hatch overhead was closed, and all sounds had ceased, he tried the strength of his prison walls. The cleft in the cargo which formed his prison was about four feet high and three wide. Consequently he could get his back against its roof, and use the whole strength of his body to lift. He put his hands on his knees, and put out his strength little by little. So great was the purchase that it seemed to him that nothing could possibly resist him. Yet the case never budged. It weighed tons. Again he put out the whole strength of his body. Its force appeared to him tremendous, but it was of no avail. Well, he had his bottle of water and his two loaves, and they would not be many days crossing the sea—then all would be well. He had tobacco with him, and lit his pipe and made himself comfortable. Presently he knew they were moving; and before long they were out at sea. The ship was tossing and rolling; he could hear the waves crunching against her sides, and rushing past them. It never occurred to him to be seasick, as his thoughts were busy. He had become happy again, now that they were off, as he smoked his pipe in the dark. It was madness from beginning to end, and he knew it; but that was just the

point. He could never have settled on such an expedition as this for himself—it had all been done for him. He had been waiting for years and years, and now his time had come. To think that Destiny should have taken him in hand like this, singled him out from his companions, and sent him on a voyage of faith. It was glorious. Of course it was all nonsense. What possible use was there in his going to Norway? What in the name of fortune was he going to do when he got there? What the devil had ever suggested it? But it was just these arguments which proved the presence of Destiny. For, in spite of them all, he was going.

In the midst of these thoughts he fell into a happy sleep; then he awoke and thought, then he slept again. Time passed. Between sleeping and waking, and thinking and sleeping again, days passed by. It seemed to him that weeks, even months had passed; but he decided that it was not more than a few days. Still, they must be already somewhere near Norway, he thought. So far, he had eaten and drunk nothing. He was saving his provisions up in case of bad weather and delays; and he had felt no need of them, lying there sleeping. On waking from a nap some days before, as the time had seemed to him, he had felt hungry, and a trifle thirsty. But he had resisted the temptation to eat and drink; and it had quite passed away again. Such a long while had passed since then, without his taking anything, that he began to look upon himself as a sort of fasting man. He had a theory that sleep was as good as food and drink, and he was proving it up to the hilt. Now, however, the time had come, he thought, to take a little food and drink. He began with a bit of bread, but found he could not eat it till he had drunk some water. He took a refreshing gulp, and applied himself to the

bread. But he could not get on with it; it seemed to stick in his throat. He took a little more water, not enough to satisfy him. He lay down and slept again, and awoke feeling thirsty. He then recollected a theory of his that, in the treatment of appetites, half measures were no use, and it was best to satisfy them fully, and so let them be. So he had a real good drink, wiped his mouth and corked up the stone bottle. Five minutes afterwards he felt thirsty again. This time he had to deny himself, but he could not sleep for thinking of the water in the bottle. He was also puzzled by this feeling of thirst. He could not make it out. He had drunk a good half-pint or more, enough to last a man who was not working, but just lying idle, as long as you like. Why should he feel thirsty again at once? The right plan, the normal plan was, to quench his thirst, and then go comfortably for twenty-four hours without any more drink. So he took another pull at the bottle, to make sure that the thirst was satisfied, and laid himself down to sleep. In three minutes he was thirsty again. He saw now that he had a battle to fight, that an enemy had risen up against him. He could sleep no more, because this enemy grew. When he did drop off into a doze, the enemy took new and strange shapes. It was better to fight it waking than sleeping. It was not thirst merely that he suffered from, but fear.

Fear laid hold of him more and more; and unknown horror of darkness lay before him. He had never been afraid of death. Death at this moment, in the open air and with his thirst quenched, would have been bliss. But death where he was, and with his thirst unsatisfied. . . . Every now and then he put his lips to the stone bottle, and enjoyed a few moments of exquisite pleasure. The thirst was momentarily relieved; but the fear remained, and

soon the suffering came back again. At last the water was all gone. His whole being became absorbed in one awful want. The very objects of his consciousness—the darkness, the walls of his prison, the empty bottle, the remains of the bread and cheese, his own body—these things ceased to be themselves, and became one unspeakable thirst. He began to shout at the top of his voice. He put his back to the roof of his prison, and strained against it with his whole force. He shouted and shouted for days, it seemed to him. A raging madness took possession of him; he flung himself about his prison, then he lay and wept and sobbed, sucking the salt tears into his mouth with his dry tongue. Then he cursed God, Creation, and Destiny, with every foul word known in Hull.

Sometimes there would come a lull in these paroxysms. Whilst lying in one of these calmer moments, half senseless, he suddenly noticed that the ship was steadier. The deafening sound of plunging and surging had given place to a loud cackling, as she rippled through quieter water. A wild hope sprang up in his breast. They must be reaching Norway. He had been weeks and weeks in his prison; and the end of the journey must be close at hand. For a time his sufferings vanished, swallowed up by hope. Every moment he expected to hear even the ripple cease, and to reach the stillness of the harbor side. Hour after hour the water cackled loudly past the ship's sides. He shouted again and again; but his voice was still drowned and powerless to carry. How many more hours of anguish before they reached the port? Time, as it passed, brought its inexorable answer. There was no end to the journey, there never would be any end to it. He would go mad and die long before the end ever came. The cackle of the stiller waters

sounded everlastingly in his ears, and yet they never got to the shore. The ship was evidently moving, so there must be some breeze outside; yet the waves no longer rocked her, they only splashed and rippled round her. He argued and argued as to the meaning of this. Gradually hope gave way again to madness and despair. He went off his head once more, and raged about within his little tomb. Once more he found himself calm. It seemed to him that he awoke from a state of unconsciousness. The waters were still talking round the ship's sides, in the same loud and senseless manner. He found his mind strangely clear, and saw things in the light of reason. He had been a fool and a madman. It was all a lie, that nonsense about Destiny—all day-dreams. This was the real truth, this was his awakening to the facts of life. He had always refused to face the truth, liked to live in a little world of his own imagination, and this was the end of it . . . this was the real truth . . . darkness and suffering, awful suffering. . . . "People would never believe what suffering is," he thought, "they would never believe it, not if you was to tell them, till you was black in the face, they could not believe it . . . It's worse than what anybody understands. . . . And this is truth, this is God's blessed truth. I believed a fairy-tale, and I've got what I deserve." He began to shout and scream once more; and then he fell by degrees into a state of coma.

As he lay unconscious, the ship came into port, after a long journey up the land-locked coast of Norway. Half an hour afterwards, he came to his senses again. All was still around him. For a while he thought that he was dead. Then he heard a sound overhead, and a crack of light appeared in the roof of his prison. "Help, help!" he shouted, in a strong triumphant voice. Joy overpowered him, and

quenched his thirst. Even in his excitement he noticed that his thirst was gone for the moment. He heard men walking above him, and he shouted again, strongly and joyfully. The case above began to shift, and in a moment he was out of his hole. "Water!" he cried, and scrambled on to deck. He was struck blind by the light, and held out his hands, crying—"Water!" They brought him water and he drank, checking his greed with all his might. He did not wish to drown his life, now that he had just found it. He compelled himself to drink quietly. He kept his eyes tightly closed as he drank. An ocean of blinding light surrounded him, as though he were in the presence of God. His whole being was absorbed in joy, and intense, almost insufferable light, as he sipped the water of life. Presently he staggered to his feet. A hand was stretched out to help him; but he put it from him, and reached the bulwarks. The world began to appear to him, unfolding itself little by little out of a sea of glory. Overhead he became aware of a mountain, its sides and summit steaming with a dazzling mist. Out of a golden haze on either hand appeared more mountains, and the sea, or a lake, he knew not which, reflecting one another into the distance. His vision became stronger and clearer. Now he saw that the sun was shining, and that waterfalls were streaming down the mountain sides; he could hear the fresh sound of them in the distance. The sky was blue overhead. At the foot of the mountain the corn was growing. The waterfalls dashed down the rocks, and tumbled into the fields, making rainbows above the corn. He staggered back again to his can of water, and sat down on the deck, with his back against the fo'c'sle wall. The seamen stood around him, smiling. He had his drink; but they now acted as bread and meat to him,

as he looked at their tanned faces and stalwart figures, warm in the sun. He felt very dazed and helpless as he lay on the deck, and wondered what they would do with him. Though he had staggered to his feet, he thought he was too weak to walk. The cook kept talking to him in broken English. The seamen had not been able to do anything but smile so far; but now the cook's expression became more emphatic.

"What you want? What you doing here? What you come over for?" Jim Holloway remembered himself. He scrambled on to his feet again. His head swam, and his knees began to totter. The cook caught him round the waist, but Jim put his arm aside. "Just give us a bite of something," he said, "and then I'll go and look for work," and he gazed up at the mountain overhead, standing firmly without assistance on the deck. He felt that, whatever happened, he must not give Destiny away again, but play up to it manfully. The cook smiled. He bent over the bulwarks and talked to a girl who stood on the wooden quay. Then he walked up the ship, talked to the mate, and came back to Jim, who was leaning on the bulwarks again, looking at the mountain. "You go 'long with her," he said, pointing to the girl. Jim stepped on shore bravely, and walked off with the girl down the sunlit road. The girl had blue eyes and a softly glowing complexion, a shawl was tied over her flaxen hair, her sleeves were white, and she wore a blue serge skirt. Jim limped along beside her in his greasy green-black clothes. All his life at Hull he had never before felt so like a tramp and a ne'er-do-weel. In his excitement he kept explaining to her his condition and suffering in voluble English. They passed up a little stone path, through the hayfields, crossed a bridge over a rushing and roaring river, and came to



a large substantial wooden hut. Here Jim was seated at a table, and given milk and bread and cheese, and a hundred comforts. His soul was fed with fatness. The mother of the household and her daughter attended to him, freely and kindly, and with a roughness which put him at his ease. He cracked jokes at them, and laughed as he soaked his bread in the milk and gained strength. The cook soon turned up from the ship. "Now you in luck, my friend," he said. "There is the pier building over there at Sandener, two kilometres, all short of hands, the men busy, milk the cows in the saeters. You get work on the pier." "I thought so," said Jim, and a smile of triumph lit up his face. He was shown some clean straw in a barn next door, and rolled up for a ten hours' sleep. Next day he was off early. His sufferings seemed to have left no effect whatever. He walked lightly along the coast; presently he turned a corner of the bay; and a small village with a wooden hotel came in sight. Sure enough, a wooden pier was being constructed. He walked straight up to a little wooden office, and applied for work. The manager could speak English. There was a considerable colloquy. Jim explained that he had taken a passage over from Hull in search of work. The manager raised his eyebrows in astonishment. Jim told a string of lies in answer to his ques-

tions; he had heard, he said, in Hull that work was to be found in Sandener. The manager was baffled. He put back his cap and stared at the dragged figure. Then he engaged his services as a pile-driver at eighteen krone a week. Jim had a hard day's work. Now and then he feared that he was going to faint. He worked with four Norwegians, heaving up the ton-weight hammer, and letting it fall with a bang on to the pile. He marvelled at his own powers of endurance after his sufferings. What refreshed him was the thought of Destiny. When he was on the point of giving in, the thought came to him, and a sensation of sweetness and happiness stole over him, renewing his strength.

The steersman came to himself with a start. They were close to Sandener; and the boat had entered the shadow of the mountain. The sound of the oars echoed louder. He steered towards the wooden pier. On it stood his wife, smiling and waving. They landed, made the boat fast for the night, and walked up all together to the house with the flagstaff. The mountain rose above his house, gray, vast, and barren in the gathering gloom. But it brought no chill or vague foreboding to his breast. For, in spite of his settled life and prosperity, he still loved Destiny.

*G. Warre Cornish.*

*The Independent Review.*

## THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST.—VI.

### THE BLOCKADE-RUNNER.

*Tient-sin, November.*

The autumn sun was just sinking in a bank of haze through which it peered, a murky globule of tarnished rose, when the skipper of the *George Washington* changed his course to make the Chefoo headland. The fog which

hung heavily to the north-west had beaten the breeze. There was not a ripple on the oily surface of the Yellow Sea; and the countless fingers radiating from the Chefoo light heralded a real thick Pechill night. The skipper of the *George Washington*, a rough ill-hewn

Norwegian, came up from the chart-house, and, thrusting his great hairy hands deep into his coarse duck pockets, stepped the bridge pace for pace with his "hard case" mate, and talked gruffly of the sweets of the Karl Frederick's bar in Tsin-tau, their last port of call. The Malay quartermaster blinked stolidly at the wheel behind them. There is no worry about pilots in Chefoo's open roadstead; and once the skipper had made the headland, he just tucked the *George Washington* in behind a Butterfield & Swire's packet, and followed her stern light. His eye caught the great cloud of black smoke which, also beaten by the mist, trailed heavily behind the coaster. Then he glanced quickly up at his own smoke-stack. A similar dead-weight of burnt Japanese coal hung in motionless cloud behind him. The Norwegian stopped and said curtly to the mate, "Tell the engineer I want to see him."

In five minutes a little wizened figure stood at the skipper's elbow. A grimy finger touched the greasy pilot-cap which was pulled well down over a pair of ferret eyes.

"You wanted me, sir?"

"Yes, Higgin. Have you got that 'Welsh' trimmed?"

The little ferrety eyes gave a knowing signal as the dilapidated machinist made answer, "Rather: the Japanese on top will just take us in." The gnarled mate, returned from his errand, had walked over to the rail, and as he stared at the lights now beginning to twinkle on Chefoo Bluff, was making a mental calculation as to how much two thousand Mexican dollars a-month would work out per diem. Then it struck him that the sun had sunk low enough for their purpose, and he sent a deck hand to take in the sun-bleached ensign from astern. They were now up amongst the war-ships. The skipper took them astern of the *Hai-shen*, then inside the Austrians.

As they passed the *Vicksburg* and the American tender, the Chinese bos'un and winchmen clambered on to the forecastle, where the mate joined them. They were right under the Bluff now, with its countless lights dancing across the harbor-swell. The whirr of a winch told them that the Butterfield & Swire boat had let go her anchor. The skipper brought the *George Washington* in between her and a China Merchant, and dropped his hook.

In ten minutes the Chinese Maritime Customs' boat was alongside, and the little white-haired "runner" satisfied that the *George Washington* was carrying a cargo of Moji coal to Tsin-wan-tau, and had put into Chefoo to take water and the 100 tons of Chinese cargo consigned to the treaty port of Newchwang. Having settled his business with the port authorities, the skipper changed his duck suiting for a presentable suit of serge. Handing the ship over to the mate, he selected a *sanpan* from the cluster of hopeful boatmen swarming round the ladder, and went shorewards with his mind full of thoughts of a Beach Hotel dinner.

The *sanpan* brought up at the seawall, and the skipper, throwing a twenty-cent piece into the bottom of the boat, climbed up the steps. A throng of lazy Chinamen was crowding the *bund*. They made way for the burly European as he shaped his course for the town. Just as he reached the cable office an exceptionally dirty coolie ran up to him and saluted with a half-naval, half-civilian tug at his ancient cloth-cap.

"Alright, master, Mr. Balleyhew Beach Hotel have got!"

The skipper shook his head, and answered, "All right, Wong"; while the Chinaman slunk away much as a ricksha-coolie would on his solicitations being rebuffed. The skipper walked directly to the hotel and turned into the

bar entrance. A couple of coasting-masters were standing at the counter, and they both greeted the Norwegian, "Hullo, Jorgessen; we heard that they had sent you to Siberia to do a little hard labor."

"How did you manage to get clear of Vladivostock? Have a Scotch!" The skipper joined his colleagues, and helped himself from the bottle they pushed towards him before he made answer.

"I've been away some time. They talked much about the old hooker; but they let her go. There's pretty rough times in the coast-trade now."

"What have you got now?"

"George Washington, an old tank chartered to carry coal for the Pechill Mining Company."

"I know her," said one of the masters, flicking the ash from his cigar; "converted Holt boat. Rather fast boat for the coal-trade, not, Jorgessen?"

The skipper shrugged his shoulders, stood the men a further potion, and then excused himself and withdrew into the hotel. He sauntered into the entrance-hall, ordered the boy to keep him a place at dinner, and then scanned the visitors' list. Finding the number of the room he required, he spent two dollars in playing with an automatic gambling-machine before disappearing up the residential passage. Having ascertained the right room, he knocked sharply at the door and entered. A fair, almost boyish, young Englishman rose to meet him.

"Well, Jorgessen, how are your nerves? you have a fine night."

The dour Norwegian smiled sardonically as he answered, "The promise of such a night has prompted me to come earlier than I intended; but I would have preferred a gale of wind!"

"Why did you come in here at all?" queried the youth.

"Because we heard that they were

watching off Shantung for direct sailings to ports in the Gulf of Pechill. This spell of fair weather necessitates caution. As it was, we were signalled by the *Chiyoda* yesterday: if we had been bound for any port but Chefoo, she would probably have overhauled us, and we didn't want that. Also, I would like to see the color of the money. Half down, I think!"

The Englishman moved across the room to the writing-table, unlocked a despatch-box, and, lifting the lid, took out a bundle of crisp notes. The wad was a couple of inches thick.

"How much was it?" the youth said as he wetted his thumb.

"Fifteen thousand roubles!"

"Fifteen thousand roubles it is!" and he counted out thirty of the notes. "Wouldn't you like me to keep them for you? I wouldn't advise you to take them with you."

"I wish to take them," the skipper answered almost sullenly. "I know what to do with them," and he thrust the packet into his hip-pocket.

"When will you sail?" and the Englishman returned the balance to his despatch-box, turning the key.

"As soon as the Chinese rubbish is on board: I suppose you sent the lighters off?"

"Yes; they are alongside now."

"And my papers?"

"Will be on board by ten o'clock: it's lucky we haven't to deal with the British consul!"

"Well, good-bye then," and the Norwegian crushed the youth's slim hand in his massive paw.

"Good-bye, and may fortune be with you! When shall we expect you back in Chefoo?"

"That depends on the weather and the—Japanese!"

The skipper slammed the door behind him and shambled into the dining-room. He sat down to his dinner with 15,000 roubles in his pocket as uncon-

cernedly as if he had just received his monthly pay of fifteen pounds.

The two coasting masters, after their shore revel, were returning to their respective ships about midnight. As the *sanpan* took them under the stern of the Butterfield & Swire boat, which was still taking cargo, one of them remarked—

"Hello, old Jorgessen's tank has pulled out. Old surly Jorg didn't look as if he was in such a 'continental' hurry. Wonder what the glass says: the old boy knows this condemned harbor,—'spose he's gone to another anchorage."

"He'll consider himself d—d lucky if he casts his hook where he hopes to by sun up to-morrow, or my name's not Thompson. He'll be steaming with doused lights the night, or I'm a Dutchman!"

"What! a dash for Port Arthur! It's a fine thick night for it."

"Well, the Pechili Company don't usually ferry coals in sixteen-knot hookers."

The sound of the Butterfield & Swire winches drowned further conversation. . . .

The master of the coaster had been wrong in his supposition about the lights. When he gave it as his opinion that the *George Washington* was steaming for Port Arthur with "doused lights," she was steering for the Howki light with all the outward appearance of an honest trader. But a look round her decks would have shown that something unusual was under way. After taking in her cargo at Chefoo the hoist-spars had been lowered and housed. Now the winches had been again uncovered and the spars unshipped, and were being swung out over the side, as if in preparation to take in cargo again. The vessel, too, was slipping through the water at such

a pace as told that the engines were under their fullest pressure. The night was as dark as pitch, and the fog so thick that it was with difficulty you saw the lines of the fore-castle from the bridge. The skipper stood alone on the bridge with the blinking Malay at the wheel, while the mate busied himself with the preparations of the lifting-gear. This finished, he mustered his Chinese crew, and, opening a locker just abaft the foremast, handed to each an iron belaying-pin. This finished, he rejoined his chief on the bridge, and for an hour the two paced up and down without exchanging a word. Suddenly a voice from the fore-castle reported the Howki light. The skipper and mate went down into the chart-room, and in five minutes the course was set. The skipper returned to the bridge and put the helm over until the ship's head was due north, while the mate whistled the boatswain; and in five minutes mast-head, stern, and side-lights had been brought in and the lanterns placed, still lighted, in the lamp-room. The ship in five minutes had become a thing of darkness, ploughing into the midst of darkness. . . .

The *George Washington* was doing her best. The glow at the top of the smoke-stack was all that was visible ten yards from her, except the white phosphorescent race which she churned up with her propeller. The darkness seemed to form up in front of her as some great opaque wall. The mist had gathered rather than dispersed. The mate came back from examining the patent log. It registered 17 knots, point 2. The engines registered 16; there was therefore a current with her, and the skipper, calculating that she was setting to the east, still held on due north.

"That should bring her to her destination in two hours, or pile her on the rocks." The skipper set his teeth and

stamped his sea-boots on the deck, for the fog was wet and cold. The crew were huddled into one of the deck-houses. The only lights were the carefully screened binnacle and the suspicion of glare from the smoke-stack. In another forty minutes he would have nothing to fear but loose mines and the rocks. The blockade was nearly run, and they had not seen the vestige of a Jap.

What was that? Something seemed to break into the monotonous grind of the throbbing engines. The two officers moved to the port side and leaned far over the rail with eager ears. Nothing; the swish of their own displacement drowned everything. What relief! No; there it is again. It is unmistakable this time: it is the peculiar pant of a torpedo craft. The look-outs have got it now, for they too are craning over the rail. Yes; there is a dark body moving parallel with them. The skipper seizes the night-glasses. He need not have worried, for the closed eye of the searchlight is suddenly opened; and though it falters in its struggle with the fog, yet the blurred beam can cleave the gloom sufficiently for the information of both crews.

"Small torpedo-boat" is the Norwegian skipper's verdict. "Get the lights shipped again," Mr. Poole, and look round and see if more swine of her kind are on hand. If there are, we must run for it and trust to providence; if she is alone, well—" and he glanced up at the outline of the holsting-gear.

In the meantime the torpedo-boat was groping with its searchlight to ascertain the nature of the craft she had discovered. In a sea so calm it took her no time to decrease the distance until the searchlight could overpower the fog.

But by this time the *George Washington* had its port side light again showing. The boat was now close enough

to speak. The challenge came in English through a megaphone.

"Ship ahoy—What ship is that?"

The skipper put his hands together and shouted through them "*George Washington*, Norwegian; Shanghai to Tsin-wan-tau."

The Japanese evidently did not hear very well; at least they did not seem to understand, for the megaphone rasped out the peremptory order, "Stop, or we'll sink you!"

The mate was now back on the bridge. The skipper with his hand on the telegraph turned to him inquiringly. Instinctively the mate understood. "It's all right, old man; they are solitary, and everything's ready!" Over went the telegraph's handle. The bell rang back from the engine-room, and the throbbing in the ship's internals ceased.

"Stop her!" shrieked the megaphone.

"She's stopped, you blankety fools!" answered the skipper.

It takes a ship in good trim doing sixteen knots some time to run to a standstill, so the torpedo-boat improved the opportunity, circling round her quarry and scrutinizing her under the beam of its searchlight. But the fog was so opaque that at the distance she thought it safe to keep she could have made out but little detail.

The English-speaking expert on the megaphone kept up a running supply of queries. At last he shouted, "Why had you not all your lights?"

"You made that out, did you?" mused the captain, as he shouted back, "Electric lighted ship—dynamo suddenly gave out—had to light oil lights."

"Don't understand—stand by for a rope—am coming alongside."

"Port or starboard?" asked the skipper.

"Port!"

"Thank our lucky stars for this calm," soliloquized the skipper; then, aloud, "Everything ready, Mr. Poole?"



"Ay, ay, sir!"

The torpedo-boat turned round, shut off the searchlight, and, reducing her speed, swung down on the *George Washington*. A few pants from the oscillating engines, the chime of the bell, a slight bump, and the torpedo-boat was alongside. The rope was thrown up and made fast. The first man of the boarding party was swinging himself up by the gangway, when a deep voice from the collier's bridge shouted "Let go!"

Two blows with a hammer—a winch whirring like an express train, and then with a grinding crash a cast-iron patent anchor with a forty-foot play tore its way through the deck, fore compartment, and bottom of the torpedo-boat. The resistance might have been tissue paper, for the released steel hawse followed after the anchor. The

mate parted the rope holding the torpedo-boat with a single blow of his axe. The skipper telegraphed the engine-room, "Full steam ahead." The Chinese boatswain brained the boarding-officer with his belaying-pin. With a convulsive shudder, as if she were a human being shaking off a reptile, the *George Washington* drew clear of the torpedo-boat. And just in time, for the rush of water spurting up within the little boat had reached her boilers, and she burst asunder with a report like a blasting charge. Then the black curtain of fog and night closed over all.

"Narrow squeak, Mr. Poole," grunted the skipper as the mate joined him on the bridge.

"Dirty business; but it worked famously, sir. What's that ahead?"

"Port Arthur searchlights: if we don't hit a mine, we're through!"

#### THE AFFAIR OF THE BRIDGE-GUARD.

A smart little Japanese officer, resplendent in the amalgamation of yellow, green, and scarlet which furnishes the uniform of the Guards cavalry, rode up to the portico of the unpretentious building, which is the headquarters of the great General Staff in Tokio. A foreign onlooker would have remarked upon the seat of this little light cavalryman. He sat his horse far better than the majority of cavalry officers to be seen in the capital; also, there was a cut about his tunic and a smartness in his general appearance which were in contrast to what is generally seen in the capital of the Mikado's Empire. There was a reason for this. Lieutenant Zamoto had just returned from the best finishing school in the world for a cavalry officer. He had been associated for the last two years with a Bengal cavalry regiment, and consequently had taken his final polish from the best type of cavalry officer living.

Proud of his profession and imitative to a degree, if he found aught in the possession of others that was worthy of imitation, Zamoto had fashioned himself on all that was best in the atmosphere of three great Continental nations, and he had returned to his home a model of what every cavalry officer of the Guard should be, no matter what his race, breeding, or origin.

The little infantry sentry in the portico came hurriedly to "the present," with all the clatter and precision required in a German text-book. As Zamoto dismounted, an orderly dropped down the steps and took his horse from him. Just stopping to brush the dust from his patent-leather boots, Zamoto entered the portal of the Staff building, the faculty of which, though at the moment in the midst of peace, was working diligently at the machinery which would have made immediate warfare possible. As Zamoto clattered in, the messengers and

orderlies stood up in their places. He acknowledged the salutation, as any well-bred Japanese would have done, whether his regiment was Cavalry of the Guard or not, and mounting the stairway went up to the office of the staff-officer who had summoned him.

He opened the door without ceremony, and was welcomed by his brother officer with as much formal courtesy as if he had been a total stranger. A glance round the room declared at once the immeasurable difference between the East and West. The officer whom he was visiting, if his titles could be accurately translated into English, would possibly have been a D.A.Q.M.G. for intelligence. His office was likewise his lodging. He had a little cubicle of a room. In one corner was a camp-bed, which bore the evidence of having been slept in on the preceding night. A miniature toilet-stand stood beside it. For the rest, the furniture consisted of two chairs, a table, and an iron-bound chest, the latter apparently for the safe keeping of documents. The office-table, however, was a pattern of neatness. All along its length lay docketed piles of telegrams, and it was evident from the writing materials in front of this D.A.Q.M.G. that his duties lay in the digesting of the contents of each telegram that reached his department. The weather was hot, and consequently the staff-officer had discarded most of his uniform. His red-banded shako was thrown on the bed, his sword hung on a nail from the wall, while his tunic had slipped on to the floor behind him. Zamoto sat down on the one vacant chair, and after the first pleasantries which etiquette required, remarked—

"Well, I received your telegram, and here I am."

The staff-officer looked at him sleepily between his little slits of eyelids: it would have seemed that he took no in-

terest in the question or the visitor, but that sleepy look was penetrating and searching. He was trying to detect in Zamoto's features any sign that might exist of recent debauchery or ill-living likely to prove prejudicial to future soldierly conduct. Doubtless Zamoto knew that he was undergoing this scrutiny. For a moment the two men looked at each other impassively, and then the meaningless smile flickered over the staff officer's features as he passed to the cavalryman a paper packet of cigarettes.

"Well," said the staff-officer, as he lighted his cigarette from a little ball of live charcoal in the ash-tray at his elbow, "It is not I who wanted to see you. You have been sent for by a higher authority—he will see you now; come along with me."

Thereupon the staff-officer picked up his coat, shook it, and put it on, readjusted his sword-belt, and led Zamoto through a side-door into the neighboring room.

An elderly officer, with his shako awry, and his tunic all unbuttoned, was sitting cross-legged on a chair. He was leaning over a map and sucking laboriously at a fat cigar. His butcher boots had evidently inconvenienced him, for they had been cast off and were lying under the table; his socks were striped in black and white, and that of the left foot had a big hole in the heel. This was the picture that met Zamoto as he stood stiffly to attention, having brought his heels together with smartness and precision.

"Your Excellency, here is Lieutenant Zamoto."

With this brief introduction the staff-officer withdrew and closed the door behind him. The general inclined his head in acknowledgment of the entrance of his subordinates, and turning round in his chair, took a slip of paper out of a basket on the floor by his

side. He gave one brief glance at the subaltern before him, and commenced to read from the paper.

"You will proceed immediately to Yinkow; there you will report yourself to the Japanese consul, who will put you into communication with a certain person in Newchwang; with the instructions of that person you will place yourself in communication with a certain section of the Hun-hutzas. It will be your duty to use your knowledge of that part of China to organize certain of these Hun-hutzas after the Japanese system. Of that system you are already aware. You will receive more definite instructions from time to time after you have arrived at Yinkow. You will proceed in a civilian capacity in any guise that you may see fit."

Having finished reading the paper, the little old man tossed it back in the basket, adding—

"Do you understand clearly?"

The subaltern nodded his assent. "Then," continued the general, "understanding your duty, go and perform it well, looking for strength and guidance to the far-reaching power and goodness of our Emperor."

Knowing he was dismissed, Zamoto bowed again, and rejoined the staff-officer in the next room.

Five Chinese were lying huddled close together on the raised platform which serves all Manchu households for a bed. In spite of its paper windows and the state of the season outside, the interior of the room was not cold, at least not at the spot where the five men were lying, since it is the custom of these people in winter to maintain a permanent fire in an outhouse, the flue of which passes under the common bed. Although the only light in the room was from the faint glow of a smoking oil-lamp perched on the end of a rod, yet it was sufficient to

show that the house belonged to one of the poorest and dirtiest of Manchu husbandmen. Everything was black and murky with lamp-smoke. Lumps of flesh, which, if it had not been for the intense cold, would long ago have been putrefying, were hanging from the centre joists. Yet it is in hovels like this that one is glad to penetrate when one is caught in a Manchurian wind-storm.

The five men appeared to be asleep, for there was no movement noticeable amongst the skins which covered them other than the even rise and fall of human respiration. Presently there was a sound outside. A heavy door moved, and half a dozen sleeping dogs were disturbed into temporary excitement. There were the sounds of a man stamping his feet, and it seemed from the swish of fuel that he was stoking the fire in the outhouse. Doubtless some belated wayfarer, who, almost frozen by the bitter cold outside, was now warming himself before the grateful embers. Then the door of the sleeping apartment opened, and the figure of a sixth Chinaman appeared. He, like his fellows, was clad in skins, and icicles stood out from the fur adjacent to his face. The dim light from the spluttering oil-lamp made the frost upon his garments glisten and sparkle, as if he were covered with stage spangles. The figure moved over to the five sleeping men, and shook them, one by one, by the foot. Their sleep was evidently that of men who are used to catch such scanty repose as opportunity will allow, for in a moment all five were awake. A few words from the recent comer and they were tightening their belts and taking down arms from the rafters above them. They were a band of Hun-hutzas, members of the fraternity of licensed highwaymen who haunt the valley of the Liau-ho. It was evident that they had some desperate work in hand, for the late-

comer imparted his information to each in turn, and the men conversed in whispers. The late-comer then went to a brass-bound chest which stood against the household bed. He opened the lid; the chest was full to the brim with barley. Taking off his fur gauntlet, the Hun-hutza plunged his arm into the barley and drew out a metal cylinder. He repeated this operation until he had possessed himself of four similar cylinders; these he secreted in the big inside pouch of his fur robe.

Thus equipped, the six men, leaving the lamp burning, stole out of the room—out through the pent-house, past the growling dogs, into the court beyond, across the courtyard to another building. The stamping of hoofs on the frozen floor indicated that it was a stable. Six ponies were led out one by one, and then the great iron-bound and quaintly carved door of the courtyard was gingerly opened, and the six men led their horses through into the howling blizzard outside. They girthed up, mounted their unwilling steeds, and in single file rode northwards. For an hour, perhaps, they were together, constantly beating their arms against their sides to keep the circulation in their extremities. At the end of an hour they arrived at a little group of trees. Here they halted and dismounted, two of the men remaining with the ponies, while the other four started out across the snow. The blizzards in Manchuria do not drift much snow that lies: it is the wind and the frost that kill on this vast steppe. But by now the fury of the storm had somewhat abated; and as there was no moon, and the recent snow had become slippery, their progress was slow. It was certain that their mission was one of extreme danger, and necessitated the utmost caution, for the men had cast their fire-arms loose, and had them ready to hand. It seemed, though it was diffi-

cult to see, that they were armed with modern rifles. Suddenly they halted again, and threw themselves flat on the snow. By the aid of the stars and the white mantle that covered the whole surface of the earth, by straining the eyes it was just possible to make out the outline of some obstacle ahead. It was evidently the objective of this desperate quartette. A well-known sound strikes the ear. There is the pant and fuss of a locomotive breasting an incline. It approaches nearer and nearer, and the four desperadoes lying flat on their stomachs can see a shower of sparks which the wood fuel emits from the funnel. The rise has been mastered, and fifty yards in front of the prostrate men the great train passes, shaking into a better pace as the last of its long load of wagons arrives above the crest. All is clear now. The four night-birds are train-wreckers working in the interests of the Japanese against the Russian communications. The train passes, and the red light on the aftermost truck is disappearing in the far distance. Then the four men again begin to worm themselves forward on their stomachs. From time to time they hear the guttural shouts of the Siberian railway guards from an adjacent picket. The night is dark, and they trust to arrive at the line unseen. After a tedious and wearying half-hour they reach the edge of the cutting by the permanent way. The man with the cylinders has already got his hand inside his pouch, and is preparing to draw out the blasting charges. Suddenly there is a shout from behind. Anxiously each of the four turns his head in the direction of the sound. But they are too late, the recent snow has dulled the sound of the hoofs, and before they can spring up and defend themselves they are at the mercy of a patrol of half a dozen Cossack lancers. To fight is impossi-

ble: three of the Hun-hutzas throw themselves on their knees and pray for mercy. The fourth, he with the cylinders, makes an effort to cast his rifle loose and defend himself; but the Cossack *sous-officier* sees the movement, and, driving the butt of his lance hard into the wretch's stomach, hurls him breathless to the ground.

It is a beautiful morning as these severe winter mornings go, and the two Russian officers in charge of the bridge-guard turn out of their snug little bivouac under the embankment to hear the report that the night patrols have captured four train-wreckers red-handed.

"Bring them up," says the tall, fair, fur-covered senior, who is an officer from the European army, and has been posted to this section of the railway on account of the energy he has displayed in preventing damage to the line by the marauding Hun-hutzas. The four wretched culprits are brought before him. Miserables, their captors had extended to them nothing of the hospitality of mean warmth which they themselves were able to find in the bivouac of the bridge-guard. Miserable indeed, but stoical withal. The tall fair Russian, as he lit a cigarette, walked over to the prisoners and peered into the face of the shortest of the four. He took off the fur cap, and then laying hold of the queue beneath, gave it a wrench. It came away in his hand.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"Ha, ha! I thought so; it was too daring for those wretched Manchus to have undertaken by themselves." And the tall Russian laughed loudly. The laugh died on his lips as he looked at the Japanese face before him; he changed from his own tongue to French, looking the while like a man who has seen a ghost.

"My God!" he said, "it must be the same; to think that you should have come to this!"

The masquerading Japanese answered in halting French: "Yes, captain; when we were comrades together in Eure-et-Loire, we never dreamed that it would come to this." The Russian steadied himself, and, without saying a word, took out his cigarette-case and handed the Japanese a cigarette. Then he called his servant and ordered some spirits.

"Perhaps you would prefer tea?" he said to his sorry guest; "it is quite ready, only I must apologize that it is Russian tea."

The little Japanese admitted that he would prefer the tea. As he drank it the Russian captain grimly gave some orders to his escort, and, pulling out his watch, he reverted to French:—

"Lieutenant Zamoto, in five minutes you will be shot. It is the only concession I can make to you. Your three companions will be hanged immediately from the bridge-girders. God bless you!"

O.

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### THE EVENING STAR.

In the flush of the eve, on the edge of the dying day,  
Sudden I came, behold! clear light mid the crimson glow,  
Green fields grown dim in the gloaming dewy before me lay  
And pine trees outlined in umber standing in dusky row.

Flashing and glorious was I, oh, the rapture of light!



Joy I felt, and was giving,—vibrating through and through,  
God-sent, on the edge of the sunset, betwixt the day and the  
night

To whomsoever would know me, I was revealed to view.

C. D. W.

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"GOLD FROM SEA-WATER."

It is not only likely, but certain, that if the announcement were suddenly made that a cheap process had been discovered by which coal could be converted into diamonds, there would be plenty of people who would be afraid of emptying the coal-box on the fire. They would not like the idea of throwing away money. They would calculate how many tons of coal were still left in the cellar—possibly would telephone for more coal at the same price, in case the coal merchant had not seen the newspapers that morning—until, perhaps, it would occur to them a few days afterwards that it did not very much matter. The cheaper the process of converting coal into diamonds, the more diamonds would be made, and the cheaper, therefore, they would become; and if you could make large diamonds, according to size, at prices ranging, say, from ninepence to nine guineas—at which size they would be too heavy to wear as jewels—clearly it would be better to burn coal than to keep it to make diamonds. Nothing, eventually, would be greatly altered, except, of course, that rich women would cease to wear diamonds, and that a good many mortgages made on the security of jewels would have been foreclosed,—at all events, there would have been no interference with the currency.

The parallel is not exact if the discovery of "new wealth"—the *Daily News* seems to have been the first to discover "wealth" in the latest gold-extracting process—has to do with the production of other precious commodities besides diamonds. It was an-

nounced on Saturday last, with all the headlines natural to the occasion, that a discovery had been made "of the utmost magnitude and the most sensational character." For many years attempts had been made to extract gold from sea-water, but "though gold has been collected and precipitated, no process had hitherto been discovered by which it could be extracted on a commercial basis. Our information is that the problem has now been solved, and that gold in practically illimitable quantities is only awaiting the completion of the arrangements which a powerful syndicate have in hand to be pumped from the ocean." All that reads like revolution; and when it is added that the process by which all this gold is to be obtained has been submitted to Sir William Ramsay, and that "he has just reported on it in terms which leave no room for doubt as to its success," is there any other comment to be made except that those who have managed to obtain shares in the syndicate are exceedingly lucky persons? One of the critics of the scheme, indeed, goes so far as to estimate the actual amount of gold which is at the disposal of the ocean-pumping syndicate. Since it is computed that there is something like a grain of gold in a ton of sea-water, and since a grain of gold is worth about twopence, "as there are about sixty thousand billion tons of water in the ocean, any one who can recover it all will have a nice little fortune of £625,000,000,000,000, or over five thousand million tons of solid gold." (We cannot make this sum work out correctly, but

the general drift of the calculation is clear.) At first sight, all that looks very well indeed for the prospects of the syndicate; but it ought perhaps to be added that as yet Sir William Ramsay has taken no shares, that he has written to the papers to state that his report was confidential, and that "the process is still in an elementary stage."

There are possibly other reflections which may occur. For the sake of argument, suppose it to be granted that all these calculations of the amount of gold waiting in the sea for a syndicate to extract it are correct. Suppose it to be a fact that somehow there could be obtained from sea-water so many million tons of gold. You are faced by two difficulties,—first, by the mechanical difficulty of getting the grain of gold dry into your hand out of the water; second, by the obvious fact that if you can manage to extract a sufficiently large quantity of gold in a given time—if, that is to say, again purely for the sake of argument, you could in a year double the amount of solid, malleable gold in existence—you would upset the standards by which the value of goods exchanged among the merchant nations is measured. Would that be a good thing to do? But take the mechanical difficulties first. To begin with, granted that from a ton of sea-water you can get a grain of gold. Pump, then, a thousand tons of pure sea-water into a reservoir and begin to treat it. When you have extracted, by whatever treatment, the thousand grains of gold which were floating somewhere in those thousand tons of water, you have dry gold in your hands value two thousand pence, —roughly four guineas, out of which, of course, you have to pay for your labor and part of the initial cost of the plant put up for extraction. Still, after paying that, you remain, for the sake of argument, two guineas in hand. Next, you have to get rid of your now

goldless sea-water, in order to pump in the next thousand tons to be treated. What are you going to do with it? Clearly it would not be the best thing to do to pump it straight back into the sea where it came from; you might, in that case, unless there were racing tides to carry it away (and perhaps to carry it back again next day), pump again into your reservoir water which you had already treated, and which would be therefore goldless. The best thing to do, obviously, would be to run your waste sea-water through a conduit-pipe or by some other method to a distant coast,—you might, for instance, pump it into your reservoir on one side of the Panama Isthmus and pump it out on the other.

Suppose, for a moment, however, that this physical difficulty could be surmounted, or better, that a much greater secret than this for obtaining gold from sea-water were discovered; suppose that some private individual were able with the utmost secrecy to develop the scheme of a flotilla of ships which should go out simultaneously, each captain armed with the inventor's secret, and which should dip down some kind of magnetic apparatus attracting all the gold in the sea for miles round. Imagine the flotilla secretly returning home, each ship with tons of gold on board; and then imagine the gold supply of the world suddenly doubled, capable of being trebled in a month, quadrupled in two months. What would happen? Would the owner of the flotilla, the inventor of the magnetic apparatus, become amazingly rich? For a time, perhaps; but if his secret were discovered, or if it were known that it was only a chemical secret which stood between wealth and poverty, would he remain rich for long. simply because he could always produce gold to pay for whatever he wanted? He would not, of course. He would probably be assassinated,

since there is always a tendency to believe that secrets can somehow be obtained by killing; but if he were not assassinated, and if the secret leaked out, so that every Government in the world knew how to obtain gold exceedingly cheap, clearly the inventor would become just as poor a man as any one else who possessed merely gold, or paper redeemable by gold. He might as well possess so much sand. If the gold-supply of the world could be multiplied to any extent with absolute ease, and multiplied at irregular intervals, there would be no standard of prices. A quarter of wheat might stand at fifty shillings one day and two hundred and fifty shillings the next day: you might be asked half-a-crown for lunch on Monday and a sovereign for the same lunch on Saturday; you could measure nothing until you discovered a new standard; the gold standard would have disappeared.

But would it be allowed to disappear? the question might be asked. Would there not immediately be an international Convention, called together to make it illegal to collect supplies of

gold of this kind? Could it not be arranged that the sea, at least, should be inviolable, however deeply the earth might be scarred and seamed to get the great thing? True, such a Convention might bring about security of markets in time of peace, though even then there would always be privateers stealing out with magnets, hoping to return undiscovered. But in time of war, if four or five great nations were involved? Then the ships would go out for gold, not one by one, but by all the hundreds which the rich nations could afford. And to what end? To establish, in that last fantastic resort, only this,—the perpetual truth that not by some sudden, easy discovery can any man, or any nation, ever become rich; but that by the calamitous upsetting of an apparently perpetual standard of prices, a new standard must be discovered; that the new standard must involve, not mere ingenuity, but stark labor of body; that "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" is the last test, the ultimate standard, of men's riches.

*The Spectator.*

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### THE HARPER'S SONG.

This sweetness trembling from the strings,  
The troublous music in the lute,  
Hath timed Herodias' daughter's foot.  
Setting a-clink her ankle rings  
When as she danced to feasted kings;

Whose gemmed apparel gleamed and caught  
The sunset 'neath the golden dome.  
To the dark beauties of old Rome  
My sorrowful lute hath haply brought  
Sad memories sweet with tender thought.

When night had fallen, and lights and fires  
Were darkened in the homes of men,  
Some sighing echo stirred, and then  
The old cunning wakened from the wires  
The old sorrows and the old desires.

*Some August Days in Japan.*

Dead Kings in long forgotten lands,  
 And all dead beauteous women. Some  
 Whose pride Imperial hath become,  
 Old armor rusting in the sands,  
 And shards of iron in dusty hands,

Have heard my lyre's soft rise and fall  
 Go trembling down the paven ways  
 Till every heart was all ablaze,  
 Hasty each foot, to obey the call  
 To triumph or to funeral.

Could I begin again the slow,  
 Sweet, mournful music filled with tears,  
 Surely the old dead, dusty ears  
 Would hear, the old drowsy eyes would glow,  
 Old memories come—old hopes and fears  
 And Time restore the long ago.

*The Speaker.*

*John Masefield.*

## SOME AUGUST DAYS IN JAPAN.\*

It is in the spring-time, the far-famed cherry-blossom time, when all Japan makes holiday beneath spacious canopies of pink and white bloom, or a little later, when the giant wistarias display their hanging mauve trusses, while irises, tree-peonies and azaleas create a riot of color in the land, or else in autumn, after rains and storms have passed away and the woods are arrayed in scarlet and gold, that the ever-increasing army of tourists from the West is wont to overrun these pleasant Eastern resorts, testifying to its appreciation thereof in the shrill, nasal, or guttural accents of the divers nationalities which it represents. During the summer, travellers, save such as are bound for the mountains, are warned off from Japan by the guide-books. July and August are months of oppressive, damp heat and frequent rains; flowers, except the lotus, are few at that season, and the mosquito is a burden.

However, seasons vary, and on this

\* Written in 1903.

brilliant August day there is no rain nor sign of any in dusty Tokyo—has been none, they say, for weeks past. The Genza, that wide main thoroughfare of the Mikado's capital, with its incongruous tramcars and multitudinous perspiring foot-passengers, is baking and shimmering in the heat; the untiring little jinrikisha-man in the shafts, whose white mushroom hat goes bobbing along on a level with your feet as you sit beneath a sun umbrella, has to mop his brow continually, though he never relaxes his pace; the masons, busy over their work of demolition and deplorable reconstruction, have discarded all the clothing that can be decently discarded in a city so bent upon becoming European in aspect and habit. The transmogrifying process is being carried out only too rapidly and thoroughly. Everywhere the old wooden houses, with their overhanging tiled roofs, are coming down, to be replaced by meaningless, unsuitable, flimsy structures of brick and stucco; Europe, or rather America, is being re-

produced here with a fidelity as unflattering as a photograph to the commonplace original. The transition effect is depressing. It does not, somehow, seem to imply progress, or at least not progress in the right direction. One has the impression (wrongly perhaps, yet unavoidably) of a vulgar degeneration. Happily, Japan is a land of almost incessant earthquakes.

For the rest, it is easy, and does not take very long, to escape from the dust and noise and bustle of the streets to the seclusion of the Shiba Park, where, girdled by overarching trees and enclosed by rotting black palings, are the mortuary temples of the Tokugawa Shoguns, who for two centuries and a half ruled Japan from the old Yedo, which has not yet been completely converted into new Tokyo. Here at least one has no sense of change, beyond that wrought by lapse of time, stress of destructive weather, and, unfortunately, lack of care. For the shrines of the Shoguns are not much frequented, and the priests in charge are said to be poor—so much so that repairs are visibly neglected. But the work of the patient, laborious artists who adorned these temples, into the twilight of which one penetrates through courts filled with the customary stone lanterns, is virtually imperishable. Employing only the very best materials, they could brave decay. Gold lacquer may have been a little rubbed here and there, colors may have faded somewhat; but the exquisite wood-carving remains sharp and clear, the metals and crystals and inlaying cannot crumble away. Here we have the last word of decorative art; not to be surpassed, nor ever again, one surmises, to be equalled; for never and nowhere again, if an ephemeral denizen of this hurried, narrowed world may venture to prophesy, will such years recur as those in which Japan, closed against foreigners and self-sufficing, could

carry out tasks in hand with so fine a disregard of the pecuniary value of the passing hours.

Of course, such conscientious finish of minutest detail does not make for general effect. Here, as everywhere in Japan, there is a suggestion of disdain for facile ostentation, a hint of secrecy, mystery, dignified reserve, characteristic of a people whose habitations are of the barest simplicity, whose treasured possessions are exhibited only to those who can appreciate them, whose elaborate and charming courtesy veils one knows not what sentiments, opinions, aims. If you wish to enjoy the beauties of the Shiba temples you must look for them, and look rather closely in that semi-darkness. Yet the general effect, whether designedly or not, is there: an effect at once glorious and mournful, which fitly commemorates departed rulers and an abolished system of rule. It is very quiet and still among these shrines and tombs; the clop, clop of wooden clogs is heard only at intervals in the courts that surround them; the hum of the living city comes but faintly and fitfully upon the breeze which sets the leaves overhead rustling; the one persistent sound is the peculiar dirge-like croak—*Ah! ah! ah!*—of ravens, hovering always above the temple roofs.

Ravens are long-lived birds, and to be old is to be conservative. If they lament the vanished magnificences of Ieyasu and his successors, of feudal daimyos and attendant samurai, of a civilization which needed not to borrow or imitate, unless from that neighboring civilization on the mainland whence it took its start, possibly they may have some human congeners in this abruptly revolutionized country. Possibly, and, one would imagine, probably; although there is not much to confirm conjecture in that direction. Something in the nature and genius of the race—patriotism, perhaps, or the



ingrained habit of obedience, or one of the many forms of Oriental fatalism—seems to lead them towards a ready and cheerful acquiescence in the decrees of their rulers. Without audible murmurs they accept all that has been thrust upon them: the preposterous buildings, the greatly increased cost of living, the absurd European costume (which is now obligatory, at least at Court), the substitution of European laws, customs, and methods of government for those which, through long use and wont, must have become dear to their hearts. And for what equivalent? Once upon a time, when Napoleon III. passed for an ambitious would-be conqueror, and certain small States lived in fear of their formidable neighbor, a fire-eating subject of his was engaged in controversy with a Genevese professor upon the drawbacks and advantages of annexation.

"Mals, monsieur," he exclaimed at last, "*ça vous est-il égal de pouvoir dire Je suis Fr-r-rançais ou d'avouer que vous êtes*"—and here he dropped his voice to a demure whisper—"Suisse?"

Is it or is it not worth some sacrifice of personal convenience to belong to a great nation? Does patriotism necessarily mean ambition to see one's nation powerful, or will desire for the blessings of unobtrusive prosperity suffice? Be that as it may, the intense patriotism of the Japanese is beyond dispute, and when some forty-five millions of human beings are admittedly patriotic, intelligent, docile, and fearless, they are likely to go far, provided that they have capable leaders. Japan, we are assured, does not dream of becoming paramount in Asia; her legitimate aspirations have been formulated over and over again; if only these can be realized, she will not ask for more; the Yellow Peril is a ridiculous bogey. Perhaps so.

Meanwhile, on this sultry August day our Tokyo friends profess to be

seeking peace and ensuling it. They have been told that they must really be reasonable, and have smilingly replied that if they are anything, they are that. Fight Russia single-handed? Oh, but of course not! Not, at least, unless their very existence as a nation should be threatened; in which case, naturally, they would have to defend themselves to the best of their poor ability. They quite understand that the Great Powers cannot and will not be drawn into a general war for the sake of their *beaux yeux*. Glittering, obliquely set, heavy lidded little boot-buttons of eyes, which reveal nothing, but see all that there is to be seen! If the Japanese are as inscrutable as diplomatists, merchants, and travellers unite in pronouncing them, they probably have not the same complaint to make of us, our ingenuous Western motives and methods lying so very much upon the surface—for the admiration or otherwise of the contemplative. .

Well, let us give ourselves the pleasure and amusement of watching them in their surface aspect, since we are not likely to penetrate far beneath it. A foreigner may watch them for a long time without ceasing to be pleased and amused. Simple, kindly, good-humored folk, one would say; devoted, as everybody has noticed, to children and boundlessly patient with them; not unlike good children themselves, and certainly most unlike descendants of the truculent warriors whom their artists love to depict. The well-knit little soldiers of to-day, in their clean white linen uniforms, look fit for work, it is true, but convey no impression of the suppressed cruelty and lust for blood which are so unmistakably legible upon the rascally visages of the Chinamen whom they put to confusion nine years ago. Numbers of them are strolling—hand in hand generally—about the Ueno Park on the other side of the city, a

more popular place of resort than Shiba. Here, in shrines not less superbly adorned than those which we have quitted, lie six more dead Shoguns; here, too, is the famous avenue of cherry-trees, which attracts thousands of visitors from all districts in spring; and here a lake, charmingly starred just now with lotus flowers. The air is heavy, the heat and glare are overpowering; but the little strollers do not seem to mind. It is impossible (at least if Western standards of beauty are to be accepted) to call them anything but ugly; yet one almost loves them, and is altogether grateful to them, for wearing an aspect so free from care. Our parks and streets at home can show nothing like that for the consolation of wayfarers who have themselves left the age of gayety behind. Troubled, harassed, despairing, or dully vacant, the faces that keep flitting past you there have fifty tales to tell; but barely among a hundred will you detect one which bespeaks a contented owner. In Japan the apparent percentage of discontent is as small. Nowhere else in the world are people to be found so universally, so palpably enamored of sheer existence. Yet they have little or no objection to being killed. Is that because the Christian privilege of looking forward to a possible eternity of torment is denied to them, or because with them love of country is not nominally, but quite simply and unfeignedly, stronger than the love of life itself?

It is a life-loving, laughter-loving crowd that swarms round about the great Buddhist temple of Kwannon, the thousand-handed Goddess of Mercy, that strange, busy, noisy place, thronged with dealers in toys, charm-sellers, loungers, clucking poultry—possibly a few pilgrims or worshippers. Many *ex-votos*, in the shape of pictures and lanterns, adorn the structure, lending it the aspect of a cheerful pagan

Lourdes. The great hall of the temple stands open; clogs and sandals are not removed by the multitudes who make a thoroughfare and a meeting-place of it. But the altar, resplendent with gilding, flowers, lighted lamps and candles, is shut off by a wire screen, behind which some priests are nasally chanting.

In the Asakusa gardens, hard by, a species of permanent fair is held, with the usual accompaniments of performing bears, monkeys, jugglers, and so forth; also a quaint show of marionettes, which skip nimbly through interminable dramas without wearing out the patience of the enthralled spectators. In one of these the scene descends at length to the bottom of the sea, where intrepid divers do battle with submarine monsters and an improbable crocodile or alligator gobbles them up for their pains, to the huge amusement of the audience.

The day wanes, the sun sinks, the shadows of evening close in, bringing no abatement of the heat. The little people begin to stream back citywards, chattering, laughing, manipulating their paper fans. How can one take them seriously? How can it be supposed that they will ever be so crazy as to match their strength against that of the grim Northern giant whom they must, nevertheless, face one of these days in deadly combat, unless they are prepared to accept virtual vassaldom without striking a blow? They are, no doubt, a fighting race, little as they have the air of it, and their shores have never been menaced with invasion since Kublai Khan's Mongol fleet was dispersed by them some six centuries ago; but the question which still remains a question is whether their abrupt and unreserved adoption of a civilization which is not theirs will have the results for which alone so much that was more or less definitely theirs has been flung away. Success

justifies all measures, courage often commands success, and fortune favors the brave. Yet surely among these millions of bold innovators there must be doubting spirits not a few who, if they say nothing, look forward with dismay to the perilous future and backward with a sigh to the days of Japan's grandeur and isolation under the Tokugawa dynasty, which refused all dealings, peaceful or warlike, with outer barbarians. As the swift jinrikisha skims past those silent, withdrawn temples of the old Shoguns in the fading light, the ravens, poised overhead, renew their monotonous wail—*Ah! ah! ah!*

A hundred miles away from sweltering Tokyo, and 2000 feet or thereabouts above the sea-level, lovely Nikko affords shade and comparative coolness to exhausted travellers. Nikko, embosomed in greenery, traversed by a tumbling torrent, walled in by peaked mountains, and famous all the world over as the last resting-place of the great Tokugawa Shogun and his grandson, is a straggling village which can never, one rejoices to think, be deprived of its quite special and peculiar natural beauty. It contains, to be sure, quasi-European hotels and a fair number of European and American tourists; but the former, even if they were ugly (which, happily, they are not), could scarcely offend the eye, so concealed are they by screens of trees and flowering shrubs; while as for the latter—well, one must submit to the consequences of having been born in the nineteenth century.

Hither, early in the seventeenth, when Japan had been hermetically sealed against alien intruders, were conveyed for final sepulture the remains of Ieyasu, founder of his dynasty, and perhaps no dead man on the surface of this planet is more regally

lodged. From distant Shizuoka they carried his body in solemn procession, taking eighteen days about it, crossing the broad plains and scaling the heights along those straight alleys, bordered by giant cryptomerias, which remain to this day, although their use has been superseded by railways, and on a quiet, wooded summit he sleeps, with the gorgeous mortuary temple which has been erected to his memory beneath him. What, if he could be aroused from his dignified slumber, would he think of the nation which continues to honor him, though it has so diametrically reversed his policy? What would any great man think of his successors? This one, who was a brilliant general, a wise law-giver, a munificent patron of literature and art, belonged to his epoch and appears to have grasped its requirements. His grandson, Iemitsu, who abolished Christianity (for reasons which may well have seemed to him sufficient), and who finally excluded foreigners, lies near him, and is immortalized by a shrine of equal beauty and wonder. These two mausoleums are considered to surpass the Shiba temples at Tokyo, which, for the rest, they closely resemble. Here, as there, is a bewilderment of color and detail, an infinite profusion of gold lacquer, of intricate carving, of minute, elaborate design, a suggestion, to tell the truth, of magnified *bonbonnières*. Here, as there, are many courts, with stone lanterns, splendid gateways and pagodas, approached always through the simple but strangely effective *torii*, composed of two upright and two transverse beams or blocks of stone, the latter curved upwards at the ends, which are so characteristic of Japan, although, like everything else Japanese, they are said to have been originally introduced from the mainland. Only here the general result is one of enhanced grandeur, of more spacious symmetry, of a some-

what less grudging concession to spectators who would fain view great achievements as a whole. The Nikko temples, compared with those of Shiba, are as a symphony to a sonata.

The situation aids—a steep hillside, with long flights of mossgrown stone steps, shaded by solemn, secular cryptomerias, green vistas in which the light is always subdued and where scarcely a sound is heard, save the stirring of the wind in tree-tops far overhead. One is reminded of *zephyris agitata Tempe*. Ieyasu's tomb, which stands on the highest crest, is a simple cylinder of pale-colored bronze, in which there is said to be an admixture of gold.

If these temples of wood and stone, the work of men's hands, are the chief glory of Nikko, it has to be acknowledged that they in their turn are under a deep obligation to Nature, which has provided for them so exquisite and appropriate a setting. The gayety which is the dominant note of Japanese towns, villages, and landscapes is somewhat chastened here, as if out of respect to the mighty dead; the far-reaching forests, pierced by grassy avenues, for which the evergreen trees furnish a perpetual lofty arch, breathe of inviolable rest and peace; if it could in any way matter what becomes of one's discarded body after death, one might have a fancy for being interred at Nikko rather than—shall we say?—at Kensal Green or the Woking Necropolis. But although there is a suggestion of gentle melancholy about this mountain gorge, down which the Daiyagawa tumbles impetuously on its way towards the sea, abundant color preserves it from being sombre. The silvery foam of the torrent, the masses of foliage, the red trunks of the cryptomerias, Nantaizan, the holy mountain, towering soft and blue against the sky, all harmonize and combine to form a succession of vignettes which imprint

themselves upon the memory, like certain lines of poetry, because they are so completely satisfying of their kind. One celebrated note, alas! makes default—the sacred bridge of vermilion lacquer, swept away, just a year ago, in a typhoon which wrought terrible havoc all along the banks of the suddenly swollen river, wrecking roads, paths, and embankments, drowning many villages and razing their lightly built habitations to the ground. For two centuries and a half the famous bridge braved storms and floods, never, it is said, needing to be repaired during that time, so solidly was it upheld by its massive stone piers; but—*tant va la cruche à l'eau!* Its day came, and the superstitious, if such there be in the land, may see in its downfall at this particular juncture a sinister omen.

Probably, however, there is not much genuine superstition left among a people resolved to put away childish things. There remain, of course, a host of quasi-beliefs, some of which might be matched upon the banks of the Thames. It is lucky to do this, unlucky to do that; certain numbers or conjunctions of numbers are best avoided; ghosts, goblins, and dragons have not yet been formally exorcised. But upon the whole it would appear that the Japanese national character, which exhibits so many irreconcilable traits to the puzzled European student, is not very readily receptive of the supernatural. The most religious races are apt to be the most superstitious, and everybody knows (or, at any rate, everybody says) that the Japanese are not religious. The educated among them are rather fond of declaring that religion and morality have nothing to say to one another, and that it does not in the least matter which of the various creeds professed by humanity a man may see fit to adopt, so long as he does his duty. A Japanese does not call himself an adherent of Shinto or

of Buddhism; he practises or neglects each impartially, and the priests of both cults subsist side by side in tolerant amity. Such a condition of things, however incidentally instructive to those whose tenets are more charitable than their conduct, seems scarcely compatible with a fervid faith.

On the other hand, large sums of money are always forthcoming for the rebuilding of the temples which are periodically reduced to ashes in this country of frequent fires. The splendid and imposing Higashi Hongwanji temple at Kyoto, recently reconstructed entirely by voluntary and popular subscription, is an instance. Pilgrimages, too, are annually undertaken by hosts of devout folk to distant shrines, mountains or islands. In this very month of August pilgrims by the thousand are pattering through Nikko on sandalled feet, bound for or returning from the sacred mountain of Nantai-san, whose summit, rising to the respectable height of 9000 feet, dominates the valley. Clad all in white, with "rain-coats" of straw matting slung across their shoulders, carrying stout staves and literally nothing else in the shape of personal gear, they trudge briskly along the dusty road until it dwindles into the sharp ascent of a zigzag mountain path. They come in bands from all parts of the country and differ slightly, though but slightly to Western eyes, in type. No trace is visible upon those impassive yellow or white faces (by the way, Japanese complexions are quite as often dead white as yellow) of the strained, pathetically eager expression which characterizes petitioners at European shrines. Perhaps, being such unexact folk, they do not expect very much; evidently there cannot be a great deal amiss with their physical health, for, in addition to marches of many days across the hot plains, with the probability of being drenched to the skin again and again in

this typhoon season, they have to end up with a climb sufficiently trying to wind and limb.

The lazy tourist scales the heights in comparatively luxurious fashion, a pair of coolies being harnessed tandem to his jinrikisha, while a third pushes it from behind. It seems hardly possible to drag or shove a wheeled vehicle up that rough, rocky track; but the thing is done, and done without apparent difficulty. If the tourist, ashamed of his laziness, insists upon getting out and walking, his muscular little men will nod and grin at him in recognition of a kindly intention, but they do not really care whether he relieves them of their burden or not. At intervals a high-perched teahouse is reached, and then they halt, not because they are tired, but because it is customary to do so, while the tourist, squatting down upon the ground in his stiff, ungainly way, is regaled with sticky sweetmeats and a tiny cup of colorless tea. A coin of microscopic value remunerates the hostess, who promptly drops on all fours, touching the floor with her forehead. Then, if you like to stretch your limbs, you can saunter off to look at the cascade which is sure to be near at hand. Everywhere in this region is the sound of falling water, everywhere is the grateful shade of trees, and, as one mounts higher and higher, the breeze becomes invigoratingly cool. Perhaps a light vapory cloud sweeps down from the neighboring cliffs, trails across the track, and is gone.

From time to time the jinrikisha is drawn aside to give passage to a long string of pack-horses, led almost invariably by peasant women, whose costume of tightly fitting breeches or stockings seems as unsuitable to their sex as are the many descriptions of manual labor assigned to them. But in no rank of life does gallantry towards women enter into the Japanese



system of ethics. Wealthy or poor, peasant or nobly born, they are given to understand from first to last that their duty and earthly mission are summed up in the one word obedience. They are not ill-treated—unless compulsory hard work be accounted ill treatment—but they are certainly regarded as inferior beings, and they have not yet begun to talk about their “rights.” They will do that soon, perhaps, stimulated by the precept and example of their emancipated sisters from beyond the seas, and then upon a surprised male Japan may descend those boons of feminine equality, feminine oratory, feminine general intervention, which contribute so greatly towards making our own lives bright and happy. In the meantime, all travelled scribes unite in singing the praises of the gentle, merry, helpful, good-humored Japanese women. Not here shall the ungenerous theory be hazarded that their being what they are is a result of the training that they have been given.

When a height of about 2000 feet above Nikko, and something over 4000 feet above the sea, has been reached the jinrikisha coolies break into a quick trot; for the path now lies along level, sandy ground, through pine woods, and presently you are upon the shores of Lake Chluzenji, a ruffled sheet of blue-green water, hemmed in by steep, wooded banks and high peaks, which might be in Tyrol were it not for the *torii* and temples in the foreground. Chluzenji is much patronized by merchants and their families from Yokohama, Kobe, and Shanghai. It is also the chosen summer resort of the foreign Ministers, many of whom are the fortunate possessor of waterside dwellings in this deliciously cool and sequestered spot; ideal habitations, nestling amid trees close above the lake, inaccessible save by woodland paths or, more pleasantly still, by flat-bottomed sam-

pans. Only to set eyes upon them is instantly and unhesitatingly to break the tenth commandment all to pieces.

Not that they have latterly been able to allow themselves more than fugitive glimpses of their mountain Capua, these poor diplomatists; for it is a far cry to Tokyo, and the international atmosphere, heavily charged with electricity, has required the presence of authorized lightning-conductors. However, it is all right now, or going to be all right, so they say. Diplomacy, it seems, has been discharging its beneficent mission upon the time-honored lines with which Greeks, Cretans, Armenians, Macedonians, and other interesting, but troublesome, nationalities are mournfully familiar. “Be good little people; make no disturbance, whatever you do, and when the right moment comes we will all see whether something cannot be managed for you.” The right moment never comes—can never by any possibility come; the little people, weary of well-doing without reward, begin to wonder whether it might not, after all, pay better to be naughty; so they tumble down and crack their crowns, and motherly Europe, whilst applying vinegar and brown paper, reminds them, more in sorrow than in anger, that they have only their own impetuosity to blame for their mishap. If kindly admonitions and nebulous promises have been offered to the Japanese—no longer in these days such a very little people—we may be sure that they have been received in a spirit of grateful courtesy. We may further venture to surmise that precisely how much is to be hoped or feared from “*Les Grandes Impuissances*” is known here, and that a nation which has been steadily perfecting its armaments for ten years past looks forward to fighting its own battles when the “right moment” arrives.

But why talk or think about such a gruesome eventuality as a big war on

these serene heights and in this glorious summer weather? How much better to lie supine beneath a spreading tree, or in the bottom of a softly cushioned sampan, and forget the distracted world! It is as easy and as satisfying to do nothing at Chiuzenji as on Venetian lagoons; and this is fortunate, since there is nothing to do, unless you care to try your hand at trolling for salmon or lake trout, with which these waters have been well stocked.

Lake Yumoto, 800 feet higher than and eight miles distant from Chiuzenji, is arrived at by a forest path, a bare, grassy plain, and a somewhat precipitous final ascent, down which a torrent dashes in successive cascades. The sulphur springs for which the village of Yumoto is celebrated announce themselves to the nose from afar. The public baths, which are as public as it is possible to be, inasmuch as they stand open to the adjoining road, are freely used by bathers of both sexes, who do not wear bathing-costumes. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!* It is a mere question of conventionality, and the Japanese, who see no reason for keeping their clothes on while washing themselves, are disagreeably impressed, it is said, by the garb which European ladies describe as full dress. The lake itself, set amid barren heights, is not unlike that of Chiuzenji, but is less smiling, somehow. One can readily believe that both Yumoto and Chiuzenji are liable to be transformed into swift, chilly dreariness by the heavy rains for which the district is, unfortunately, notorious.

But this summer of 1903, memorable for its inclemency all over the Western world, has been exceptionally fine in the Far East, and although clouds gather at sunrise and sunset about the summit of Nantaizan, they disperse in a few hours, leaving turquoise outlines to melt into a sky of sapphire or

a silvery moon to contemplate her image in the still mirror of the lake. What a joy it must be to forsake malarious seaboard cities and the weary routine of commercial life for this high, cool and restful retreat! Very likely the exiled British merchants, with their wives and children, do not even mind the bad weather (so reminiscent of sweet home) very much when it comes.

"The great pull of this place," remarks one of them, with unconscious pathos, "is there being so little about it to remind you that you are in Japan."

Little or nothing, it must be confessed, so long as you keep your back turned towards the modest village and the temple and the white-clad, straw-hatted pilgrims, plodding steadily along through the dust. But this, whether "pull" or drawback, does not prevent Chiuzenji from being what he atrociously characterizes as a "beauty spot."

At Kobe, that busy, prosperous port on the Inland Sea, a great wrestling tournament has been appointed to take place, and spectators from every neighboring town and village have assembled to witness it, notwithstanding the appalling heat—which, for that matter, does not appal them in the least. They seem, indeed, impervious to all extremes of temperature, these remarkable people, who skip unhesitatingly into baths heated well-nigh to boiling-point and brave Arctic cold without wincing. Some six thousand of them are packed together now in the canvas-enclosed circus which is to be the scene of the coming encounters, and although the atmosphere is stifling, one cannot help noticing how much less offensive it is than would be the case in a European crowd of similar dimensions. The Japanese are, without doubt, the very cleanest people in the

world. Patient, too, and gayly good-humored, as always, upon the very uncomfortable and perilously rickety tiers of planks which have been run up to accommodate them.

They are kept waiting a long time before a posse of dignitaries in antique costumes ascend the platform in the middle of the arena. These having seated themselves upon their heels, the wrestlers step forth by bands to do obeisance—big men, deep-chested, and possibly muscular, but so loaded with superfluous flesh that an English trainer would stare at them aghast. They do not, it appears, train at all in our sense of the term, but are, on the contrary, heavy feeders and deep drinkers. How, with such a system of preparation, they contrive to accomplish the feats which they are said to accomplish must remain one of the many mysteries of this land of contradictions. Naked to the waist and wearing gorgeously laced and embroidered aprons (the trophies, perhaps, of former victories?), they strut round the arena, bow profoundly again and again, and withdraw. Then two of them, stripped now to their loin-cloths, reappear, face one another, and the sport, one hopes, is about to begin.

But they are in no hurry to come to close quarters. They crouch down upon their haunches, eye to eye, but some distance apart, change their relative positions very slightly, make some half-feints, scratch up the sand, exactly like a pair of fighting cocks, retire, advance, retire once more, finally rise erect, and strut back to their seconds, who sprinkle them with water. Half-a-dozen times or more this performance, which may be highly skilful, but which is not a little comic to the uninitiated, is repeated, until on a sudden, like a lightning flash, they are locked together. The struggle, when at last it comes, is quite short. One of the combatants is forced beyond the

chalked line of the circle which surrounds the couple, and the bout is at an end. It is not necessary to throw your antagonist: all you have to do is to drive him, upright or prone, outside the boundary.

In the course of the numerous contests which follow there are a few rattling falls; but the length of time spent in preliminaries seems—at least to an ignorant onlooker—rather out of proportion to the brief excitement of the actual fray. The thing is almost as tedious to watch as first-class billiards. However, the temptation to scramble out, jump into a jinrikisha, and seek a breath of fresh air on the hillside must be resisted until the great event of the day, which is to bring together the champion of Kyoto and the champion of Osaka, has come off.

The champion of Kyoto is a huge, shapeless mass of obesity, appears to be middle aged, and cannot, one would think by the look of him, be altogether sound in heart and lungs. Somebody shrilly asserts that he has never been beaten. Osaka's representative is sparer, younger, and more wiry. Evidently he has numerous adherents, and one unenlightened alien would be prepared to back him at even money if any takers were to be found. However, he scores nothing by the prompt vigor of his attack upon the fat man; for the latter catches his right arm below the wrist as in a vice, throws it up aloft, and so for an instant holds him in imminent peril of being thrown off his balance. Only for an instant, though. Osaka's long left arm winds itself round Kyoto's mountainous bulk and clutches the back of his loin-cloth; Kyoto's massive left encircles Osaka's ribs; the right arms of both remain upraised, rigid and motionless, while both pairs of legs, firmly planted upon the sand-strewn platform, but with starting muscles, resist the tremendous pressure which one divines rather than sees.

And thus, amidst breathless silence, they stand minute after minute, neither yielding by a hair's breadth, neither visibly distressed, although the sweat begins to run from their glistening bodies. What price Osaka? It looks as if, in a trial of strength so conditioned, sheer weight must end by telling. Presently the umpire, a quaint figure in gay *kimono* and silken *haori*, irresistibly reminiscent of an actor in *The Mikado*, rises and begins to prowl round the combatants with soft, cat-like strides, fan in hand. After making the circuit of the ring perhaps half-a-dozen times, he taps one of the men on the shoulder with his fan, and immediately they fall apart. Time is up; the bout has ended in a draw.

During the rather protracted interval allowed for repose much excited chattering arises among the spectators, partisan feeling running high, no doubt; but there are no signs of loss of temper anywhere, and hushed expectation falls upon the assemblage once more when the rivals step forth to meet in a second essay. The umpire places them carefully on the precise spot and in precisely the same posture as when they were separated; which seems a little hard upon Osaka, who is somewhat at a disadvantage through his right arm being held, so to speak, in chancery. However, he has an air of confidence which should be reassuring to his friends, and one guesses, without quite knowing why, that he means to employ a more active system of tactics this time. Almost at once, indeed, he does something (exactly what he does only a quick and skilled eye could detect) which causes his colossal opponent to sway perceptibly. A swift change of grip follows; the Kyoto champion throws back one massive leg, then the other, yielding unmistakably, drawing nearer and nearer to the fatal chalk line. Now, friend Osaka, one last, supreme effort, and the day is

yours. But Osaka has shot his bolt. Very slowly he, in his turn, has to fall back and resign the inches that he has gained. And now, lo and behold! up flies his right arm as before, and the old position, from which neither competitor seems capable of shifting the other, is resumed. The umpire renews his stealthy, feline gyrations, bending double and flirting his fan; at length comes the tap on the shoulder which proclaims truce, and all is over. There is to be no third encounter; honors are divided; Kyoto and Osaka may retire to their respective borders with laurels undiminished, if unaugmented.

The result, to judge by the applause, gives general satisfaction. Bets, it must be assumed, are off; but were there any on? One likes to think not. Inveterate borrowers though the Japanese are, they have a discriminating gift, and if, in their keenness to grasp the kernel of Western civilization, they have sometimes assimilated too much of the husk, they have seldom been slow to discover and repair their error. May these wrestling contests, which seem to be their sole form of popular sport, remain for ever free from adjuncts which bid fair to degrade and destroy most forms of sport in certain other islands that we know of.

. . . . .

Here at last, in Kyoto, is a wet day. Last night there broke over the hill-encircled, gray-roofed city a not unwelcome thunderstorm, accompanied by a veritable deluge, which has now dwindled to a steady, determined drizzle. Through the streets, ankle-deep in mud, splash pedestrians on high clogs, their garments wrapped tightly round their legs, their shoulders protected (more or less) by oil-paper rain-cloaks and flat umbrellas of the same material held above their heads. From the overhanging eaves and gutters streams

descend upon these last, which sometimes cause the bearers to stagger; all the swaying lanterns and signs which hang along and across the thoroughfares are woefully bedraggled, and as one pokes one's nose out between the leathern apron and the lowered hood of the jinrikisha, to see how other folk are getting on, one is strongly impressed with the idea that the use of paper is overdone in a climate liable to such visitations. On the other hand, it does not cost much to buy a new rain-cloak or a new umbrella, while, as for mud, the process of removing that from bare legs is swift and easy.

At all events, the bad weather does not seem to keep anybody at home, nor need it prevent the hooded, leather-aproned sightseer from letting himself be whisked about to the temples, monasteries, parks, and palaces in which the old capital is so rich. Of the former, perhaps the finest and most interesting are the Nishi Hongwanji and Higashi Hongwanji, which adjoin one another and are the headquarters of the wealthy Monto sect of Buddhists. Both are vast treasure-houses of lacquer, bronze, painted screens, and jewelled altars. In the neighboring monastery, divided by sliding panels, are the usual long suites of empty rooms with polished floors, immaculate matting, coffered ceilings, and wall-paintings on paper, which are but dimly visible on this cloudy day. The cornices of carved wood, representing birds and flowers, are some of them more than a foot thick, and, although pierced, have designs ingeniously differing on the one side from those on the other. What time and patience must have been expended upon thinking them out! The Nishi is called the Mikado's temple, the Higashi that of the people—no misnomer, seeing that it has been rebuilt entirely by popular subscriptions since it was burnt down forty years ago. The total cost is said

to have been a million yen (about 100,000*l.*), and it is fully equal to its neighbor both in architectural design and in elaborate ornamentation; which does not look as though either Japanese faith or Japanese art were on the wane.

Is Japanese art doomed to perish? In a pictorial sense it is already dead—never, perhaps, despite its charm of dexterity, poetry, and color, possessed the elements of permanence or growth. But is it the case that the beautiful painstaking work in porcelain, lacquer, bronze, ivory, and enamel, which to most of us represents what is really glorious in the art of Japan, must cease to be produced under the changed conditions of to-day? Unfortunately, a high authority, the author of *Things Japanese*, seems to think so. He points out—quite truly, of course—that under the old régime the Japanese ceramists, lacquerers, workers in metal and enamel, were not hirelings, but artists and clansmen, faithful to their feudal chief. "By him they were fed; for him and for the love of their art they worked . . . time was no object . . . there was no public of mediocre taste to cater for . . . the art was perfectly and essentially aristocratic." Hence he concludes that "it is a mere piece of amiable optimism to suppose that such a tradition can be kept up in the days which have produced that frightful, but aptly descriptive term, 'art manufacture.'"

It may nevertheless be permissible, with all proper deference, to take a more sanguine view. Shoguns and daimyos have passed away; but the old artistic spirit remains among a people who have changed their laws, their customs, and, in some degree, their dress, but who have not changed—indeed, could not change—their national character. Here, to-day, in Kyoto, Namikawa is polishing in his little workshop pieces of *cloisonné* as charming in design and coloring, as perfect



in finish, as any that have ever seen the light of his native land. Another artist of the same name at Tokyo, who works in a different and, as some people think, an inferior style—but it is a matter of opinion—has more orders than he can execute. At Nagoya, too, whence comes a third form of cloisonné, applied to silver, with the cloisons generally invisible, Kumeno and others are assiduously carrying on the difficult, minute handicraft. These enamellers are enthusiastic, and are not greedy. Although they work hard, their annual output is small, for in the repeated processes of baking which are required many pieces are destroyed. Consequently their wares are expensive. They do not make large fortunes. Doubtless they might, if they cared to turn out rubbish in profusion; doubtless rubbish is turned out in profusion and fortunes are made. But that matters little so long as what is honestly good and enduring is not choked out of existence. Why, after all, should it be? Given the survival and vitality of the artistic spirit (which must surely be conceded), given a sufficient number of purchasers, native or foreign, to provide the craftsman with a living wage, and it does not seem so desperately optimistic to believe that what has been will continue to be. Hope, moreover, is fortified when one remembers that a very large proportion of the so-called "old" Japanese porcelain, lacquer, metalwork, and enamelling is not in reality old at all. The finest examples of the microscopically ornate Satsuma ware, for instance, were painted little more than half a century ago, while cloisonné work was brought to its present pitch of perfection long after Commodore Perry, cruising in Far Eastern waters, brought up off Yedo to mention to those whom it might concern that feudalism was out of date. Lacquering, though a very ancient craft, has had quite recent tri-

umphs, which connoisseurs pronounce on a level with those of the best periods, and nothing in the past can exceed for beauty the embroideries, brocades, painted silks, and cut velvets of to-day.

Let it be frankly admitted, all the same, that the actual aspect of Japanese towns is not of a nature to reassure æsthetic persons. It is difficult to understand how or why an art-loving race has endured such hideous disfigurement of its streets. Streets, too, in which fires have ever been so common and so easily kindled! In Kyoto, the home and symbol of old Japan, the capital of many generations of dignified, powerless Mikados, the eye is less distressed than elsewhere by monstrous, inappropriate modern constructions; yet even in Kyoto, alas! are tramcars, electric lights, aggressive telegraph-posts and wires. Indispensable though these accompaniments of twentieth-century life may be, one cannot help feeling that if they are to prevail urban picturesqueness must go, and with it by degrees that appreciation of what is fitting and picturesque which constitutes what we call good taste. One remembers certain European cities once renowned for their beauty and distinction, and one knows of what their municipal authorities have been capable in these latter days.

The end, in any case, is not yet. For many years to come, in all probability, the traveller who knows what to avoid will be able to wander about all day long among the temples and palaces, the hills and gardens of widespread, gray-tiled Kyoto without meeting a solitary European or running against a single telegraph-post. Temples and pagodas innumerable; quaint, stiff gardens, recalling the tea ceremonies of a bygone period; vast, scrupulously dusted, vacant palaces—all these, unchanged and unchanging, breathe a gentle defiance to time. If the Imperial

pleasure-grounds and the Mikado's *Shishinden*, or Hall of Audience, have something of the forlorn melancholy of an abandoned stage, it is not, after all, very difficult for the imagination to repeople them with the sumptuously attired daimyos who in days of yore used to come flocking thither along the Tokaido, attended by numerous retinues of two-sworded Samurai, to pay their respects to the sovereign recluse. Strangely fated recluse who, after a slumber of centuries, woke up one fine morning, at the bidding of a Yankee sea captain, to find that the actual business of governing was in his hands, and who now, arrayed in a French-looking uniform, prances forth to review troops armed with the latest pattern of rifle!

We may pardon his gallant soldiers their European uniforms, acknowledging that these were demanded by the sheer exigencies of the case; we may grant that his honorable Ministers must sit henceforth at pigeon-holed writing-tables on suitably upholstered chairs; it was time, perhaps, to give up sitting on the floor. But we may also hope, not without confidence, that in due season he and his people will perceive what is worth retaining and what is best rejected out of the extraneous civilization which they have seized with both hands. Surely they will; for whether they deserve or not the epithets of incomprehensible, contradictory, inscrutable, and the like, which one grows a little weary of hearing applied to them, it is not intelligence nor the sifting faculty that will be denied them even by their least flattering critics. Only the other day a sage newspaper scribe observed that "although the Japanese disdain perspective in their pictures, there is no lack of it in their policy." One is a little reminded of the boarding-school young lady who, in an essay on natural history, alluded to the "strange and pa-

thetic circumstance that the tortoise, which provides us with such beautiful combs for our back hair, has no back hair of its own." However, if the journalist meant to call the Japanese perspicacious, who shall gainsay him?

They have originated nothing, say the captious. No; but they have very seldom imitated without improving upon the original, and a wise eclecticism is in itself a form of originality, being so rare. Even supposing the worst comes to the worst, and their cities are destined to approximate more and more closely to the utilitarian model that we know too well, they themselves can never quite sink to a corresponding plane of dreary uniformity. The land, to say nothing of the natural temperament of its inhabitants, will not suffer that. In the future, as in the past, plum and cherry trees will burst forth with each recurring spring into acres of blossom, bamboos will sway and rustle by quiet pools, white foam of mountain torrents will flash between the red boles of lofty cryptomerias, strings of wild geese will take their flight across the pale disc of the moon, the snow-capped cone of Fuji will hover, delicate and phantomlike, in a blue haze between earth and sky. If the Japanese are wanting in originality (but of course they are not), no such reproach can be brought against Japan, which has a character and essence so distinct, so distinguished, so refined, and so inherent that one cannot conceive of it as liable to be vulgarized by any incursion of barbarians.

Viewed from the Kiyomizu heights this evening, Kyoto shows as Japanese and as unspoilt as anybody could wish the ancient capital to be. The rain-clouds have dispersed; the last rays of the setting sun fire tiled roofs, pagodas, and the Kamogawa stream, with its bridges and riverside tea-houses; one gazes down at the groves and avenues of monastery grounds and at a many-

colored crowd which is ascending by stairways or by the sharp acclivity of Teapot Hill, where vendors of cheap pottery and porcelain have their booths, to the high-perched temple of the Thousand-handed Kwannon. It is a shrine of great antiquity, and in much favor with the populace, who wend their way hither to toss pebbles on to the stone lanterns which surround it or coins into the extended sheet beside which a parchment-visaged Buddhist priest squats and taps his insistent gong. Should the cast pebble alight on the lantern and remain there, the suppliant is in luck and will obtain the object of his desire; but perhaps here, as at other shrines, it is a surer plan to employ cash, which cannot miss its mark and should be entitled to its equivalent.

The sun sinks, the brief afterglow and twilight of late summer follow; then on a sudden the whole city, spread out beneath the spectator's feet and sloping up towards them, breaks, as if by enchantment, into a galaxy of tiny sparks, some stationary, some darting hither and thither, like a swarm of fireflies. East and west,

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north and south, the illumination extends until the entire prospect is a blaze of light. Every householder hangs out a string of paper spheres or cylinders, every man, woman, and child carries one suspended at the tip of a bamboo cane, and presently bonfires leap up into flame on the wooded hillsides; for the *Bon matsuri* has begun, and processions are starting, with measured chant and beat of drum, from all quarters in honor of this annual feast of lanterns. Witnessed from above, it is the most charming, fantastic, fairy-like spectacle that can be imagined; seen at closer quarters in the thronged, narrow streets, it resolved itself into a popular carnival, noisy and hilarious, but perfectly good-tempered. There is no drunkenness, no quarrelling, nor will there be any cracked heads, although the merry-making is to be prolonged for many hours to come. Not before the night is far spent will lanterns and torches be extinguished, one by one, and the climbing moon look down out of a mother-of-pearl sky upon a city and a population which seem to smile still in their sleep.

*W. E. Norris.*

### HARA-KIRI: ITS REAL SIGNIFICANCE.

Hara-kiri! The word has been before us, of late, at every turn. In translating it the English equivalent is often given as "disembowelling"—a ghastly term, and, moreover, inappropriate. "Happy despatch" was formerly the phrase employed; it is, as it seems to me, a far better term, though how that expression originated no one seems to know. The matter itself, to the Western notion, is already not an agreeable one to talk about, but the recent translation of the term makes it worse. It

may not be wholly without interest for the reader if I try to explain, though with some diffidence from the very nature of the subject, the true significance of the act, and at the same time endeavor in some degree to account for the sensitiveness displayed by my own country-people at the misapprehensions produced by a wrong translation.

Literally, of course, *hara-kiri* is "belly-cutting," and this is the expression in common use, but *kappuku*, or more usually *seppuku*, is the word em-

ployed by persons of refinement, the actual meaning, however, being the same as *hara-kiri*. *Seppuku* and *kap-puku* are expressions coined from Chinese. There are vigorous Anglo-Saxon terms in use in Great Britain which people of taste often prefer to replace—at afternoon tea, for example—by something, perhaps equally forcible, derived from the Latin. The instance is similar.

*Seppuku* was, in the feudal period, an honorable mode of committing suicide. It was unknown to the Japanese of ancient days, and was a custom which grew with the age of chivalry. With us, in the Far East, to hang oneself is looked upon as the most cowardly of all methods of self-destruction, and drowning oneself or taking poison was deemed to be no better. Even to shoot himself was, in a *samurai*, regarded as a base and ignoble way of shuffling off this mortal coil; it was vulgarly spoken of as *teppo-bara*, [*h* is changed into *b* for euphony], an abbreviation of *teppo-hara-kiri*, in other words *hara-kiri* by means of a gun, though in reality the throat, and not the *hara*, was the usual spot assailed in this case.

There was never an instance, so far as can be traced, of *seppuku* by a female, and the honorable equivalent thereof for a *samurai* lady was death by a stab in the throat from her own dirk, a weapon she generally carried in her girdle to be used in time of need. Where a Roman dame would in ancient times have plunged her dagger into her own heart, a Japanese heroine preferred to thrust the weapon into her neck, and there is no record of either male or female in Japan ending existence in the fashion that is so often depicted in Western novels, and less frequently, perhaps, in real life.

*Seppuku* was not only a mode of self-despatch, but was prescribed as a form of capital punishment for all of *samurai* rank. Beheading, and still

more hanging, were forms of execution that might not be employed in cases of offenders of the military classes, whose position, even to the last of their existence, merited respect; and when, in very extreme cases, the crime of which a *samurai* had been convicted was heinous enough to deserve exemplary punishment by condemnation to an ignominious death, the culprit was first stripped of his rank and privileges as one of the *samurai* class. No *samurai* was ever to be beheaded; still less to be hanged.

Naturally under such conditions the act of *seppuku* came to be invested with much formality, and cases in which the most elaborate etiquette had to be strictly observed were those when a daimio, i.e. a feudal baron, or *samurai* of particularly high standing, was called upon by the proper authorities to despatch himself in this way in expiation of some political offence. A special commissioner was then sent from the proper quarters to witness the due execution of the sentence, and a *kai-shaku-nin* was chosen to assist the principal in ridding himself of the burden of life. This person was selected by the condemned from the circle of his own immediate relatives, friends, or retainers, and the *kai-shaku-nin*'s office was an honorable one, inasmuch as he was thereby privileged to render a last service to his comrade or chief.

There was always a special apartment or pavilion prepared in which the ceremony had to take place; a particular dress, designed for use only on these melancholy occasions, had to be worn; and the dagger, or short sword, was invariably placed before the seat of the condemned on a clean white tray, raised on legs, termed *sambo*, which in the ordinary way is a kind of wooden stand used for keeping sacrifices offered to the gods, or for some similar solemn purpose. The actual cutting open of the body was not es-

sential, a trifling incision in a horizontal line 6 or 7 inches, or rarely in two lines crossing each other—the more superficial the better, as proof of a light and skilful touch—being ordinarily made, followed by a deep cut in the throat. As a rule, however, immediately after making the incision in the abdomen the condemned made a slight movement of his disengaged left hand, and stretched his neck forward, as signs to the *kai-shaku-nin* to do his office; perceiving which, the latter, who stood by with his sword ready poised, instantly struck off his principal's head.

In Japan there is no need to speak directly of either *hara-kiri* or *seppuku*, as the euphemism "*ku-sun-go-bu*" is often employed—literally nine inches and a half, which was the proper length of the dagger to be used on these occasions. The weapon was always wrapped in some sheets of pure white paper, only the extreme point being exposed, and it was correct to hold it, when making an incision, in the right hand, not by the handle, but by the middle of the paper-wrapped blade. How to sit, how to bow to the spectators when about to commence the awful task, how to unfold reverently the part of the clothing which covers the upper part of the body, how to wrap up the dagger, and how to make the requisite signal to the *kai-shaku-nin*, were all matters on which the utmost nicety was enjoined, and were part of the instruction which every *samurai* was obliged to receive from the master of military ceremonies. *Hara-kiri*, indeed, was to the *samurai* a matter involving an appalling amount of ceremony. The end of the world-famed "Forty-eight Ro-nins" was reached by *seppuku* in the same way; each died by his own hand. They were given in charge of three daimios, in three separate groups, and on the appointed day each group killed themselves simultaneously at an appointed

hour, but each individual one after another, in specially erected pavilions provided in the gardens of the Yedo residences of the three barons. The tale so often retailed in popular story-books, that they all committed *seppuku* around the tomb of their avenged lord, is fictitious, though it is true that they all were buried there.

Perhaps the most notable instance of *seppuku* was that which occurred at Sakai, near Osaka, just after the establishment of the new régime in Japan, when a number of young *samurai*, some twenty in all, if I remember rightly, who had attacked the French, were ordered by the Government to expiate their crime in this fashion, in the presence of the French Minister, whose rage it was necessary to appease. He begged that the carnage might stop when eleven had thus closed their careers.

I need scarcely add that this form of punishment has totally disappeared from our laws, as the abandonment of the distinctive privileges of *samurai*, and the assimilation of all classes of the Emperor's subjects in regard to civil rights and punishments, were decreed. But the practice did not wholly cease for some years after the Restoration in 1867, and I well remember that there was a case in 1871, when a nobleman who was indicted for high treason was sentenced to *ji-jin*—literally self-ending—which was the same thing as *seppuku*.

When *seppuku* was purely a voluntary act the formalities were necessarily much curtailed, and very often the person who thus conceived himself condemned by fate's decree retired to some secluded spot, and there slew himself in orthodox fashion, without making known his intention beforehand, and merely announcing his reasons by letters which he left by his side for all to read. The principle, however, was always the same, and it



was the *samurai's* main endeavor at the last to observe due decorum and to conform to the rules in every way that was possible.

There were numerous instances in which men of truly noble soul chose this manner of death. Watanabé Kwazan was one of them. He was councillor to a small daimio, a genuine patriot, and a pioneer advocate of the opening of Japan to foreign intercourse. As a painter, though an amateur only, he stood very high. In 1850, seeing that through his views on the subject of Western civilization his feudal chieftain was bound to be implicated, and that his own self-extermination would be requisite if his lord was to be preserved from the stigma which then attached to any predilection for Occidental methods, Watanabé hesitated not to commit *seppuku*, and thereby saved his master from any such imputations.

Takano Choyel, a sympathizer and active co-operator with Watanabé, being a well-known physician and Dutch scholar, and Koseki Sanyel, who was also a Dutch scholar and assisted Watanabé by translating Dutch books for him, both died by *seppuku* for the same cause.

Kuruhara Rlozo, father of the present Marquis Kido who succeeded to the heritage of the house of Kido after the death of his renowned uncle on the maternal side, and received the honor of a marquissate in memory of his relative's splendid services to the nation, was another instance. Kuruhara was a brave *samurai*. When Nagai Uta, an officer of high rank of Chosiu province, about 1862, advocated the definite opening of the country, Kuruhara sided with him. Circumstances compelled him to show that he had not adopted that view from any base motive, and in the furtherance of this attitude he committed *seppuku*. When he was stationed with the garrison of Uraga, the guarding of which place was entrusted

to the Prince of Chosiu at the time of the American advent to the Far East, the present Marquis Ito, then a boy of fourteen, was his subordinate, and when, a few years afterwards, he was despatched to Nagasaki at the head of a group of young *samurai* of Chosiu for the purpose of studying the Dutch system of artillery, young Ito was one of them. Ito was in those days a special favorite of Kuruhara, and knew him well. Ito was almost the first person to rush into the room when Kuruhara died. I have often heard the marquis talking with admiration of Kuruhara, saying what a fine chivalrous character he possessed, and how nobly and with what studied observance of formality he died. To preserve a perfect self-possession at any dread hour is the essence of the *samurai* doctrine. By the bye, Nagai, just mentioned above, was himself one of those who committed *seppuku*. He died thereby at the command of his prince, as a consequence of a political dissension. I may perhaps remark here parenthetically that Japan's evolution of Western civilization was not attained without it costing her much in blood and treasure.

In former days, sometimes, one committed *Hara-kiri* by an over-zeal for some cause which he advocated, merely to demonstrate his sincerity. Earnest as they may be, such cases are, of course, more especially discouraged in our own days and gone out of fashion.

The basis on which *seppuku* was prescribed as a mode of capital punishment for *samurai* was that it was unbecoming the dignity and status of one of the warrior rank that he should be subjected under any circumstances to the rough handling of the common executioner, and therefore, when the deed of *seppuku* was a voluntary one, the root idea was the same, for it was undertaken in order to avoid ignominy, and to prevent the family escutcheon

being stained by any act towards which the scornful might afterwards point a finger of derision. All that the *samurai* might ask of his proud race—like Don Caesar de Bazan in *Maritana*—was “to die . . . and not disgrace its ancient chivalry,” and as the chivalric spirit is still, I am glad to think, ardently cherished in Japan, there are occasions, as the readers of “war news” of the day must have discovered, when it yet seems to some to be appropriate to end their days in the fashion of feudal times, though among private individuals this course is now but very rarely resorted to.

To the Chinese and Koreans *seppuku* is unknown. At the capitulation of Wei-hai-Wei, nine years ago, the Chinese Admiral Ting destroyed himself by smoking an immense quantity of opium. He did this, in accordance with Chinese ideas, to save his men from punishment, and in the eyes of his countrymen it was altogether the act of a hero, and so it was. A Japanese, under like conditions, however, would have died, not by poison, but by *seppuku*. The three Chinese of high rank who had been implicated in the Boxer troubles of 1900, and committed suicide at the command of the Emperor in consequence of the joint demand of the Powers, died either by taking poison or by hanging. If the event had taken place in the former days of Japan, the death would have been also by *seppuku*.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

Terrible as it unquestionably was to witness, the act of self-sacrifice was so bound up with the revered traditions of our race that it was shorn in great part of the horrors with which it must seem to readers in the twentieth century to have been invested. Exaggerated and loathsome accounts are even to be met with in popular story-books in Japan, scenes in which the victim is depicted as hurling, in a last effort, his intestines at his enemy, who is supposed to have been looking on—a thing in itself quite impossible under ordinary circumstances—and certainly, if it occurred, altogether exceptional. The incision usually made, as I have shown, was quite superficial, a mere flesh wound; and death was due to the injury inflicted in the throat by the suicide's own hand, or to the good offices of the *kai-shaku-nin*, whose duty as assistant—the idea is perhaps better conveyed by the term “second” in the case of a duel—it was to remove his principal's head with the utmost expedition. Thus to translate *hara-kiri* as disembowelling, or embowelling, is both ghastly and inaccurate in the impression that it leaves on the mind.

Suicide in any form is incompatible with Western notions of right and wrong, and it certainly ought not to be encouraged, though there may be conditions, it would seem to us in the East, when it may be wholly or partially excused.

Suyematsu.

## BOY AT THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Your little fellow, Cornelia, may now in the matter of education be described as having his foot planted on the bottom round of the third of four ladders which are tied one upon the top of the other. Firmly planted only that foot if Boy

has taken a fairly good place in the Entrance Examination; inclined to be distinctly shaky if he is at thirteen and a half placed low down in Block F at Eton, or in whatever “Book” or “Form” corresponds to that position at

Winchester or at any other school where there is a fixed rule of superannuation. However, I have discussed the peril of superannuation in a previous letter, and see no necessity for further piling up the agony. Let us make up our minds, then, on the spot, that Boy is standing in no danger of early superannuation, but has at least four or five years of Public School life to look forward to.

"Too much by a long chalk, in my opinion," says the business man of the world. "What good does a great hulking fellow of seventeen expect to get by muddling on at school? Quite time at his age that he began to learn something useful. Pack him off to France or Germany, and let him learn to *parlez-vous* and write an intelligible letter in German."

I wonder whether you have ever studied Dickens with attention, Cornelia. Probably not. But if you have, you may remember a chapter headed "A pleasant day with an unpleasant ending."

"Where shall I wheel him to, sir?" inquired Wilkins.

"Wheel him to the Devil," replied Captain Boldwig.

"Very well, sir."

I do not mean for a minute to imply that either France or Germany is the Devil's sole residential abode. Unfortunately the gentleman in question is nothing if not ubiquitous. Yet I have been told by those who ought to know that Paris has even more attractions for him than our own metropolis, which is wicked enough in all conscience sake. A short period of residence abroad for the Englishman who wishes to master Foreign Languages may be *almost*—I doubt if it is *quite*—indispensable. In the case of the young patient it is a prescription to be taken with an unusual amount of precaution; and he who removes his son at a highly susceptible age from the

wholesome restraint of school discipline and packs him off abroad without minute preliminary inquiries, is embarking upon a very dangerous experiment. There are, unfortunately, a good many other things which may be learnt abroad apart from the languages. Even that eminently respectable lady, Sir Thomas Kicklebury's widow, in her travels on the Rhine, found some questionable pursuits and made some undesirable acquaintances.

But as you have told me, Cornelia, that in this case Boy's ambition is centred upon one day becoming Lord Chancellor, or at the very least a K.C., it is to be supposed that you wish him to remain his full time at Eton, and then proceed to a university. The silk gown is a long way off at present, and meantime we seem to have wandered too far afield, and left him standing on the bottom of the ladder.

Boy was homesick and nervous, Cornelia, when you first planted him down in the Preparatory School. But he has quite got over the more disagreeable of those sensations. The homesickness is a thing of the past, only the nervousness incidental to a young animal which finds itself in totally strange surroundings remains. Yet because the letters of the new Boy at the Public School do not teem with the lamentable longings for the old home-life and the plaintive inquiries into the well-being of the old home-pets, sisters included, which you looked for as a matter of course in the quaintly spelt and much-besmudged epistles of the new Boy at the Preparatory School, you are not to imagine that Boy under the new *régime* is one degree less fond of his home and his mother than he was wont to be in times past. It is only that he is perhaps rather less fond of himself—in a word, less self-centred. The give-and-take of life even at the little school has knocked much of the original egotism and selfishness out of

him. "We," you may remember, instead of "I" had become the subject of most of the paragraphs in last year's letters. When he talked to you in the holidays, the circumstance that "We had a jolly good season this year, and won nearly all our matches," had grown to be of far more importance in his eyes than the record of his own personal successes.

"But I want to know what my own boy did," you remarked.

"Oh, I got some runs sometimes. I think I was fifth—no, bracketed fourth in the averages."

He had begun to regard himself not so much as an individual hero as a part and parcel of a community, disappointed for a moment, inclined perhaps to go and have a quiet cry in a corner when he was caught out first ball in the Hillstree match—the match *par excellence* of the season—but forgetting the personal failure, and cheering as lustily as any one when the winning hit was made by his school-captain. That was the dawning, dear Cornella, of the feeling that will some day prompt him to throw up the snug little billet and comfortable club-life at home, and rush off to shoulder the musket and starve on muddy rations cheek-by-jowl with swearing, perspiring Tommy Atkins—where? Perhaps on the Indian frontier. This was the feeling so conspicuously wanting in Tom Tulliver, the Dorlcote miller's son, —to my mind one of the most truly drawn, and yet, except in his very early days, one of the least attractive characters in fiction. That Tom did not happen to be a gentleman either by birth or breeding was a mere matter of detail. But he suffered by being removed from his school-life before his conspicuous and irritating egotism had been to any extent knocked out of him. He was far better off under Jacobs at 'th' academy," swopping his "marls" and exchanging black eyes with

Spouncer, than as cock of the walk with a solitary companion at Mr. Stelling's Rectory. Most praiseworthy, to do Tom Tulliver justice, his efforts to rehabilitate the good name of the family, highly commendable the resolution to approve himself the honest son of an honest father. But it is "self" throughout that he is really thinking of; he has no sympathy to extend to his infinitely more attractive sister, because he feels that she has disgraced the name, not so much of Maggie, as of Tom Tulliver.

"I have found comfort," he tells her, "in doing my duty. . . . I feel the difference between right and wrong; . . . it is enough that I have to bear the burden of your disgrace."

It is different, you see, with Boy, Cornella. With him in the last year or so it was The School first, self comparatively nowhere. From to-day the order will run School, House, Self. But it by no means follows that loyalty to School and House will supersede love for Home and its occupants. You have simply exchanged the small acquisitive and self-seeking animal which you packed off to school four years ago for a larger creature with wider sympathies.

It is natural that you yourself should be feeling a little nervous as you watch Boy standing on the foot of the new ladder. For you must be realizing that for the first time in his life he is fairly out of the reach of the leading strings. To be sure, in one sense there are still a few leading-strings in the form of School Regulations, with sundry pains and penalties menacing him who pays no heed to them.

For instance. "Sileatur in Dormitorio" is or used to be written up at the entrance of the large dormitory in a school that I wot of, and any infringement of this maxim ranked as a capital offence. If after the age of

Draco the severity of the discipline was unconsciously relaxed, and if the rule by gradual process fell into danger of being as much honored in the breach as in the observance, the fact remains that under that stern legislator the boy who ventured a remark to his next-door neighbor knew that he was taking into his own hands, not his life exactly, but at any rate that ability to sit down in tolerable comfort which marks the paths of the just.

But in talking of leading-strings I have at present in my mind neither ordinary School Rules nor even Winchester "Notions." I was thinking rather of unwritten—by the way, for all I know to the contrary, they may at some Preparatory Schools be written—rules and regulations which bear upon matters of personal health and comfort. When Boy was still at home, you yourself, of course, and that old nurse of yours who knows all your children's constitutions, saw that he changed his boots when he came in, his stockings when they were damp, wore flannel next to his skin, cleaned his teeth at least twice a day, and so forth. And you used to watch his diet carefully. Pretty much the same appreciation of the importance of petty details went on at the Preparatory School, where in matters of hygiene as well as of morality, prevention rather than cure is the order of the day. For the Headmaster had in his wisdom insured for himself comparative peace of mind by enlisting the services of a Matron, compared with whom Argus was a perfect neophyte in the art of slumbering with more than one eye open. Nothing ever seemed to escape that extraordinary woman's notice. She knew at a glance whether pimple-faced Master Bowley had one spot over and above his normal allowance, and could tell in an instant whether Master White was sniffing merely "pour encourager les autres," or as a prelimi-

nary symptom of a sneezing cold. You and I, Cornelia, will not suspect "the able and experienced Matron" of to-day either of "eating jam with a spoon out of Master Wiggins' trunk in the boxroom," after the manner of Miss Zoe Birch; nor yet, like Mrs. Squeers, of taking such excellent care of a small boy's pocket-money that the legitimate owner never so much as saw the color of it. But we had every confidence that she was careful to prevent Master Wiggins from partaking too freely on his own account of that jam, either with or without a spoon, and to confiscate as contraband of war the huge lump of almond-rock which fond but foolish Aunt Hannah insisted upon sending to him. For you were not the mother, I feel sure, Cornelia, who used to smuggle forbidden dainties for Boy's consumption in your muff on Saturday, and then write a frantic letter on Monday after this fashion: "Tommy complains in his Sunday letter of not feeling at all the thing, and I myself thought that the dear child was looking very white on Saturday afternoon. I cannot help fancying that something in the school diet is disagreeing with him. Or do you think that he is overworking himself by any chance? He has a very delicate organization. Kindly telegraph how he is to-morrow. I do trust that your drains and saucepans are all right."

I know that not only you, but every mother in England, will refuse to plead guilty to this indictment, and will say with the street-boy in "Punch": "Please, sir, it weren't me, it were Billy Jones."

It suits my purpose, Cornelia, to believe that, so far from assisting Boy to undermine the Matron's authority, you always impressed upon him the importance of paying proper regard to that most excellent woman's instructions. Boy, however, though not a bad little fellow on the whole, was rather a scatter-brain in those days, and it



was fortunate both for you and for him that the Matron had some one on the spot to insure due compliance with her wishes. For both the Headmaster himself and each one of his assistants were only too ready to compel instant obedience to the lady paramount's command. Not his Free Companions to de Bracy, not his Myrmidons to Achilles, more ready supporters.

But how will it be with Boy now? Where now the warning voice to remind him of the thicker under-garments to be assumed when October weather has fairly set in, and the "iron" to be taken after meals? I can picture the face of a certain Eton Master of my acquaintance, if his classroom were suddenly invaded by an elderly and scant-of-breath female, with the comfortable appearance of a Betsy Prig and the latent determination of a Mary Ann Raddle.

"If you please, sir, Master Brown has got his summer combinations on. May he go and change them at once?"

One of the pair, either Master Brown or the lady, would be sent up to the Headmaster instantler.

The House-Matron at a Public School is good enough of her kind, Cornella, and possibly quite ready to give Boy salutary advice or valuable assistance if he invokes her aid. But you really must not expect her to embark upon works of supererogation. It is neither part nor parcel of her duty to hunt him to distant class-rooms, or the remote corners of the Playing Fields, in order to remind him of the forgotten draught or the missing article of clothing. Though you may never have quite realized the fact, Cornella, that late Dry Nurse, the Preparatory School, was by way of taking such constant care of Boy's inside and outside appliances as to leave him totally unequipped with any ideas of subsequently taking care of these things himself. It may sound rank heresy to say so,

but I am inclined to doubt whether Prevention really is better than Cure, if Boy has been trained to be constantly dependent on some one besides himself for the former as well as for the latter.

You will have safeguarded Boy for the future more effectually, Cornella, if you have given him a little rope in these matters at home and taught him a lesson which we commonly forget to teach,—the lesson of thinking for himself; if you have impressed upon a highly impressionable age the vital necessity of observing a few general rules of health. It is an old saw that Habit is a second nature. Habits in sanitary and hygienic matters are best acquired in the nursery or the school-room at home. It is wholly unnecessary to tell an ordinarily healthy child that he must be thinking of his health from morning till night, or to give him the handling of a clinical thermometer. But you can teach him by judicious methods that health and happiness are intimately connected. If you wish him to have the constitution of a Spartan in the far future, you must be rather Spartan yourself in your system of dealing with him. Teach him, for instance, that damp clothing is liable to produce a cold, that a cold does not merely affect the comfort of an individual, but is a nuisance to society; that whereas the interests of society must come before the interests of the individual, Boy, who has not changed damp clothing and may therefore be legitimately suspected of an incipient cold, must be kept in bed, duly dosed and fed upon water-gruel, while wiser and self-thinking Boy goes to a Christmas party and eats plum-pudding.

You must not attempt to shift the responsibility for this sort of teaching on to the shoulders of Mr. Blank, the Preparatory Schoolmaster. That gentleman had a good many other fish to fry, only too commonly a good deal of

back-ground to make up in the way of Elementary Education. Furthermore, he had the interests and the wellbeing of a large establishment to study. His argument was that a cold—no other malady is so infectious among small boys—which ran its course through the whole school was a positive calamity, as interfering with the routine of the work, and that every cold-producing cause had to be strangled at, or even before, its birth. This was his end in view when he enlisted the services of that estimable Matron whom I have already described. And it was clearly her duty to forestall the danger of general infection by curtailing the liberty of the individual. She did her best to cure, I can promise you, when the evil day came; but she knew that her work might be multiplied some forty-fold if she neglected a single preliminary precaution.

Having suggested a simple remedy for helplessness, Cornelia, let me try to reassure your doubting heart by reminding you that Boy between the ages of fourteen and eighteen is commonly a hard nut for any ordinary ailment to crack; that every Public School in England has something in the way of sick-room, sanatorium, or hospital, where in the event of any serious illness or accident Boy will be carefully and skilfully nursed; and that the School Doctor may be said to have graduated in the art of coping successfully with Boy's maladies. We have travelled beyond the region of those dark ages when the black draught was held to be a panacea for Boy's every ailment. As the toad was reputed to "wear a precious jewel in his head," so that truly barbarous treatment had just this one redeeming feature. If it weighed hardly on the unhappy Brown, whom a badly sprained ankle had constrained to lie a-bed, he had at least the consolation of knowing that his next-door neighbor, White, a sufferer from Greek

headache, would have the next go-in at that most obnoxious potion. And White, after all, was the party we wanted to catch.

Money and food—the thought that Boy in the plenitude of unaccustomed riches will in one week be wildly extravagant, in the next impecunious, and if impecunious, therefore hungry, or at any rate reduced at eventide to fast on bread and tea—all this sort of thing harrows a mother's feelings. *Fast* upon bread and tea! Well, he need not *starve* upon that fare at any rate! It may be, Cornelia, that the dietary of one or another Public School barely satisfies the requirements of a growing boy; perhaps, on the other hand, both growing boys and full-grown men are apt to err on the side of eating and drinking too much rather than too little. Surfeit, I fancy even that complaisant gentleman the family doctor will tell you, is a more prolific source of illness than is abstinence. I was talking, however, of bread and tea. In your father's school days, Cornelia, if not in your husband's also, the school fare at the morning and the evening meal seldom ran to more than these bare necessities; and not so very long ago a good many gentlemen in South Africa would have paid a substantial sum to get anything half so palatable or wholesome.

But when it comes to slaughter  
You will do your work on water,  
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im  
that's got it.

If Boy writes to you in the early days of his Public School life, as it is quite possible that he may write, in this strain, "The food here is beastly," recollect that it is the habit of his age to argue by comparison, and to adorn his tale with superlatives. The main idea that he wishes to convey to your mind—Boy of a certain type finds an unholy joy in harrowing

his mother's feelings—is that the dietary of the Public School is not quite so good as that of home or even of the Preparatory School. It is quite possible that there may be a lack of variety in the *menu*, but you may be satisfied that there is seldom real deficiency either in quality or quantity. Most pigs, Cornelia, really get enough to eat, but we do not feed quite all of them on barley-meal with an eye to the Christmas market.

Fiscal arrangements, the amount of pocket-money, and so forth will, I venture to think, hardly come within a mother's province. Running in my head are some lines from Hood's "Comic Annual," never read since the days of my infancy—

Did ever the poor little Coatimondi  
 Beg you to write to Ma  
     To ask Papa  
 To send him a new coat  
     To wear on Sunday?

If he did, Mr. Curator, I hope that you declined upon the spot to comply with the request. In money matters no mediation should be required between Boy and his father. The last-named gentleman is quite aware that the sovereign, which was probably an ample allowance for the whole term's requirements at the Preparatory School, will not go very far in the new surroundings. If he is an old Public School boy himself, he will have some data to go by in fixing the amount of Boy's pocket-money. But I am afraid that he will have to multiply by two at least the sum that was sufficient for all purposes in his own school-days. The rates and taxes levied upon Boy at a Public School are, like those other rates and taxes which we all have to pay, inclined to mount up from year to year. Once perhaps, we could say, like the Athenian of old, that we studied "taste with economy." Economy is to-day a dead letter, and taste has

sensibly deteriorated. To whatever sum *Paterfamilias* thinks fit to give Boy might be added with advantage the warning of wise old Polonius—

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;  
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

But even ample supplies, coupled with sound advice, will stand Boy in little stead if he has neither learnt at home something about the value of money nor has been taught the habit of self-control. At fourteen, in the presence of his elders, he is naturally a shy, nervous, and reserved little animal,—much more so, I am inclined to think, than Girl is. And, unfortunately for him, he evidences these feelings in a far less attractive way, by looking sheepish and perhaps sulky, where she either blushes becomingly or simpers. The proper way to win from a shy and awkward little animal the same whole-hearted confidence that Mr. Caxton won from his son *Pisistratus* is one of the hardest problems of parental life, though at the same time it seems to be among the privileges of the rational male animal that he alone of all animals is or may be capable of finding a solution. If, *Paterfamilias*, you are conscious that you have only partially succeeded in solving this problem, if you doubt whether you have so sufficiently got hold of Boy's confidence as to be sure that he will tell you frankly whether or no he has been "outrunning the constable," you may find some consolation in the thought that other men, wiser, perhaps, and as well-intentioned as yourself, are day after day falling in the same direction. Boy may in the particular instance be hopelessly to blame, but he is only human and a boy after all. Hope on for better things in the future, remembering that if hard words break no bones, they cer-

tainly will not mend those that are already broken.

Mild light and by degrees should be the plan

To cure the dark and erring mind.  
But who would rush at a benighted man

And give him two black eyes for being blind?

For Boy as well as for other people a dearly bought experience may in the long-run turn out to be the most efficient teacher.

These are the chief things that come between you and your rest, Cornella, as you think of Boy at the beginning of his first term at the Public School. For you have long since discarded those old alarms about the malicious habits of other little boys, and are ready to acknowledge that when Boy came home in the holidays he was a more generally sociable and more considerate personage than the little fellow who used to lay down the law to his sisters and expect them on all occasions to give in to him. Your ideas of the Schoolmaster have also undergone a material change, more especially since the last Report, wherein he pronounced Boy to be "not very clever, but a capital fellow, with plenty of go as well as of common-sense." And you could not help sharing in a minor degree Boy's admiration for the young Assistant Master who came to spend a week of his holidays at your house.

"You see now, don't you, mother, why all the fellows like him? He does everything so well, and never seems to know it."

Yes, you did see it to some extent; not exactly through Boy's spectacles, but through glasses clear enough to enable you to indorse your husband's brief summary of his character: "Nice young fellow that, thorough gentleman I should say, and seems to have his wits about him."

I trust, then, that you are prepared

to believe that the unknown House Master is an individual of very much the same stamp, a little cleverer perhaps, and certainly older, having therefore a more perfect knowledge of the ways of the world, and being a little less prone to enthusiasm. You will act wisely if you not only make a friend, and to a certain extent a confidant, of this new authority, but try also to induce Boy to follow your lead in so doing. The old idea of the existence of a natural antagonism between Boy and his pedagogue has long since been exploded. There have been concessions and improvements upon both sides. The Assistant Master at the Public School of to-day is a totally different person to the Usher either of fiction or of real life fifty years ago. Men are selected to fill those most responsible posts not solely on the merits of their scholastic proficiency. It is fully recognized by the powers that be that the same qualifications in virtue of which a Graduate wins a Fellowship do not as a matter of course mark him out to be an ideal or even a moderately good Schoolmaster. And the aim of the Public School is to secure not moderately good Assistant Masters but the very best in the market, finished scholars, skilful organizers, men who will take a lively interest in Boy's well-being and well-doing in every side of school-life.

Even in the obvious weakness of our Preparatory School system—the weakness, I mean, of training Boy to be too much dependent on extraneous assistance in grappling with petty difficulties—there is this element of good, that it tends to partially break down that tremendous barrier of reserve which is by way of putting so wide a gulf between shy Boy and shy Master.

It may be added that the Preparatory School, by correcting and toning down at an early age some of Boy's original barbaric instincts, hands him on to the

finishing School better prepared to develop into a Tom Brown or a George Arthur than either a Flashman or an Eric Williams.

"Rum-looking beggar, this!" says Boy to himself as he eyes the strange House Master; "wonder whether he always scowls like that. Perhaps he can't help it, poor chap. Old Blank scowled like one o'clock, and he could be awfully decent when he liked."

From the moment that Boy really makes up his mind that it is within the bounds of possibility for this rather stern-featured gentleman to be "awfully decent" too, one ground of nervousness in the new surroundings vanishes.

"Bat square" was the solitary bit of sound advice that I managed to extract from a well-known professional whom I was paying at the rate of half-a-crown an hour to coach me at the nets. Impress upon Boy, Cornelia, the vital importance of keeping his bat square in his dealings with his House Master. That individual may watch the newcomer a bit closely at first, by way of satisfying himself that he really comes up to the character he has received of him. But when he sees that the full face of the bat is always presented to him, there will be no attempt on his part to get the player out by unfair means. It will be Boy's part to see that the free confidence given to him is never abused. It was quite in the last chapter of his life at Rugby that Tom Brown became aware of the deep personal interest which his House Master—he was in the School House, you remember—had all along taken in his career. To the smaller fry at a Public School the Headmaster is commonly only a distant, if on specially unfortunate occasions an instant and immediate, terror. Indeed we have it on record that a great Headmaster of Harrow, chancing to meet as a fellow-guest at the breakfast-table a young gentleman whom he had met under dif-

ferent circumstances an hour before, candidly confessed that he did not know him by sight, or, to put it more plainly, had no cognizance of his face. But the House Master, who knows that the good name of the house stands or falls by the character of the individual members, will always have the will, and seldom lack the power, to be Boy's best friend and adviser.

Boy, having already grown accustomed to herd with other animals of his own species, will not be very much disturbed in his mind as to the attitude which his new schoolfellows will be likely to adopt towards him. There were probably those at the other School whom he classified as Beasts, and others who passed as "awfully jolly fellows." In the larger Zoological Garden the Beasts and the jolly fellows will still be found in a greater variety of sorts and sizes. Let us hope that he has acquired that power of discrimination which will enable him presently to determine which are the Beasts to be avoided, and on the other hand that he will not be in too violent hurry in jumping to conclusions.

"Noscitur a sociis," Cornelia, though hardly admitting of the commonly accepted translation, is a good maxim for Boy to remember. It is supposed to convey the meaning that in forming our estimate of a neighbor's character we note the company he keeps.

"Well, and if her aren't one o' they young uns, her had ought to ha' been, seein' as her allers roosted along w' 'em and come up to feed and all."

This was my odd-job man's excuse when I remonstrated with him for having killed an old game-hen instead of a cross-bred pullet. If the hen was the primary sufferer, I, as having essayed to eat her, had also some ground for posing as an aggrieved party. Indirectly the House Master is a sufferer if Boy is led astray by bad companions outside the House. Nor is it unnat-



ural that a man should be considerably annoyed when, after he has taken the trouble to collect a flock of swans, one of the number, which has persisted in herding with another man's geese, either comes to signal grief or shows symptoms of deterioration. Under the watchful eye of any House Master who is worth his salt the risk of going to the bad in Boy's own House is minimized.

That the whirligig of fortune has revolutionized Boy's status, and that at this stage of his career he who a month or two back was relatively big is relatively small, that he is no longer a "swell" but an unimportant atom, a little minnow to be fagged and "ragged" among Tritons, instead of a big minnow with the power of fagging and "ragging" smaller minnows—all this is wholesome discipline. Perhaps like that other small person, Simon Tappertit, Boy was a sufferer from the malady which we now call "swelled head," or perhaps he had a tendency to be a prig. Life at a Public School will probably correct these little shortcomings. The methods employed in dealing with them may be disagreeable to the patient, and perhaps at times even painful, but I think that I may promise you not only a cure, Cornelia, but a cure without real bullying. More men will be found in after-life to have suffered from being kicked too little than kicked too much in their boyhood. The extraction of a double tooth is attended with a certain amount of pain and discomfort, but the victim of intermittent toothache is seldom found to be a genial member of society. The intention of Public School life is to promote the wellbeing of society as well as of the individual, and the general interest of society must always have the precedence. The priggishness or the exaggerated sense of self-importance which defies ordinary school treatment is a home-grown

and home-fed product, Cornelia, and is little calculated to win popularity either for Boy or Man.

Work either in class or in the pupil-room will not cause Boy serious uneasiness if he has been properly grounded. That he will be overworked is a very remote contingency. Helpless in many ways as compared with other young animals, in this respect the little creature is commonly found to be capable of taking ultra good care of himself. Much more imminent is the danger that he may be inclined to take matters too easily at the outset. Presuming that he was in the top form of his late Preparatory School, the probability is that in the first term at the Public School he will find himself put back rather than forward in his studies. For the standard in the lower forms of the Public School seldom reaches the same level as that in the higher forms of the Preparatory School. And it is impossible for the best-intentioned teacher to satisfy himself that each individual boy in a class of thirty has prepared any given lesson. Even Dr. Arnold in "Tom Brown" put on the top boys only of the Fourth Form to construe after the "triste lupus stabulis" incident. The Pupil Room system of Eton and elsewhere may cope with this difficulty to a certain extent successfully. But as a general rule there is little doubt that little boys at Public Schools can find abundant opportunity for idling. There are breakers ahead, then, for Boy, Cornelia, if he chances to be a really smart fellow without any inclination to exert himself. Before now nothing but the plentiful use of whip and spur has landed a lazy though potentially speedy horse winner of the Derby. It is the tendency of the age so exclusively to reserve the supreme methods of coercion for the back of the vicious or the law-breaker that the idle apprentice often comes off scot-free. Boy from an

ethical point of view is in the way of being better trained if he is one who produces the minimum of work that will pass muster by the sweat of his brow, rather than a little more than that minimum without turning a hair. It is fortunate, then, on the whole, that the spirit of emulation now and again comes to the rescue. It must have been mortifying to the hare, poor-spirited creature that he is, to find himself beaten by the tortoise, and Boy even in his nursery days could prophesy that a return match would have a different result. If Boy's heart "be made of penetrable stuff," the loss of his own Remove will not appeal to him so strongly as the fact that "that ass Brown minor" got his Remove, and the anxiety to put Brown in his proper place may spur him to make his effort. But if, on the other hand, his heart is "proof and bulwark against sense," it is high time to discover whether certain portions of his external mouldings are equally proof and bulwark against it. Pray, then, Cornelia, not that Boy may be what the world in its innocence calls clever, but that he may be one of those who put their whole heart and soul into the work in hand.

Just one more thought. In becoming, or, to speak more accurately, in continuing to be a Hero-worshipper, Boy is only following a natural instinct of the human animal, though it is an attribute of his age rather than of his species that he seems to find no halfway house between phlegmatic indifference and enthusiastic admiration. Better the latter than the former, say I. For, after all, he is neither toad nor worm, but warm-blooded, and therefore bound to worship some one. In the nursery days his father, or it may have been a long-tailed cat, or again it may have been a plump old party with brass buttons, was the object of his adoration. Later on it was haply the parson in his surplice, or the

blue-bloused gentleman who killed the pig, typical representative of blood and slaughter. At the Preparatory School I have no manner of doubt that it was either the Corinthian football player who wore an international cap, or Mr. Hall, who hit the cricket-ball out of the ground, and had played at Lord's. Now in all probability the Masters will take a back seat, and either the School Captain of cricket, or White, the Jesop of House matches, will be duly installed as a divinity. You must not mind this sort of thing, Cornelia; and you must be duly prepared to hear Boy sing the praises of these heroes at the dinner-table in the holidays, and to be trotted round and round the place, when you visit him at school, in the hope that you may catch even a back view of the reigning hero.

But where, you may ask, does Green, who has just won the Balliol Scholarship, come in? Rather low down, I fear, in Boy's estimation. For the aforesaid Green wears spectacles, and has been known to shirk a game at football, while those others are fine upstanding young fellows. It is only natural that to the young mind the evidence of eyesight should be more convincing than the evidence of hearsay, and that the physical excellence which produces visible results should appeal to him more strongly than the intellectual excellence of which the result is only recorded in the School Magazine. He may or may not feel, as the case may be, that the great Surrey cricketer Mr. Jones, who happens to have coached Green for that Balliol Scholarship, has thereby added a feather to his cap; but he has no manner of doubt that this same Mr. Jones, who chances to be the Composition Master, is a demi-god on the day when he smites the School Captain's bowling all over the ground. This is not always a fault, or even a result of school training, Cornelia. You and I

will acknowledge that we could still find the heart to shed a tear as we read the story of the death of Moore or of Nelson, while we think of Dr. Johnson as a badly dressed old man with caustic temper and villainously bad manners. While, Hamlet-like, we might handle the great lexicographer's skull with half-sneering curiosity, we should regard the skull of either one of those other heroes as an object almost too sacred for contemplation.

Be thankful, then, Cornelia, if the figure that occupies Boy's thoughts and compels his admiration be truly admirable of its kind, and if there is nothing that is sordid, mean, or vicious

about it. "Hero-worship," says Carlyle, "exists for ever, and everywhere; not Loyalty alone; it extends from divine adoration to the lowest practical regions of life."

In conclusion, lest you should in any way be inclined to underrate the importance of a Public School education, let me quote for you a sentence that came from the lips of a greater man than Carlyle: "There is no law upon the Statute-book, there is no usage of the Constitution, no portion of the Legislature or Government, which is more distinctly or more essentially connected with the wellbeing of England than our Public Schools."

Blackwood's Magazine.

#### IDYLL.

In Switzerland one idle day,  
As on the grass at noon we lay,  
Came a grave peasant child, and stood  
Watching the strangers eat their food.  
And what we offered her she took  
In silence, with her quiet look,  
And when we rose to go, content  
Without a word of thanks she went.

Another day in sleet and rain  
I chose the meadow path again,  
And partly turning chanced to see  
My little guest-friend watching me  
With eyes half hidden by her hair,  
Blowing me kisses, unaware  
That I had seen, and still she wore  
The same grave aspect as before.

And some recall for heart's delight  
A sunrise, some a snowy height,  
And I a little child who stands  
And gravely kisses both her hands.

The Spectator.

Hugh Macnaghten.

## HOMEWARDS.

"We are twelve, twelve of us! Are we to burst in this stifling heat?" angrily howled an old man, leaning out of the narrow carriage-door. "Please, look yourself," he continued, drawing back to show the train-conductor he was no liar.

"She must get in all the same," the man answered calmly, and turning to somebody behind him, who was quite silent, "Quick," he said, "up with you, give me that bundle. I'll hold it."

"No, no, thanks, it's all right, I can get up," murmured the woman anxiously; she caught hold of the handle with one hand, held tight to her breast a shapeless ragged bundle with the other, got up, and stood waiting in the middle of the railway carriage.

The door was shut with a sharp bang; the train moved; she staggered and would have fallen had not the old man who spoke before held her up. At the sudden shock a small, thin arm peeped out of the ragged bundle.

"Now, boys, we must make a little room; the poor thing cannot stand all the time," said the old man in a loud voice to his fellow-travellers.

"Let them make room on the other side," struck in his neighbor, but nobody moved. She was hanging on to the laden luggage-net, and stumbling at every shake.

"You are all thin ones over there," he continued, winking idiotically at the unwieldy paunch of the man near him, who was snoring.

"Dare say, when you've nothing to eat," answered two or three, and some scanned each other's faces in silent taunt.

"Now, then, let's squeeze up a bit, and make her a little room," spoke at last an old woman compassionately. "We shall be all the warmer!" she

added with a good-natured smile. Then they all moved to the left, except the man in the corner, who would not give up his place, and shrank nearer to the window.

The woman faintly said "Thank you," and sank down on the seat next to her kind champion; then drawing her arm with infinite care from under the ragged bundle, she stretched and moved it, with a sigh of relief, to release the cramped and aching limb.

"Bad job having to travel with babies," said the old woman, turning to her.

"I say, we don't want any squalling," cried out crossly a mealy-faced youth.

"Oh, he won't cry, you needn't fear," said the mother, with a strange, pale smile.

"Is he ill?"

"A little," she answered after an instant's hesitation, in a trembling undertone, blushing deeply.

"Where do you come from?"

"America. I landed this morning." Two of her companions who had sailed with her sighed.

"All alone?"

"My husband . . . remained down there," she sadly answered, looking at her mourning.

"Poor thing! And where are you going now?"

"Home," naming a small village in the fever-stricken Maremma.

"Have you made a little money, at least?" With an eloquent Italian gesture she scraped her thumb-nail on the edge of her teeth; that was the only answer. Then a wretched slow chorus arose in that stuffy atmosphere: each resigned voice telling its brief tragical history.

"I made three hundred francs: it all went for medicine and doctors," so

said the pale-faced youth, and his paleness showed how useless it all had been.

"To go out, I sold my house and two fields: all my people died of fever!"

"We come from France," said another, pointing to himself and his neighbor. "We had to fly; they wanted to settle our hash."

"Here's my fortune," sneered another, holding up a five-franc piece.

The screech of the whistle seemed to jeer from time to time at all that wretchedness; those useless walls, floating from the narrow windows, found no echo through the vast expanse of the dumb and indifferent plains beneath!

Silence, indifferent, even hostile silence, was all that was vouchsafed to those pitiful tales. But how give pity when it was like hearing one's own story told over again?

Only the snorer moved uneasily every now and then, muttering words.

"How good that child of yours is!" exclaimed the old woman.

The mother barely smiled.

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

"A boy," she answered.

"How old?"

"Nine months."

"God bless him!" The mother shuddered.

"Let me see it," continued the old woman, curiously, getting nearer.

"No, no," she cried with sudden agony. Then she added: "He is asleep, poor darling!"

It was midday. All now were quiet, exhausted by the hot weather. Some began to eat: they produced from ragged pockets or from inside unbuttoned shirts parcels with very dubious-looking contents. The fat man, roused at last from his sleep, bought some bread and sausage at a station. The mother also bit at some dry bread.

"And that poor child, aren't you going to nurse it?" asked the old woman.

"Why, we've been here five hours and it has not sucked yet." The mother started.

"Yes, now . . . in a moment," she faltered faintly; and when her bread was finished she began very slowly to unfasten her dress, while the old woman watched her with a look of infinite tenderness, the look of all women who behold a mother's loving, holy care. She scarcely lifted a corner of her shawl, put her feet up on the opposite seat, and bending over her baby raised it to her breast.

The men made more room for her, asked her to lean back comfortably, full of respect for that mother who reminded them of their own young wives and baby children, reminded them of all the joys and sorrows in their distant homes.

"You can't have much milk," muttered the old woman.

"Oh, quite enough: too much even," she replied with a voice that sounded like a broken sob.

All the travellers were silent, for the heat of those burning hours was dreadful; a few smoked, two or three slumbered. Not a breath of wind stirred the still and heavy air. The train sped on, running to its destiny.

"Bye-bye, baby," softly sang the mother, "bye-bye, baby—"

The men, soothed, shut their weary eyes.

The train drew up: a shout, a name. The mother started to her feet, hurried to the door, tried to open it.

"Wait, I'm coming," growled the conductor. With a hurried "Happy journey to all" the woman jumped down; the train was off again, but she stopped, staring at it stonily.

"Well, what are you up to there, like a scarecrow," said someone behind her. She started in a fright and rapidly walked away, hugging the child to her



breast. Out of the station, on the right, ran a lonely, sunny lane, bordered by thick grass; she walked steadily on for a long time, and when it seemed far enough stopped, sat down by the side of a ditch, and with her trembling hands began to unroll very slowly the shapeless, ragged bundle. It was the small body of a cold, livid child. The mother watched it intently, watched with tenderness and fear—she dared not touch it: the baby was dead; he had died two days ago, whilst yet at sea. They would have plucked him from her and sunk him in the bottomless depths. Never! Her mother's love

The Speaker.

found strength to dissemble, to play that terrible part. But now she had saved him! The only boon those distant, cruel lands had left her! The sea could not drag him away now.

"Baby, baby, your own mother's baby!" she cried, frantically kissing the poor closed eyes, the little black mouth.

"Oh, dear little baby!" and she trudged across the smiling fields, rich in the golden corn, holding forth to the sun the frozen little body.

Far away, against the pure, blue horizon, stood out the village cemetery's crosses, sombre and sad.

*Amelia Rosselli.*

## MANNERS AND MORALS IN THE KENNELS.

Those writers who have studied the intelligence of animals have paid but little attention to the mental characteristics of the foxhound. Most of the dog stories that are told to exemplify some point of canine psychology are of the intelligence displayed by our house pets or by collies. Now, no careful observer can doubt that the dog learns many things from his constant association with man. The close and steady watching of his friends, to which the faithful animal's affection prompts him, opens out to him a new region of thought, and removes him to a certain distance from others of his race. As the companion of man, he puts away many doggish ways, and within the limits of his capacity he adopts those of the beings he loves. Thus among these specimens of the race we seldom see the dog as he is, but rather as the friend of man. While he has lost many of the resources of the canine race, he has gained some of the pleasures and many of the pains of mankind.

The only place where we can view

dog nature in a condition at all approaching that of its primitive state is in a kennel of hounds. There, and there only, I think, we see the animals living in a state which is a meeting-point between the community life of the wild dog and the artificial existence of the dog which is in fact a member of our family.

It is in the kennel that we can trace the beginnings of the remarkable intelligence which dogs manifest. Professor Romanes, in his "Animal Intelligence," remarks that the psychology of the dog would require a treatise to itself. But Darwin opens out a whole train of thought on this subject when he points out in "The Descent of Man" that social animals possess the highest possibilities of mental development among brutes. No one can doubt that the intelligence which originally led animals to perceive the advantage to the race of uniting into a community must have been above the average, or that a community life having been once adopted, the beginning was made of that upward progress to what we may

call canine ethics, which is so marked in dogs. Foremost among these we may note the subordination of self for the common good, an elementary sense of duty to one's fellows, and of the obligation of the strong to defend the weak. These traits appear in a more or less developed form in all animals that live in community.

In the case of the foxhounds, however, though they live in community, they have not the primal necessity of supplying themselves with food. Nor to the same extent as the wild dogs do they fall under the rule of the stronger hounds of the pack. At every moment of their lives are George and Jim with their thongs, to keep order and prevent the conflicts by which the master dog works his way to the rule of the pack. Nevertheless, we can see clearly the traces of the old life. Nor can any one who has lived with a pack of hounds doubt that they have among them certain rules and regulations of their own. Age, strength, and wisdom are respected, for I am sure that the stronger and older dogs exact and receive certain tokens of respect and submission from the others. No young hound, for instance, will be allowed to interfere with the time-honored right of one of the fathers of the pack to his own particular place on the benches at night, or to usurp his place at the feeding-trough.

But one of the rules which is most strongly impressed on their minds is that the greatest of all sins is to leave the pack. Now, it is evident that there could be no safety, in a wild state, either for individuals or the community, except by keeping well together. It is said, indeed, that the packs of wild dogs in India are more than a match for a tiger; but alone they fall an easy prey to their constant enemy the leopard, whose ancestral predilection for dog-flesh has caused many a vacant place among our

favorites in that land of exile. Indeed, though the pack together can pull down a sambur, this stag could easily beat off one or two couple of dogs. Therefore the first law of the pack is unity of action. The necessities of jungle life have so impressed this on the mind of the hunting dog, that now in the present day we find the same law prevailing. We come as it were into touch with the primitive dog in our kennels on this point. For if a hound leaves the pack or is for any reason lost for a time, it will not have escaped even a casual observer how on his return the hackles of the older hounds go up, and that a series of growls will express their disapproval and anger. Just so doubtless the fathers of the jungle packs greeted the truants, possibly expressing their disapproval in a still more forcible manner.

To the same deeply implanted disapproval of a hound leaving the pack is, I think, to be attributed the habit of falling on and perhaps killing a hound that rolls off its bench at night. In this case, however, the voice of the huntsman or the crack of the whip will still the tumult. The instinct of the pack is to throw themselves upon their fallen comrade and rend him for his fall. He is for the time one apart from themselves. Yet in obedience to discipline their anger is soon appeased. It is indeed related that one huntsman had a bell suspended above the benches, from which a cord hung over his bed. Whenever a disturbance arose he had only to pull the cord and the kennel was at peace.

Another relic of tribal ethics I have noted. Every one knows that from time to time hounds take a dislike to one of their number, and the life of such a dog is in danger if he is not removed. In all such cases that have come under my own notice I have found that the hated hound was an

idler, one that had either no heart or no capacity for work. But I should not like to say that this was always so. As a case in point, some years ago, when in India, I received with a draft a hound named Champion. With him I was delighted at first, for he was an exceedingly handsome hound. Then came doubts, for I wondered why such a good-looking hound should have been drafted if there was not something more than usual against him. From the first the leading hounds of the pack disliked him. Old Senator rolled him over. Villager, the best and mildest of the seniors, never passed him without a growl; and Gambler, a very keen and savage hound, watched his opportunity to do him ill. The whole kennel was disturbed, and poor Champion was obviously in Coventry. He was always to be seen sitting alone in a corner with his ears turned back, in the way many dogs do when they are unhappy. At last one day when we were at exercise the pack, led by Gambler, fell on the luckless Champion, and my man and myself had some difficulty in rescuing him. After this Champion was sent across to the ladies' kennel; but he was scarcely more popular there, although he was not ill-used. It was with them that he first went out hunting. Then the secret was out. Champion had no taste for hunting. He never did any work,—indeed he took no interest whatever in the sport.

Since Champion's day I have had or known hounds that had not even the faintest trace of a hunting instinct, as I have had pointers that would not point and retrievers without the instinct to fetch and carry. But hounds that do not work have always been disliked in the kennel. While I do not say that a useless hound is invariably ill-treated—and of course a hound may be unpopular in the pack on account of his surly temper—yet in the ma-

jority of cases when one has been attacked, the sufferer has been useless in his work. I suggest therefore that the conduct of the pack shows us that the community used to put away its useless members, and thus keep up the working strength of their body.

There is, however, in every kennel a hound that is master, and when his rule has weighed heavily on his fellows I have twice noticed something very like a conspiracy among the others to rid themselves of the tyrant. In these cases the leaders in the attack are not necessarily the most quarrelsome hounds; but there seemed in one case, as I shall show, a disposition to make a simultaneous attack. The pack once aroused is for no half measures, and the latent savagery of the hounds seems thoroughly stirred. Every kennel has such stories of outbreaks where the hounds have killed and eaten a companion, this generally being one whose temper was uncertain.

In one pack there was a powerful hound that lorded it over the others. If he fancied a snug corner he simply went up to the occupant and growled, on which the other hound would rise up and resign the coveted place. That the others were afraid of him was plain. One day they were all around him in the yard when they made a simultaneous dash at old Ravager. The feeder hearing the scrimmage rushed in, and with the greatest difficulty rescued him. The others had him on the ground, and he was so badly bitten that he was shortly afterwards drafted. In the other case a hound of a most sulky and unsocial disposition, but which was always keen for blood, was racing, hackles up, at the head of the pack and close to a sinking fox. The hard-pressed fox managed to squeeze into a drain, and Challenger followed and stuck fast. In a moment the rest of the pack had pulled him out and killed him. I must

say, however, that this may have been rather the wild excitement of the chase than revenge, for we cannot forget the difficulty of stopping men at a sham fight when they are charging and their blood is up. On the other hand, it was strange that this hound should have been the victim, since the pack never showed any desire to attack their fellows who had fallen into difficulties during the chase.

As soon as we take our hounds out of the kennel and into the field, we see at every turn the traces of the working of the primitive pack for their common ends. Until the game is afoot the hounds spread far and wide over the covert. Once a hound strikes a scent, his voice, or, if the line is not strong enough to justify a note, his waving stern, signals to the others, and the widespread pack comes together in a moment. They push forward together on the line, and a small space now suffices for the whole of them. They are sure that the quarry has passed, but not sure how near he is. Now one hound speaks, then another, and the whole are streaming away, the older and stronger hounds throwing their tongues.

Hounds have a most varied vocabulary, if so we may call it, and there are several notes in the chase, each clearly distinguishable from the others. There is the call which denotes a find, the eager yell which proclaims the line, the satisfied chiming chorus which served originally to keep the younger and less experienced members of the pack together and to call up stragglers. There is, too, the note of savagery, which tells of the expectation of blood. This, no doubt, was in primitive days the expression of hunger anticipating satisfaction.

But at this point we come across a curious instance of the effect of civilization on the hound. Just as his master no doubt originally took to

hunting to satisfy his needs, but now finds his pleasure in the chase, so the hound takes a pleasure in the actual scent, apart from the original reason of his hunting for the satisfaction of his hunger. No doubt the scent of the quarry delighted by its suggestions of gratified appetite, just as the smell of cooking may raise anticipations of coming pleasure in the hungry or greedy man. But now scent is clearly a pleasure in itself, for, if a huntsman will allow it, a hound will often rejoice and bay over the place where the scent is strongest, returning to it again and again, instead of pressing on in pursuit. There are indeed many hounds in every pack who are indifferent to blood. They work as hard as any while the chase goes on, but sit around perfectly uninterested after the death of the fox or the otter.

If you wish to see a return by the hound to primitive methods of hunting you should go down to Exmoor and watch the hounds hunting the wild stag. This is a most notable instance of a return to a primitive environment arousing ancestral instinct. The stag-hounds used on Exmoor are merely foxhounds too big for their own packs. They come from many sources; but Belvoir blood, which has certainly not hunted the stag for one hundred and fifty years, is as much valued there as elsewhere. Yet not only do the hounds enter readily to the stag, but they return to what I believe to be their natural method of hunting. Right up from primitive times the hound has hunted the deer, and when our ancestors were perhaps hardly much more civilized than the wild dogs it was the latter, not the former, that had the greater success in the chase of the deer. The deer was the dogs' favorite food, and doubtless for this reason the scent of the stag is to-day sweeter than any other to the hounds. When man came to the front in the struggle for

existence, and made the dog his ally in hunting, the deer was the chief quarry hunted. So that long before the fox was pursued the stag was hunted, and far more preponderant than any other among the instincts of the hound is that of chasing the deer.

It is most curious to note how readily the foxhound becomes a staghound, going back in many respects to the ways of his old White Talbot ancestry.

Watch staghounds when they are laid on. However good the scent they string out, not carrying a head and running with a broad front like foxhounds, but each one enjoying the scent for himself. They have relapsed at once to the primitive formation of the pack in hunting. Again the old Talbot or White St. Hubert spoke when he touched the line, but ran almost mute during the chase, speaking again when he recovered the scent after a check, or when having ran up to the stag the quarry sprang up close in front, and again at the bay. So, too, the staghounds generally run mute, except at these points of the chase.

I was present the other day at a most interesting and instructive bay. The body of the pack had gone off on another line, and the hunted stag was brought down to the water by a single hound. This was a puppy, and probably in his first season, perhaps hunting his first stag. It was quite easy to detect in the hound's notes the call to the pack. Nor did he attempt to attack the stag by himself any more than his ancestors would have done. He kept near, though out of reach of the threatening antlers, and called. Two or three other hounds answered, and coming dribbling up joined in the bay. But when, summoned by the Master's horn, the whole pack at last came up and mastered the situation, the voices changed. There was an old dark hound standing just below me

on the bank. So long as there were only a few hounds assembled he uttered the deep boh-boh-boo-oooh of the hound baying, the call for help to the pack. But no sooner had the other hounds come in sight than his voice changed to the concentrated savage notes which sound like intense hatred, but are really the expression of the hunger of his ancestors and the early traditions of the chase.

The Duke of Beaufort's hounds, from whose original strains even the choicest families of the Belvoir kennel are descended, were undoubtedly originally a staghound pack, and up to the time of the late Duke of Beaufort retained traces of their staghound origin. The Badminton pack were notable for their power of holding to the line of their hunted fox amid the distractions of fresh lines, and it is interesting to see how the modern foxhound when he comes to the kennels of the Devon and Somerset frequently develops the same power. It is evident that this too is a reversion to a necessary primitive attribute. For if the wild-dog pack had continually changed they would not often have killed, and the same is true of the modern staghound. It is the main object of the hunted stag to shift the chase on to some other member of the herd, younger and weaker than himself. This manœuvre is often attempted, and but for the fact that some hounds learn to distinguish between the line of the hunted stag and that of a fresh quarry, it would be oftener crowned with success than it is now.

Again, when we return to the kennel we find that some curious customs prevail, of which not the least remarkable is the "singing" in kennel. Hounds do this most often on summer nights, and seem to enjoy it; but I have never been able to understand what the reason of the custom is. It seems more like practising than anything else, and as one



lies awake and listens, the sound carries one away to the past scenes of the chase. It is possible that hounds too are chanting old hunting-songs of their race, and telling of past joys and exploits.

From our experience of hounds in the field and in the kennel we draw evidence that their marvellous instincts are the result of tribal memory—i.e., memory which is common to all instead of an individual possession. This the short span of life allotted to dogs makes even more necessary for them than for us. So it often comes about that what we do by reason, the brutes do by instinct. For it may be noted that each animal has the smallest amount of instinct at its start in life that is necessary for the survival of the race. Directly the pressure of need ceases the animal is left to its own personal experience and the exercise of its intelligence. That there is, however, always a substratum of reason below the instinctive action is shown by the fact that these can be restrained by discipline.

There is another point in the character of dogs that a study of hounds in kennels brings clearly home to the careful observer. Although hounds are very much alike, and indeed we can carry back the leading strains to a single family bred in the kennels of the Belvoir Hunt in 1876, and although the kennel discipline is everywhere much the same, yet hounds have their individual characters strongly marked. The resemblance is only skin-deep, and imposed by our love of uniformity in externals. What Darwin writes of mankind, that it is variable in mind, and that mental variations tend more to be inherited than bodily ones, is also true of dogs. Family characteristics are inherited in the kennel. For example, there was a notable hound named Gambler in the Duke of Rutland's kennels. This hound had great physical

strength, was a marvellous hunter, with a power of nose that was remarkable. On one occasion a dry and dusty road had brought hounds to a standstill. Then down the road came old Gambler. He lashed his stern, gave a few reassuring notes, and put them all right. And now, wherever we go, if we see over a dusty fallow or a bad scenting stretch of rough ground a dark-colored hound come dashing to the front, we hardly need to ask how he is bred. We may be pretty sure he is a descendant of the Duke of Rutland's Gambler.

Whenever we dip into hunting lore we find the same strong family characteristics descend. The descendant of one family always trots to cover under the huntsman's stirrups. Another has a wonderful instinct for finding his fox, and yet another seems to feel no interest in the chase till it is time to run for blood.

Let me take the reader into a kennel, and as he will see a common life so also will he find plenty of individual characters. There is old Gambler—no relation of the famous hound—he has an indifferent digestion and a good heart. Never passes over an injury, but bears no malice. He is a light feeder and a hard worker, and the object of constant care. He is, I think, more attached to his master than any hound in kennel; but a rough word will send his hackles up and lift his lip into a snarl. There is Villager, the best and steadiest hound in the pack. He is never wrong and has no faults, and as he swings his stern gently for the biscuit he knows will be given him, you can see sense and benevolence written all over him. Then, lithe, and twisting herself insinuatingly, comes Lavish, a beautiful hound, fast, faultless in shape, but eaten up with jealousy. If she hits off the line first, her light musical tongue may be trusted absolutely; but if another hound is more

successful, she is quite capable of throwing her tongue and dashing off at right angles to the true line. The old gray hound with the wise face is Driver. He has retired from active work since the day when he found he could not go the pace of his younger fellows. One day he turned back and went straight home. He is a favorite and does as he pleases, trots to the fixture with the pack and helps to find, but never comes out of covert. When the rest of the pack come out, the old hound goes home. He will not toil along in the rear where he used to lead the van. There again is Senator, who never brooks an injury nor forgives one, but is a good and useful hound, with a nose so marvellously fine that he will hold a line for a mile or more when no other hound can own it. That very handsome hound of a rich tan with a peculiarly noble expression is Beadsman. He is the Pecksniff of the kennel. He is, in fact, about to be drafted. In the field he is useless, though he always stands in full view of spectators at the meet, and utters a roar expressive of impatience to begin. Yet I believe the only thing he does is to pick up carrion and look out for stray rabbits. I have seen him bolt a rabbit like a pill. He is often missing and always fat. Beadsman has a perfect genius for concealing bits of bone in his mouth and bringing them into kennel, where, needless to say, they cause strife and ill-feeling. He has done less work and more mischief than any other hound, yet is seldom or never detected in wrong-doing.

The original community life of the wild hunting-dog must of necessity have laid the foundations of certain moral characteristics. Darwin argues in the "Descent of Man" that the capacity for association indicates a corresponding capacity for moral development. It is, of course, easy to see that no association could hold to-

gether without subordination of self and the exercise of self-control, and a willingness to help a companion or defend a weaker member of the clan. Many people have visited a well-organized foxhound kennel and admired the order and discipline that reign there. We have seen the hounds jump up on their benches at the huntsman's command, cease to growl and quarrel at a word of warning, come one by one to be fed at the huntsman's call, and leave the feeding-trough at once when ordered to do so. Again, with what an air of pitying consideration will a hound lick a sore place or a wound on a fellow.

So, too, in the field how wonderfully on the whole the pack restrains itself from riot. A plump rabbit or a fat hare is a great temptation to a hound that has been fasting for twenty-four hours. Yet it is evident that riot must have been avoided in the primitive times even when the pack was famishing. It has ever been the custom of the dog and his relative the wolf only to hunt when hungry. It is further clear that individuals could not have been permitted to go away after any cross-trails, or the pack would never have been able to kill its quarry. Hence the severity of the rule against leaving the pack which I have already noted, and the response which the hounds' inherited moral sense makes to the rate of the whipper-in and the crack of his thong. This last has taken the place of the teeth of the master dogs of the old pack. The act of riot was always wrong-doing, and must have been so if the pack was to exist. So that the huntsman has a foundation of hereditary habit of self-restraint and even of Altruism to work on.

We need not wonder, then, at the intelligence of our friend the dog, since the roots of it are fixed so far back in that capacity for social life which Darwin declares is at the root

of all intelligence. The mind of the dog is older than our own, and his morality and manners have common springs of action. Yet it is this very common origin which marks the gulf between us, and enables us to see clearly what modern philosophers have not always noted, the impassable gulf between the spiritual and natural even in things of the mind. That the dog has gone so far and yet has progressed no farther is one of the notes of this. Nay, the very perfection of his intelligence and morality within their necessary limits show that they are complete. The good hound, unlike the good man, is faultless, and every huntsman will tell you of hounds that never do wrong.

Indeed this is true of all animal intelligence within its limits; it is always more effective than ours. The hound Villager, already spoken of, never did wrong, nor was a thong ever laid on his back. He had a somewhat peculiar note, and to his voice all the pack would fly. For a mark of the value of moral force in the kennel is the confidence the rest of the pack have in the truthful hound. Beadsman, also mentioned before, had a beautiful voice, deep, mellow, and musical. But not a hound would go to him until his proclamation of a line had been confirmed by some other more trustworthy member of the pack. The fact that the hounds distinguish between the relative moral value of their comrades shows the existence of an ethical standard of an elementary and primitive kind, and manifests the truth that there are real morals as well as manners in the kennel. They are not only the result of submission to superior force. In fact, kennel discipline could never be enforced unless there were an hereditary sense of right and wrong to appeal to.

And with the sense of right and wrong there is a strong love of ap-

probation. I have often noted, when riding through a covert, how a word of approbation and encouragement would cause an industrious hound to redouble his efforts. One hound, a very excellent but usually light-tongued bitch, named Victory, would always answer, when spoken to in covert, by a low eager snuffle like the noise a hound makes when dreaming of the chase. It was as though she would say, "I'm doing my best. I think he's been here, but I'm not certain enough to speak." When she was fairly sure she would speak, and then look back at me as if I was within sign. Directly she saw the horn go to my lips she would scuttle off as hard as she could on the line, full of drive, and throwing her squeaky little tongue all the time.

So dependent on this love of approbation are hounds, that for a careless, silent, unobservant huntsman hounds will not work at all. For they express their approval and disapproval of their human friends in a most practical way. An amateur huntsman, who rides well but cares little for his hounds, hardly knowing their names and very rough with them, I know. He rates and even hits at the hounds with his thong, generally when he does wrong himself. A friend draws many an excellent hound from this kennel, drafted as incorrigible, but really because they will not work for their master.

You can punish a hound for wrongdoing, but you cannot make him work for you by this means. The best hounds in your pack will do nothing for you if you do not reach the standard of canine well-doing in the field.

That the kennel is a peculiarly rich field for the observation of the intelligence of dogs I am certain. It is a pity that huntsmen are not as a rule more observant, and even amateurs take wonderfully little interest in the

hounds as individuals. In this article I have but touched on the surface of a topic as interesting and important to the man of science as to the sportsman. The kennel, in spite of the litera-

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

ture and the importance of fox-hunting, is an almost unworked source of ideas for the students of that most fascinating of sciences, the psychology of our friend the dog.

*T. F. Dale.*

## THE BIRTH OF TELEGRAPHY.

One summer, when, as a youth, the writer was living on the banks of the Tees, that ancient river repeated a time-worn tragedy. There had been signs of rain in the west, and a fisherman, neglecting the warning, had taken his stand far out in the half-empty bed with his face down stream. The plash of a small waterfall close by prevented his catching any unwonted sound, and thus the inevitable flood presently coming down—after the manner of north-country streams in a wall of water—swept him away, and he was quickly lost sight of among the tumbling billows. Night shortly settled down, so that no search could be followed up, and the morrow bringing no tidings of the unfortunate man it was regarded by every one as a certainty that the body had been swept out to sea in that wild race of waters. The sequel to the story the writer received at first hand. A fortnight had passed, and the misadventure had ceased to be talked about, but early one morning the wife of a cottager, dwelling by the waterside, was disturbed by her husband rising at an unusual hour and leaving the house hurriedly without assigning any reason for so doing. In plain fact, the man was reluctant to confess what urged him, but he had had a vivid dream, indicating that the missing body lay under a shelf of rock on the river's bank, well remembered as a favorite spot whereat to "tickle trout." The man proceeded to put out

alone in a little boat, and presently returned with the body, which he had found precisely where it had appeared to his waking fancy.

This story, for which the writer can vouch entirely, is only offered for what it is worth, as supplying an argument in favor of a faculty supposed by some to be possessed in greater or less degree by certain individuals, and particularly perhaps among races living under natural conditions and apart from civilization. Here, it may be claimed, is plausible evidence of a man described by his wife, almost with pride, as "no scholar," who, having his mind at rest and without any effort of reasoning, suddenly and with overmastering conviction receives and grasps a truth, being, so to speak, conscious of an intuition which he can in no way explain.

If this occurrence has any significance it must be taken as one more shred of evidence in favor of the reality of a form of presentiment, of which it might seem that isolated but noteworthy examples are constantly recurring. Mr. F. H. Grundy, in "Pictures of the Past," tells us of his having lost his hat, which had been carried down in a swollen stream in Australia, and of a blind black servant who, hearing of the occurrence, at once started off and feeling his way down to a distant bend of the river forthwith recovered it, regarding the while his discovery as in no way wonderful, owing

to the fact that some conviction had assured him that it was there. In all instances of a similar nature which come to hand there is at least one point of agreement—namely, the agent can give no account of the way in which the divinations have come about, save that it is independent of ordinary channels of communication.

There is a tradition that the coming of the French to the country of the St. Lawrence was revealed to one of their medicine men in a vision, and that a deputation of several canoes set forth; and after a voyage of many weeks, during which time they passed through the territories of numerous friendly tribes who had heard nothing of the coming of the white people, they actually met the French pioneers, and found everything as the seer had described. A writer in the *Spectator*, commenting on this, suggests that

thought reading may sometimes account for presentiments, but hardly for such a case as this, unless we assume that impressions in the universal ether may make themselves felt at any distance by persons who are capable of perceiving them, even when there seems to be no connecting link whatever. We talk of ideas being "in the air," and occasionally inventions are made and even books written so similar that it would have been supposed that one person copied directly from another, if this had not been shown to be impossible under the circumstances.

As an example of an apprehension being "in the air" we may cite the case relating to Sir John Franklin, concerning whom it is stated that before there was any justification for alarm, and indeed before any tidings could have reached England, certain people at home became so firmly convinced that something was amiss that they determined on attempting to fit out a relief party. Not till long years after was it known that disaster and death

had actually already overtaken the ill-fated expedition. Are then ice and sea no barriers? Again and again we hear testimony to the same effect, as, for instance, ships on reaching port find tidings have already outstripped them of some striking incident that has happened on board on the high seas.

To quote another well-authenticated example, the death of General Gordon was talked of in the streets of Cairo as a known fact on the day of its occurrence, though Cairo is a thousand miles away across the desert from Khartoum. Again, Mr. R. Kerr gives the evidence of British officers engaged in the late war in Afghanistan, who stated that "whenever they conveyed to their subordinates particulars as to their intentions to operate at a certain point fifty or a hundred miles away, the natives there shortly afterwards knew all about their plans." And in like manner it has been constantly reported during the present Russo-Japanese War that the Chinese have appeared to be in possession of intelligence which could have been conveyed through no obvious channel. Similar and noteworthy testimony is forthcoming in abundance, more particularly in times of impending danger. At such crises signs and portents are often imagined to be discerned, and the fear engendered may become a potent factor in the case. Hunters and naturalists will tell of a cognate prescience noticeable in the animal world, so that hunted creatures, as it is said, scent the danger afar. It might then become a question whether some mode of obtaining intelligence from a distance may not have been acquired by certain creatures in a state of nature, as also by native races, from the very exigencies of their condition, and some survival of this be yet found here and there among civilized people.

It is well established that under abnormal conditions individuals may be-



come endowed with exalted perceptions. Dr. Alex. Bain states that "in the delirium of fever the sense of hearing sometimes becomes extraordinarily acute, and that among the premonitory symptoms of brain disease has been noticed an unusual delicacy of the sense of sight." May we not also bring forward certain well-attested examples of that species of second sight which refers to passing but distant events? The great mass of such evidence may doubtless be with advantage rejected, but even so it is hard to assure ourselves that no residuum of truth remains. It may well be that there are many more or less occult avenues by which intelligence is capable of being conveyed. Is it possible to arrive at a conception of the nature of any of them? Where a multitude is gathered together, an inner consciousness or conviction, a thrill of pleasure or of pain, of exultation or of fear, will sometimes irresistibly permeate the minds of all. It is so in a marked degree in a large audience, when a fervent speaker or a singer holds every being spellbound, and by sympathy is perfectly conscious that he does so.

A well-marked example of this once arose most obviously on Lord's Ground in the year 1870, when the writer, then a Cambridge undergraduate, was one of a large multitude watching the final struggle of the University Match. There was a feeling that any excitement over the game was at an end, for Oxford was winning all too easily. In fact, their side needed only four runs to secure victory, while they had still three wickets to fall. Moreover, one batsman, Hill, was well set; and as Cobden, the Cambridge bowler, commenced a fresh "over," justified the general anticipation by making a fine boundary hit to finish the match. Somehow, however, the ball never reached the boundary, for Bourne, fielding for Cambridge, managed with

one hand to partially check the ball, so that only one run was made, and the next ball the same fielder caught Hill's partner. At this the interest of the onlookers, which had grown languid, at once revived, and when Cobden with his next and third ball clean bowled the fresh man in, the multitude drew one deep breath. One wicket to fall and three runs to make. If Hill could only take the next ball! That would be the feeling of every partisan of Oxford; but Hill was at the other wicket, and as the last batsman went to his wicket there came on each and all an overmastering conviction of what was about to happen.

Of course the wicket went down with that next ball, every one *knew* it would!

This would be spoken of as a case of so-called panic, or nervous tension, which irresistibly spread from end to end of the whole concourse. But it would seem that in like manner intelligence of actual fact, though unspoken, can pass from unit to unit of a throng and so traverse many miles with marvellous speed. A case of this seems to have occurred on the occasion of the fatal accident to Mr. Huskisson at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Mr. Grundy, already referred to, was a witness of the fact, and describes it thus. The whole thirty miles of railroad was "lined double and treble deep with carriages, to say nothing of the standing multitudes. The accident occurred midway between the two towns. A little crowd collected by the side of the line, and there was a murmur 'Huskisson is run over.' Then the story spread, travelling along the thousands with electric speed. Another instant, and the engine, released from its load, dashes madly past at a speed of forty-five miles per hour. It took only twenty minutes for that engine to reach Liverpool in search of surgical

help, and yet the rumor of the accident was there before it."

Now it is inconceivable that any intelligible message could have been transmitted along the line by word of mouth in anything like such a short period, so as to proceed ahead of the advancing engine. A moment's consideration will prove this. The engine was going at twice the top speed of an expert runner. Now watch a hundred yards' race at any athletic game, and as the racers start think what chance would there be of conveying a message along the line of bystanders in anything like the short period—only ten seconds—in which the course is covered. The feat would be clearly impossible, moreover it is questionable if any precise message would ever be passed along in this way. The experiment has been tried times out of number in a game in which we have all taken part. A ring of persons is formed and one of the number whispers a definite remark into the ear of the individual on his left, who, still in a whisper, passes it on. Then it is found that by the time the message is poured into the right ear of the first speaker it is strangely different from that which he himself issued.

Leaving here the discussion of such modes of telegraphy as are alike recon-dite in their operation, and perhaps only vague in their result, we may pass on to more intelligible methods which have been adopted by primitive races and which may be found forestalling and fairly vying with perfected methods of our own to-day.

That the heliograph is no new machine should need no telling, but it may not be known how efficient the rudest instrument of the kind may prove among those whose brains are subtle, and hand and eye are rendered cunning by constant practice. Possibly the word *heliotrope* no longer suggests an optical instrument; but under

this name Gauss, nearly a hundred years ago, introduced an apparatus designed to aid in long-range surveying, and adopted largely in America. The principle involved was that of directing a small beam of sunlight truly to a distant station occupied by an assistant observer; and it was found that a flash from off a plane mirror, measuring only a square inch, could be seen across seven miles, while larger but still extremely portable mirrors could flash across greatly extended ranges; and thus it was evident that long-distance signalling was a possibility with a no more elaborate instrument, given only the necessary sunshine and sufficient dexterity in manipulation. It would follow then, as a matter of course, that such a simple and efficient mode of communication would come to be adopted by native races who would benefit by such a means, and who dwell in lands whose heritage is unbroken sunshine. Thus we learn from Galton and others that flashing signals of this nature are commonly adopted by the bushmen in the North American prairies, and by Indian warriors of the wild West. It is said again that the fleet of Alexander the Great, when sailing for India, was piloted along the Persian Gulf by heliograph signals flashed from the shore. We may surmise that it is to this or a similar mode of telegraphy that Henry Cornelius Agrippa refers in a learned treatise published in Antwerp early in the sixteenth century. An earnest examiner into all branches of occult philosophy, we find him describing in vague though not unintelligible terms an optical contrivance for transmitting long-distance messages. "Which art," he says, "of declaring secrets is indeed very profitable for towns and cities that are besieged, being a thing which Pythagoras long since did often do, and which is not unknown to some in these days, I will not

except myself." Be this as it may, we find, as we might expect, that the natives of Arabia, earliest among practised observers, and availing themselves of their open country and cloudless skies, had learned at least nine hundred years ago to heliograph intelligence from one city to another.

In higher altitudes and in lands where from physical causes the agency of sunshine would be less available, other ancient but highly efficient methods are found to be practised. Following tradition, if not actual history, let us go back three thousand years. The last days of the Siege of Troy are come, and the commander-in-chief of the conquering hosts undertakes to tell, or rather telegraph, the first tidings of the fall of the city to his lady away at Mycenæ, a direct distance truly of only two hundred and fifty miles; but the breadth of the Ægean lay between, thus rendering the task one of extreme difficulty and labor. Yet we are to regard it as having been accomplished, and, moreover, in the space of a single night. Let us see how the feat, finely conceived throughout, works out in the tale of "Æschylus." The moment having arrived, the first signalman retires back on the mountain height of Ida, adding to distance, but gaining greatly in elevation, and thence sends his gleam across seventy miles to a hill top in Lemnos, a possible task enough, irrespective of the fact that Vulcan had his own workshop there, and was supposed to have lent a hand. But now the next nearest practicable point towards the mainland is Eubœa, across a gap of ninety nautical miles, which would render any earth-born flame, if raised on no great eminence, invisible by reason of the mere convexity of the globe. It is here then that the scheme is grandly engineered and rendered strictly feasible, some of our classical critics notwithstanding.

Away on the seaboard of Macedonia,

forty miles to the northeast, and so more remote, the far peak of Mount Athos rears itself near seven thousand feet into so-called cloud-land, only no clouds are there, and ready to hand is the very material to create the fastest and fiercest flame—the pine logs of the mountain slopes. Justly might the dramatist describe such a furious blaze as it climbed far into the sky as a "golden light like a sun." All difficulties of a physical nature would now vanish. The distance from Mount Athos to the heart of Eubœa is about a hundred geographical miles—a giant stretch truly—but from an elevation of nearly seven thousand feet there is across sea a known visible horizon of some eighty-five miles; and if an eminence of only about one thousand two hundred feet could be found in Eubœa, then there would be established direct vision from height to height across the whole distance; and such a moderate height is surely attainable on Mount Makistos, the tallest peak of a hilly land. From this point the selection of heights, completing eight in all, was a simple matter, and, as the story tells, suitable fuel was found abundantly in the scrub of the hillside.

Southward of Mount Ida, but on the same mainland, we come to the hilly country of Judæa; and here, five hundred years later, troublous times are imminent, and we find the Jews alert to "set up a sign of fire" on the approach of the expected foe.

Only two hundred miles westward, however, of the line of Grecian beacon heights, in a wilder and more broken land, we find a totally different mode of native signalling in vogue. We are now in Albania, and the country has become too mountainous to admit of the use of beacons, whose light could find no ready path through mere forests of lofty peaks. But here the steep mountain slopes lend themselves to another and more efficient transmission

of messages, namely, by actual speech; for the human voice, trained by practice and pitched in suitable tones, will bridge the deep ravines and travel far down resounding valleys, so as to be not only distinctly heard, but readily interpreted by the hill dwellers, whose ears are no less well trained than their voice.

Herein may lie more than half the mystery of the mode whereby the Kaffirs and others in the late war seemed to have conveyed information. These were credited with being able to shout intelligibly to their fellows from kopje to kopje in a manner which others could scarcely grasp, and still less imitate. It seems to have been partly, but by no means entirely, a trick of the voice. Here through all time they had needed, and thus had acquired, a language which could be framed in mere shouts. It would be far otherwise with our own tongue. A British drill sergeant might make his voice, as a shout, penetrate as far as a Kaffir stripling, but the intelligible words which he could thus convey over, say, a mile of distance would be strictly confined to the limited technical vocabulary of the barrack yard. The natives, on the contrary, we must suppose, could converse volubly in their own wild yells at the same range. In this case, however, the ear unquestionably becomes as practised as the voice, a fact which may be well noted at home. In agricultural districts, where fellow laborers often have to converse with or direct one another at a distance, it will be found that the ear of the countryman will, as a rule, interpret far shouting very much more readily than those who, though they may be intellectually superiors, are not accustomed to discipline their attention in the same special manner. The same remark applies where noise or other disturbance interferes with easy hearing. An example of this was forced

on the notice of the writer lately during a somewhat lengthy period of enforced leisure at the Great Central Station at Nottingham. Busy trains were constantly arriving and departing, and the general turmoil, added to the hissing, panting, and shrieking of the locomotives all confined within the span roof, often rendered it exceedingly hard to exchange conversation with a companion, even when mouth and ear were in the closest proximity. Yet the officials of the station could apparently, with no extraordinary effort, make themselves understood at half the length of the platform.

Obviously the last-mentioned modes of telegraphy are not well adapted for secrecy. A flashing signal of the nature of the heliograph could be equally well detected by an outsider stationed anywhere along the track of the tell-tale beam. The beacon light could be seen the whole country round. The long shout could become the property of any trained listener within range; but circumstances will arise where it would be imperative that distant communication should be conveyed not only with despatch, but with perfect secrecy; and even here native ingenuity has proved fully equal to the task.

In the wilds of the Amazon valley the savage tribes of the Catuquinaru Indians have through centuries lived and died on their native soil, but within ever narrowing limits, harassed eternally by one ceaseless cause of alarm—the dread of the white man's approach. Generation after generation they have had to be on the alert to strike their habitations and pitch them again on some fresh ground where, however, they must needs through every hour of the day literally keep an ear open for any hostile advance. Under pressure of this necessity they have devised and handed down a mode of communicating from settlement to settlement by a species of rude but

efficient telephone, of which some account supplied by Dr. Bach has been published in the *Geographical Journal*. It appears that the particular group of Indians visited were divided into four sections, located about a mile asunder, and all in a true line north and south. In each section there was a signalling apparatus carefully constructed, and of such peculiar nature as to give the idea that a savage belief in charms and enchantments is here blended with the elaboration of a strictly mechanical contrivance, involving true scientific principles. A hard palm wood stem, about sixteen inches across and some three feet long, was hollowed out, and its lower half filled with layers, which, beginning with the lowest, consist of fine sand, wood fragments, bone fragments, and powdered mica respectively. Above this the stem is left hollow for a space of ten inches, above which again are placed in succession layers of hide, wood, and hard rubber, the last of these closing the aperture. A hole is now opened in the ground about three feet deep and four feet across, and filled in again to a height of eighteen inches with coarse sand well tamped. On this the stem is planted, and made firm round the sides with fragments of wood, raw hide, and resins of various woods, all finished off with a covering of hard rubber. It will be seen that the stem, with its appurtenances, thus stands up some fifteen inches above the ground level, and all that is now needed to complete the instrument is a wooden club or striker covered with hard rubber and raw hide. There is one of these instruments hidden in each *malocca* or habitation. "It appears that the instruments are *en rapport* with each other, and when struck with the club the neighboring ones to the north and south, if not above a mile distant, respond to or echo the blow. To this an Indian an-

swers by striking the instrument in the *malocca* with which it is desired to communicate; which blow in turn is echoed by the instruments originally struck. Each *malocca* has its own series of signals. So enclosed is each instrument in the *malocca* that when standing outside and near the building it is difficult to hear a blow, but nevertheless this is heard distinctly in the next *malocca*, a mile distant, in the manner indicated. The chief gave me an example of signalling. With a prolonged interval he struck the instrument twice with a club, which, as I understood, was to indicate attention, or that a conference was desired. This was responded to by the same instrument as a result of a single blow given by some one on the next apparatus nearly a mile distant. Then commenced a long conversation which I could not comprehend."

It has been suggested that the transmission of sounds may be due to some rock stratum serving to convey the vibrations of the blows, which, being shut in, are not transported through the air. Prompted by this suggestion the writer, in conjunction with Mr. J. N. Maskelyne, carried out some simple but instructive trials. Ordinary sounds and well-planted field gateposts were made use of, and were well suited for an initial experiment. These consisted of solid and seasoned oak timber, sunk some feet in the ground, which had been well tamped both beneath and around. One of these was selected and struck in various ways with instruments of various weights and substances, while a number of observers stationed at other adjacent posts listened attentively, closing one ear and applying the other to different parts of their respective posts. The experiment was varied and repeated many times, but in all cases results were wholly negative, no vibrations being perceptible; and the conclusion arrived at was



that, at any rate in deep loamy soil, signalling of the nature of that described above was impracticable.

Let us compare with the native methods already described the best devices in vogue in civilized England of not many generations ago. It would seem that for despatch over long and difficult routes the powers of a man were preferred to that of a horse, and trained runners or running footmen were employed by the wealthier classes as a means of speedy conveyance. The achievements of these athletes were indeed of no mean order, though falling far short of the feats with which report has credited messengers among certain native races. It is said that a good runner could maintain an average of seven miles an hour, and accomplish as much as sixty or seventy miles in a day; indeed, there is an account to the effect that Earl Home having occasion to send his footman on an urgent message one night to Edinburgh from his residence at Hume Castle thirty-five miles distant, his servant accomplished his errand by the time his master had risen in the morning. That Scotland could supply good runners is proved by the record of the passing of the "Fiery Cross." Scott tells how once in civil war this signal was borne through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours.

Intelligible communication between stations in view of each other by mechanical signals was suggested, and to some extent carried into effect, by Robert Hook, a contemporary of Newton, and others, but it was not till the end of the eighteenth century that this became a really practicable method by the introduction of the semaphore. With a form of this instrument a word message was telegraphed in one hour to Paris from Lisle, announcing the recapture of that town in 1792; and a yet better record was achieved in Eng-

land about the same date, when by an arrangement of shutter boards a message was conveyed between Dover and London in seven minutes. This was almost on the eve of the grand discoveries which have led up to the modern telegraph and telephone, but it is curious to note how preconceptions of these very inventions had been grasped by philosophers more than two hundred years ago. In 1667, Hook, mentioned above, refers to how by the help of a tightly drawn wire bent in many angles, he could propagate sound to a very considerable distance. About the same year Joseph Glanvil wrote, "to confer at the distance of the Indies by sympathetic conveyances may be as usual to future times as to us is literary correspondence." And in truth telegraphy in its initial stage became an accomplished fact little more than sixty years later, when Stephen Gray let down a thread from the top window of his house to near the ground, and wrapping the other end round a glass rod found that whenever he briskly rubbed the tube the electrical influence set up travelled the whole length of the thread, and attracted light particles at its further end.

Is it unreasonable to imagine that we may be even now on the threshold of other fresh advances in modes of transmitting intelligence? We are at least learning again by new methods to convey messages to vast distances without the intervention of wires. Shall we stop here? If it be possible that civilized man possesses the rudiments of faculties which are as yet in abeyance, or the traces of faculties which have fallen into disuse, then is it not at least conceivable that the development of such faculties, in some ways indicated by modern knowledge, may result in achievements beyond our present dreams? In the mode of wireless telegraphy at present being pursued one chief and essential aid is towards

the perfecting of instruments which shall respond to one another in obedience to a perfect syntony existing between them. In this direction lies the one hope of practical improvement and success. For instruments write mental faculties, and conceive individ-

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uals whose minds can presently be so disciplined and turned to each other as to act in concert at will and at a distance. Under such circumstances we might contemplate a future mode of telegraphy to which there would seem no assignable limit.

*John M. Bacon.*

## NATURE IN GREEK ART.

Is it fair or logical to base any conclusion as to the moral or æsthetic qualities of a nation on the works of its poets and artists? To this question many would reply in the negative, yet they would admit that in dealing with primitive times, when the artist and the poet were indistinguishable from the mass of the people, when each man adorned his own weapon, and poetry consisted of stories handed down from father to son, it would be a perfectly justifiable proceeding. After a little further consideration they would also be willing to grant that, in the case of a nation so artistic as the Italians of the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries, or so musical as the Germans, it would not be unreasonable to see in the work of Italian artists of that period, or of German musicians, a fairly accurate picture of the taste of the nation at large. The Greeks of classical times were certainly as a nation both poetic and artistic; they who took such a keen interest in the dramatic competitions and in the games, who were so ready to dedicate works of art at their famous shrines, who were anxious that every article of dress or furniture should be beautiful in shape and ornament,—surely these people shared in the spirit of their artists and poets, and their artistic perceptions and capabilities differed from theirs only in degree. We shall not be wrong, therefore, in using the works of art which

are left as foundations for our conclusions as to the feeling for Nature felt by the Greeks as a whole.

At first sight there will perhaps seem a dearth of material for this study. If we recall the various specimens of Greek art with which we are familiar, it is certainly no natural scenery, no fruits or flowers, which will first occur to us; it is surely men, men everywhere, from the hero to the slave, from the athlete to the ghost fluttering round the tomb. It seems as though the human interest were of paramount, of unique importance; yet on further reflection it will perhaps be necessary to modify this view. The Greek, above all men, had an idea of the eternal fitness of things. He knew by instinct the right kind of ornament to suit his object, the proper subject for the material at his command; he would not, for instance, use as a design for a bas-relief the subject which would be suitable only to a flat painting. Now the kinds of artistic production which have come down to us from Greek times are architecture, sculpture (in stone or bronze) and relief-work, vase-painting, terra-cottas, gems and coins. The three divisions of natural objects imitated in art are, roughly, landscape, animal-forms and vegetable-forms.

Let us first take landscape: there is obviously no place for direct imitation of scenery in any of these departments

of art; its place is in the painter's studio, and of easel pictures or frescoes we have not a single example. It is clear that landscape proper could have no share in the art of the vase-painter. In most cases such an artist was limited to two or three colors only; he found therefore that, as a rule, the most effective method of treating his subject was in silhouette. For this variety of outline was essential, and he therefore turned his attention to the human figure, or to a conventional treatment of flowers or animals, which would ensure the greatest possible wealth of line rather than a mass or a choice of color. We have indeed seen landscape as vase decoration in our own day, especially on certain mis-called Dutch ware, but the effect is only questionably good, even where the painter has had a large choice of color. The other kinds of artistic production may be classed together, as the same conditions apply to all. There is certainly no place for landscape in any of the plastic arts; variety of outline, mass of light and shade, contrast of surface are what the modeller or engraver requires. A French sculptor has indeed recently proved that a sea-wave can be treated in bas-relief in a most beautiful and convincing manner as a background for the dripping figure of Leander; but there still remains a lurking feeling that such a thing is out of place, and is rather an experiment or a *tour de force* than a successful innovation.

So much, then, for landscape: let us come to the second division of our subject, the treatment of animals. Here, as we should expect, we are confronted with a mass of evidence. The animal and human forms are so closely akin that any artist appreciating the one must almost inevitably delight also in the study of the other. And animal subjects supply the very qualities the sculptor needs; conditions are found

the very reverse of those present in landscape. Look at any collection of Greek coins; half of them bear representations of animals,—animals treated so tenderly and with such feeling for the texture of feather and hide, that there can be little doubt that the artist studied them with understanding and affection. Look at the eagles of Agrigentum devouring their prey; the splendid eagle's head of Elis, or the lion and bull of Acanthus; the cow and calf of Dyrhacium, or the bull of Eretria scratching his head to the very life; the chariot-horses of the cities of Magna Græcia tossing their heads in eagerness for the contest. We are even told that a bronze cow was the chief glory of the great Myron. The same is true of gem-engraving; greyhounds, dolphins, and rams appear drawn with a wonderful truth to Nature; indeed, in some cases the engraver has made his design correspond to the color of his stone, so that a cow will appear on an emerald as in a green field, or a dolphin on a beryl as if in the blue-green sea-water; though that may possibly be due to the desire to emphasize the power of the gem as an amulet.

In our third division, the treatment of floral and vegetable forms, the result is, I think we must admit, disappointing. Flowers and leaves occur on coins, but their treatment is not successful; it is neither natural nor conventional. The wheat-ear of Mætonum, the parsley-leaf of Selinus, the rose of Rhodes are unsatisfactory; all that can be said for them is that they are unmistakable. On a coin of Gortyna in Crete Europa is seen seated in a tree which is certainly drawn after a more natural pattern; but even here it is inferior to the bull on the other side so complacently licking his back. It is doubtful whether a natural treatment of flowers is suitable as a decoration for vases; admirers of the Worcester china of our own day will say that it

is, but the question remains open. No one, however, will deny that most beautiful conventional patterns may be made from floral forms, yet the only cases of such designs on Greek vases are, so far as I know, the stereotyped lotus and palmette. The vine appears as the adjunct of Dionysus, and sometimes alone, as on a vase where satyrs are gathering the grapes; yet the treatment is almost always inadequate, and in no case, I believe, does the olive appear on vases of Athenian manufacture. An apple-bough is seen on a very beautiful white-ground vase by Sotades in the British Museum; but the general feeling for floral forms is different from that which the Mycenaean potter had for the weeds and flowers of the deep. Where they do occur it is generally as a necessary part of a story in which the human interest is paramount. Triptolemus, for instance, holds the wheat-ears in his hand, but it is on him that the artist expends his skill; Dionysus is surrounded by the vine, but it is the god at whom we look, not at the curving spirals of the plant. The acanthus leaf, again, is the motive of the Corinthian capital, but it quickly becomes stereotyped; the variety of the Byzantine capitals and friezes show a far greater love for leaf-forms.

But there are more ways than one of treating natural objects. Beside the natural method there is also the symbolic; and a love for Nature may show itself by means of this, if the limitations which the material or purpose of his work lay upon the artist preclude him from using the direct, and at first sight more spontaneous, method. If the artist takes the trouble to invent symbolic forms for natural objects when he cannot imitate them directly, it will rather show his desire of introducing those objects at all costs than a state of mind which loves symbols for their own sake. It is from the manner in which this symbolism is

treated, and the length to which it is carried, that the craftsman must be judged, and not from the mere fact that he employs such a device. Sometimes, indeed, naturalistic treatment will be tried and will fail, as, for example, on a vase found at Cumæ, where Europa is painted crossing the sea on a bull. The painter has obviously observed the effect of refraction through water, for the bull's legs appear slanted in a curious way as he swims; but such treatment once proved unsuitable for its object, the painter gives it up and contents himself with symbolizing the sea under the form of a dolphin or a crab; the effect as a piece of mere decoration being much better, while the circumstances of the story are equally elucidated. On another vase Dionysus crosses the sea in a boat, shaded by the branches of his own vine, and surrounded by dolphins which appear above as well as below his boat, perhaps a graceful way of showing the sea in perspective. Dolphins seem to have been great favorites with the Greeks, as they appear on many coins and gems; Arion, Taras, Phalanthus are carried across the sea by them, and the ship of Dionysus itself becomes a dolphin. Perhaps their sportive character had some resemblance to that of human beings and the dolphins were once men, as in the story of Dionysus and the rude sailors. On another vase, which shows Theseus below the sea in quest of a certain ring, the painter, besides suggesting moisture in the clinging draperies of the figures, has marked the locality by placing a little triton beneath the feet of Theseus, ready to bear him to the surface, an ingenious way of representing the buoyancy of sea-water.

Connected with this symbolical rendering of Nature is the method of personification, in which mountain, river, or spring is shown not by some symbol, but as an actual person. This idea was

familiar to the Greeks from the earliest times. They personified everything; Galene, Comos, Pothos, and above all Nike, appear over and over again on their vases as men and women. And if this personification of abstractions was familiar, none the less so was that of natural scenery. From the time of Homer, who makes the river Scamander fight with Achilles, and Eos bear away her son Memnon to Egypt, Nature was not merely scenery but a collection of persons with interests deep and varied in the affairs of the human race.

We read of a picture by Aristophon, the brother of Polygnotus, in which Alcibiades reposed on the lap of Nemea; of another representing Orpheus, Pontus, and charming Thalassa, wherein the last two evidently had quite as much of the personal form as the first. This way of treating Nature could hardly be carried further than on a vase in the British Museum, where Eos is seen pursuing Cephalus; Helios rises in his chariot from the sea, Selene sinks beneath the waves on the other side, while the fixed stars, in the shape of little boys, dive into the water at the coming of day. Even the winds have histories, and Boreas woos Orithyia as she gathers flowers on the banks of a river; Zetes and Calais, their sons, drive off the harpies from the feast of poor blind Phineus. And all this is not merely the creation of poets or story-tellers; it is a natural growth from the mind of the people. The human interest is always predominant: the birds have stories told of them, the halcyon, the hoopoe, the nightingale each has his own history; the laurel, the reed, the hyacinth, the narcissus each has a legend of its own; Arethusa, the spring, is wooed and won by Alpheus, the river.

The personal interest is indeed paramount, but the love of Nature also is there. It is the plaintive music of the

nightingale which has given rise to the tragic story of Itys, the changeful character of the ocean which embodies itself in the transformation of Nereus or Thetis. A mountain stream, hurrying down to the sea, is for the die-sinker of Lower Italy a man-headed bull, rushing forward, often with his head down, on his wild career; but Syracuse, surrounded by her quiet harbor, is a smiling nymph with dolphins playing among her locks.

These Nature-people (if we may so call them) were deemed worthy to appear even on the most august monuments and in company with the gods themselves. There is little doubt that the reclining figures in the pediments of the temple of Zeus at Olympia are river-gods and nymphs, among them the Cladeus and Alpheus of Pindar's lays. On the western pediment of the Parthenon too they occur, in the Cephissus and Callirhoe; and it is even thought that the famous figures of the eastern pediment, known as the three Fates, may be none other than Thalassa and Gala.

I have said that landscape and painting went together, but that no landscape remains from which any data can be gathered. Yet there are a few notices of such painting in ancient authors, though their exact significance is a matter of doubt. In the great frescoes of Polygnotus it seems that there was little if any landscape background, but that the figures were arranged in two or three rows without perspective, while the locality was shown by means of symbolism. Agatharcus, who flourished about 460-420 B.C., is spoken of as a painter of scenery, but whether in a naturalistic way or not we have no means of judging. Every one knows the story of Zeuxis and the bunch of grapes, but even this proves very little; we are tempted to compare it with the accounts of the early sculptor whose fig-



ures had to be fastened with chains lest they should run away in the night, so lifelike were they. Apelles painted a picture of Aphrodite rising from the sea and pressing the water from her hair, and we are told that her body seemed to melt into the waves. Here, at last, we seem to have come to a naturalistic treatment of the sea, but the notice is so meagre, and there is so little information about contemporary art, that it is hardly safe to base any conclusions on it; for on the other hand, where it was quite open to the painter to treat a subject in a natural way, he chose the symbolical method to represent his idea.

In conclusion then we may say that the facts are these. The Greek mind could and did appreciate natural scenery, but was ever ready to see it in a personal form, to give a history to every hill or stream, bird or star; and so strong is this tendency, that

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when the story has once been evolved, the interest in it so dominates the mind, that the thought of each thing as a mere phenomenon of Nature becomes obscured. It is as if to the Greek mind the universe consisted only of personal beings, supernatural or human, to which every other object was merely an accessory, affording either a field of action for, or a detail of circumstance in the all-absorbing drama played by the personal agents. Whereas for the modern mind the universe consists rather of three elements, God, Nature, and man, each reacting on the others, but each distinct and obeying its own laws, a force to be reckoned with for good or evil. The latter may be the more scientific view, the former the more artistic; but each is compatible with a love for Nature in the mind of the people which holds it.

*E. M. Congreve.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The four hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Knox will occur in May. The Putnams will publish at that time the Knox volume in their *Heroes of the Reformation* series. The author is Professor Henry Cowan, D.D., of Aberdeen University.

Andred D. White's "reminiscences" which have been printed in *The Century Magazine* are to be published in book form next month by The Century Company. A new volume by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell,—a story of experiences of Northerners in the South during the reconstruction period, is to appear at the same time.

The announcement that some Indian ladies have started a ladies' monthly magazine attests the progress which

the education of women has made in India. The magazine was to make its first appearance last month at Cochin under the title of the *Sarad*, and it will be edited by three Nair ladies who have been educated in English schools. The magazine is written and printed in the vernacular.

It was announced without authority that the "Correspondence of Queen Victoria," which is being arranged by Mr. Arthur C. Benson and Lord Esher, would be published in December by Mr. John Murray. This was an error. These important volumes will not be published for some months. The mass of the documents which have to pass under the examination of the editors is very great, and is far from being exhausted.